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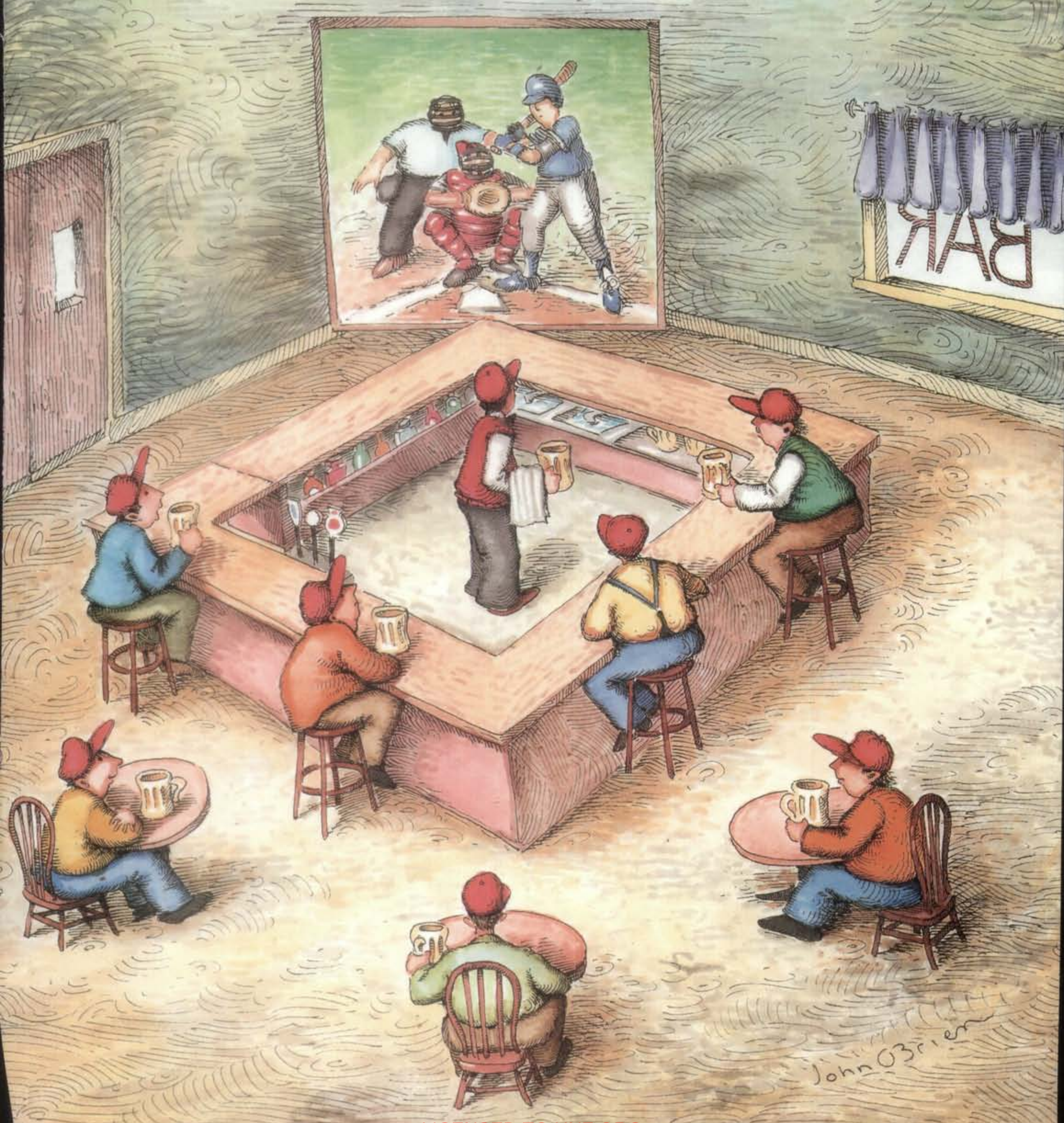
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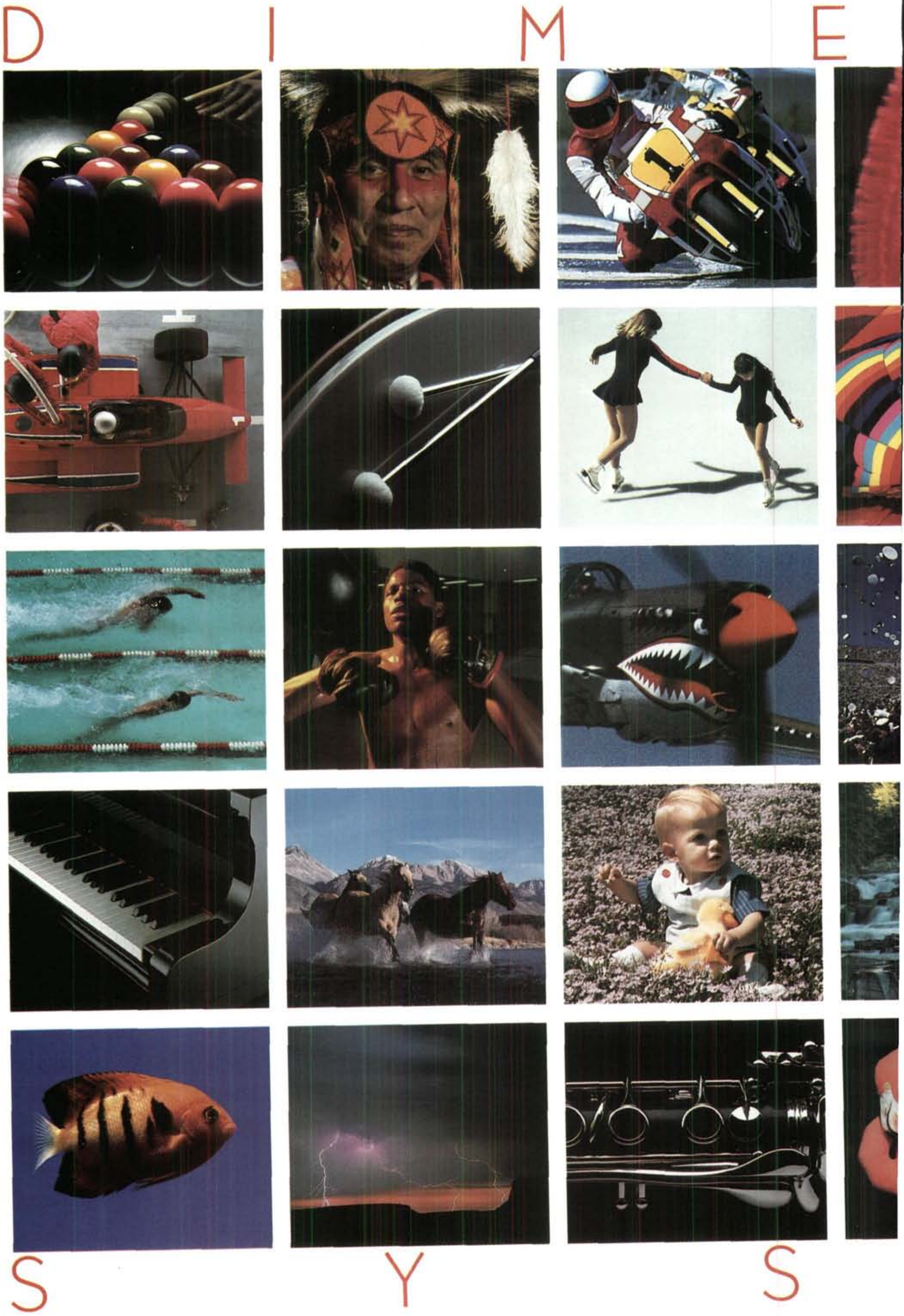
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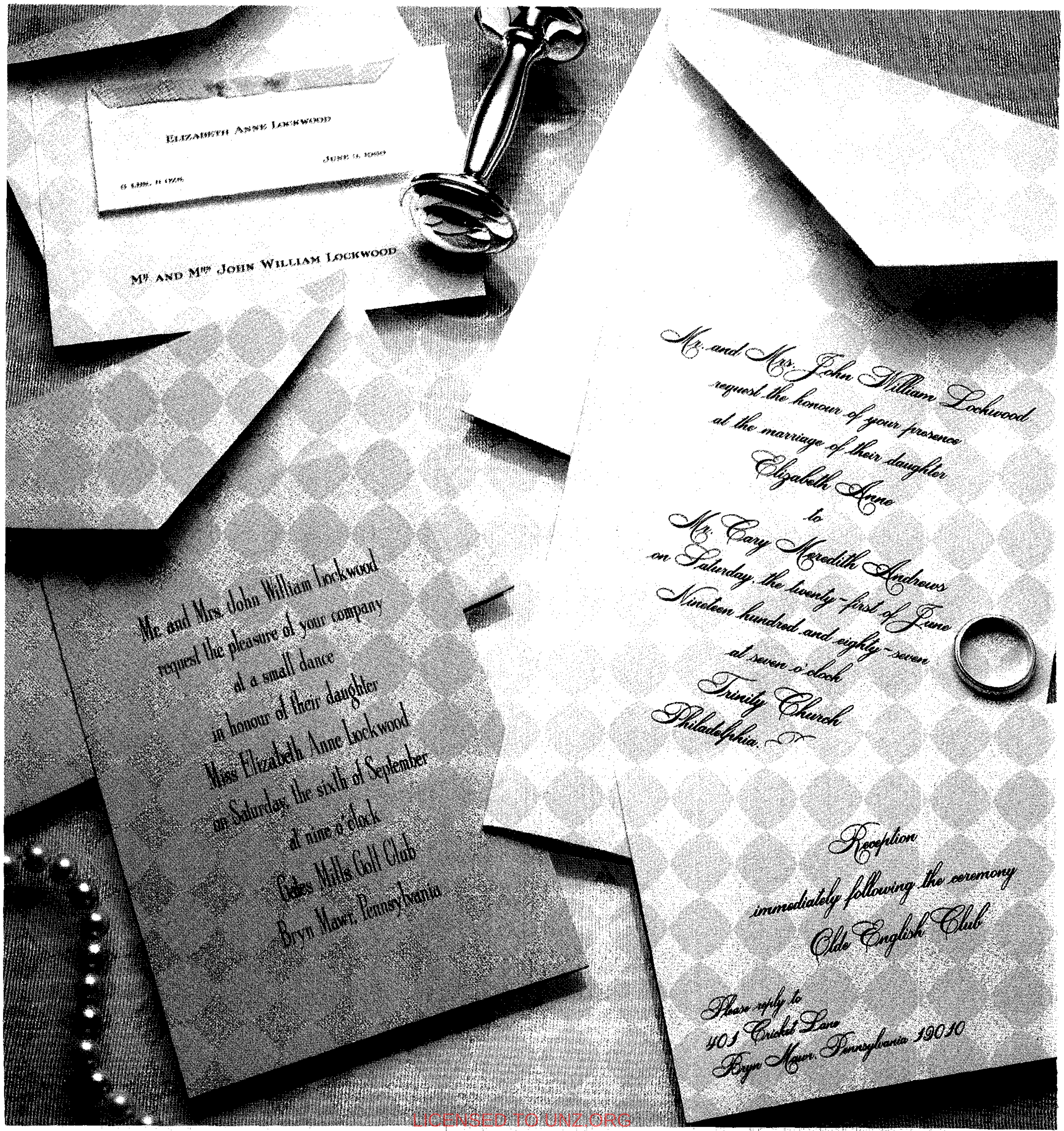

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Abingdon Square—A play by Maria Irene Fornes. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 25.)

Anything Goes—Cole Porter's 1934 musical, directed by Jerry Zaks. Cast members include Patti LuPone and Anthony Heald. The original book was written by Guy Bolton, P. G. Wodehouse, Howard Lindsay, and Russel Crouse; new contributions to the book have been made by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman. Previews through Sunday, Oct. 18. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 19, at 6:15. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bouncers—John Godber's disagreeable comedy about working-class men and women at a disco in the North of England. Dan Gerrity, Gerrit Graham, Anthony M. LaPaglia, and Adrian Paul constitute the entire cast, and they play any number of roles, male and female. Ron Link was the director. (Reviewed *in our issue of 10/5/87.)* (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Burn This—A new play by Lanford Wilson, with John Malkovich and Joan Allen. Directed by Marshall W. Mason. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 14. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—Joel Grey returns to his role as the Master of Ceremonies in a revival of the 1966 musical, directed by Harold Prince. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 21. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 22. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Rafael Lima's play **EL SALVADOR**, about a group of television journalists in that embattled country, is short on substance, but his characters are credible, and the lines they speak sound authentic, and are often funny. John Bishop directed the capable actors. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—A revival of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of George M. Cohan's 1920 play **THE TAVERN** is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 18. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

From the Mississippi Delta—A play by Endesha Ida Mae Holland. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand Street. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 25. For information about tickets, call 869-3981.)

Happy Days—An unsatisfactory production of Beckett's play. Caveat emptor. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 18.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

La Mama E.T.C.—Presenting **AMBITION**, a comedy by Peter Halasz. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Oct. 17.)

Late Nite Comic—A musical with music and lyrics by Brian Gari and a book by Allan Knee. Directed by Philip Rose. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 14. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 15. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays, except Oct. 18, at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—A twenty-six-member company presenting **GIVE MY REGARDS**

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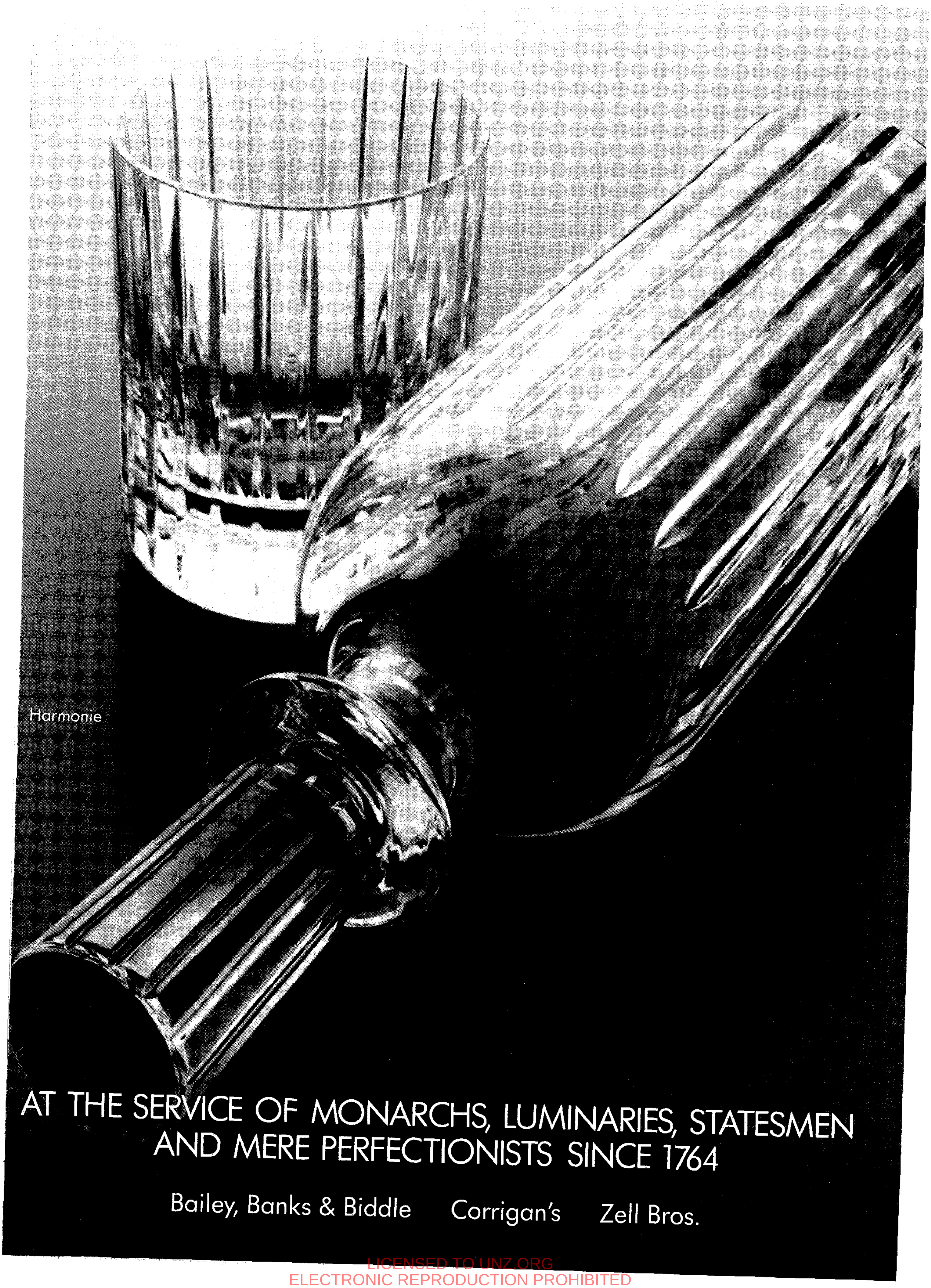
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

TO BROADWAY, a musical loosely adapted from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

LES MISÉRABLES—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

MOMS—A celebration of the great black comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MORT SAHL ON BROADWAY—A one-man show. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE NERD—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PSYCHO BEACH PARTY—This romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch—and significantly funnier than Mr. Busch's earlier work—uses the conventions of drag comedy to lampoon the mores and assumptions of heterosexual behavior. The production—which stars Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem—is directed by Kenneth Elliott and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ROSIE'S CAFE—R. A. Shiomi's mystery-comedy, presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, at 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 7.)

ROZA—A perfectly harmless and pleasantly diverting musical based on Romain Gary's 1975 novel "La Vie Devant Soi." Directed by Harold Prince, with a book and lyrics by Julian More and music by Gilbert Bécaud, it passes the time admirably, and if it leaves you without a single memorable image or impression it has a wonderful star turn by Georgia Brown and is certainly no worse than some of the other musicals that become hits on Broadway. (10/12/87) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SHERLOCK'S LAST CASE—A relentlessly jokey entry in the Baker Street files that is more tiresome than funny. Frank Langella is Holmes, Donal Donnelly is Watson. (8/31/87) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STARLIGHT EXPRESS—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STEEL MAGNOLIAS—The setting of this first play by Robert Harling is a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and much of the content is the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. A rather pathetic story is told as well. The performances are good, especially those of Betsy Aidem, Rosemary Prinz, and Kate Wilkinson. The impressive setting was designed by Edward T. Gianfrancesco; Pamela Berlin directed. (8/17/87) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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TALK RADIO—A strong and funny play by Eric Bogosian, with Larry Pine as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**BROADWAY BOUND:** A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,432 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographe by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 24 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NO RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, thoug often entertaining, comedy about two old me who share a bench in Central Park, starrin Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little. (Booth, 22 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTL SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman' 1960 horror quickie about a man-eatin plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is whol free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken and Howard Ashman directed and wrote th book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designe the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Secon Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10 Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **ME AND M GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated Britis musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale i the starring role. (Marquis, Broadway a 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Dougla Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection o short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 24 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; an Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 an Sundays at 3.)

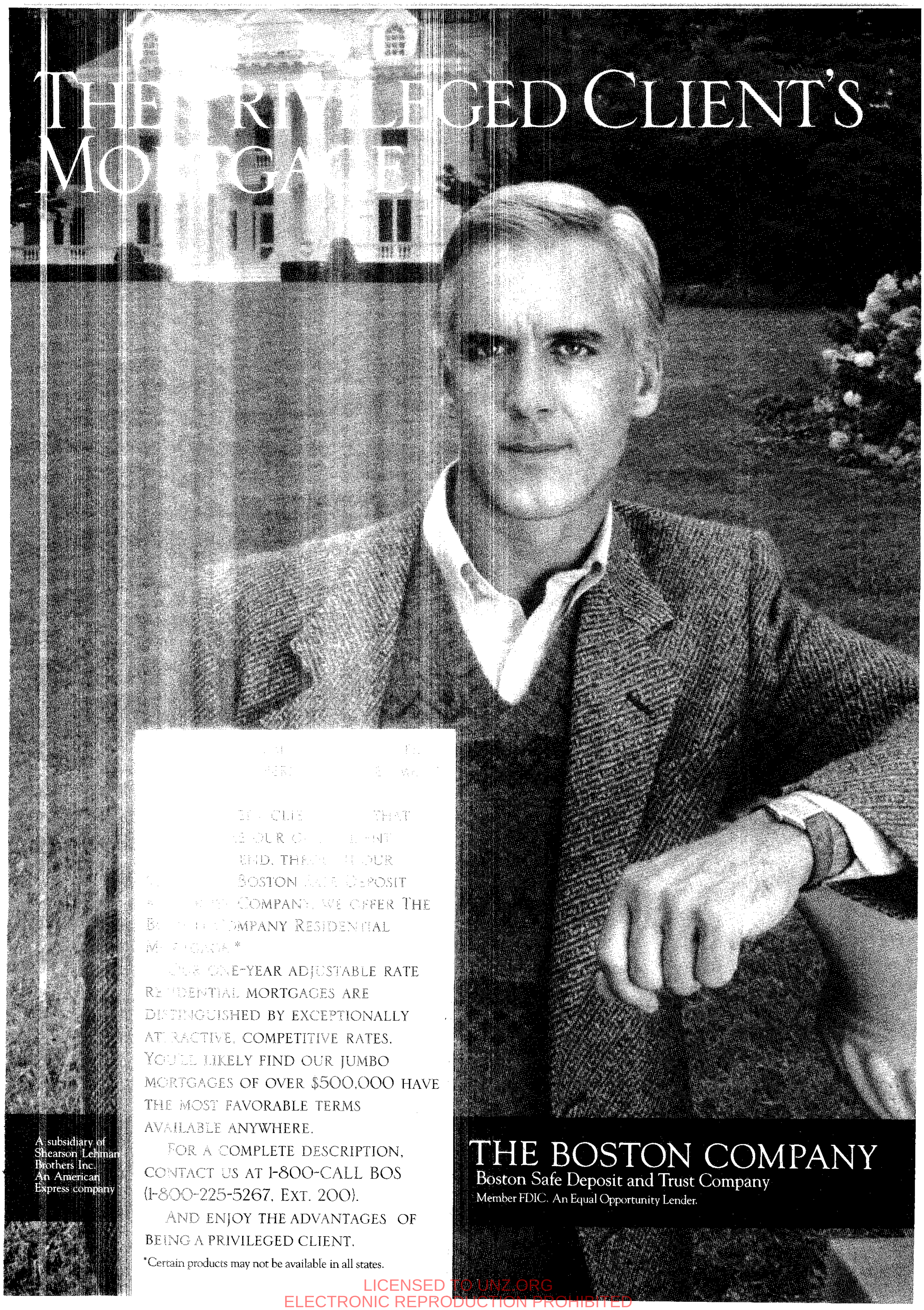
MISCELLANY

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—At the Brooklyn Academ of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. **COMPAGNIE MAGU MARIN**—"Babel Babel": Monday, Oct. 19, a 7; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, at 8; an Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2. . . . ¶ "Eden": Tuesda through Thursday, Oct. 20-22, at 8. . . **"SWING,"** a new work by Elizabeth Swados— Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 20-23, at 8 and Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2 and 8 (throug Sunday, Nov. 1). . . . ¶ At BAM's Majesti Theatre, 651 Fulton St., about a block east o Flatbush Ave. **"THE MAHABHARATA"**—Performances this week are on Wednesday an Thursday, Oct. 14-15; Saturday, Oct. 17 Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 20-22; an Saturday, Oct. 24. The schedule is complicated; our best advice is to call the box office (The box-office number for the festival i 1-718 636-4100. Through Sunday, Jan. 3.)

IL BERRETTO A SONAGLI—A 1917 play by Pirandello. Presented, in Italian, by the Teatr Stabile di Catania; with English supertitles (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064 Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 14-16, at 8.)

DANCE

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday evening, Oct. 14: "Clytemnestra." . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Circe," five solo works, "Primitive Mysteries," and "Judith." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Embattled Garden," "Celebration," "Persephone," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 17: "Circe," five solo works, "Primitive Mysteries," and "Tangled Night." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," "Persephone," "Celebration," and "Temptations of the Moon." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 18: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 18: "Embattled Garden," "Celebration," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Persephone." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 20: "Circe," "Heretic," five solo works, "Errand Into the Maze," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 21: "Temptations of the Moon," "Celebration," "Night Journey," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 22: "Tangled Night," "Persephone," and "Judith." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 23: "Judith," "Persephone," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 24: "Circe," "Heretic," "Night Journey," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 24: "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," "Persephone," and "The Rite of Spring." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8.



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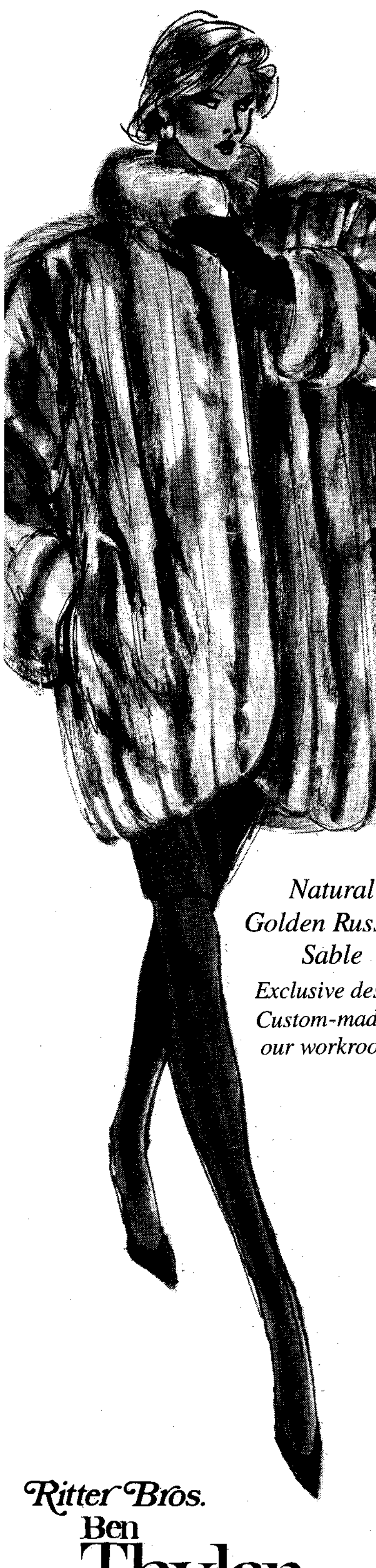

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 25.)

Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, Oct. 14: "Straw Hearts," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Embraced Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Aurora II," "Adieu," "A Dance for Two," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Straw Hearts," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Embraced Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "Meadowlark," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 18: "Harbinger," "Medium:Rare," "Intermezzo No. 2," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 18, and Tuesday evening, Oct. 20: "Aurora II," "Adieu," "A Dance for Two," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 21: "Straw Hearts," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Embraced Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 22: "Harbinger," "Medium:Rare," "Theatre," and "Intermezzo No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 23: "Aurora II," "Adieu," "A Dance for Two," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 24: "Straw Hearts," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Embraced Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 24: "Meadowlark," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Through Saturday, Oct. 31.)

Rod Rodgers Dance Company—A program that includes "Box '71," "Tangents," and "Rhythm Ritual." (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15, at 8; Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 3.)

Kei Takei's Moving Earth—A brief engagement. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 14-17, at 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Rebecca Kelly Dance Company—Presenting two works in the repertory and the première of "Window." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 3.)

Melinda Jackson and Michael Kessler—With their six-member company, Future Moves, in an evening-length work. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 17-18, at 8.)

Liz Lerman—Two programs of contemporary dance—Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 22-24, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 3: Program A . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, at 11 P.M.: Program B. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

Dennis Wayne's Dancers—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 7:30; Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8; and Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8: Program A. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 22-23, at 8: Program B. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 25, at 4:30: Program C. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and nightclub proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Home of the bon mot, now owned by Caesar Park Hotels, a subsidiary of the Aoki Corp. of Tokyo. Montgomery, Plant & Stritch—two women, one man, and an ampersand—sing in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** thimble-size voice can be heard here again starting Wednesday, Oct. 21. Early-evening concerts (no smoking, no yakking) at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. **ANITA ELLIS** sings at nine through Saturday, Oct. 17, and **LONETTE MC KEE** sings at nine starting Tuesday, Oct. 20.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. **SARAH VAUGHAN**, a rara avis, sings some of her favorite arias through Sunday, Oct. 18; trumpeter Rich Szabo's big band bivouacs here on Monday, Oct. 19; and on Tuesday, Oct. 20, trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** moves in with his quintet. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical tastes and that accommodates people who like to stop having fun at ten-thirty or eleven as well as the conventional types who don't like to start until then. Wednesday, Oct. 14, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Thursday, Oct. 15, the **SURREAL MC COYS**, Waxing Poetics, and the Souvenirs; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, the David Torn quartet; Sunday, Oct. 18, the Nighthawks, with blues guitarist **ELVIN BISHOP**; Monday, Oct. 19, pop-jazz guitarist Alex De Grassi, with Kurt Wortman; Tuesday, Oct. 20, the **ERIC ANDERSEN** band; and Thursday, Oct. 22, Montreux. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. Bassist **RED MITCHELL** may not always be visible, but he's always present. He works with **KENNY BARRON** through Saturday, Oct. 17, and with the dashing, wide-ranging, sometimes larky **ROGER KELLAWAY** starting Monday, Oct. 19. On Sundays, Mr. Mitchell leads a trio. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

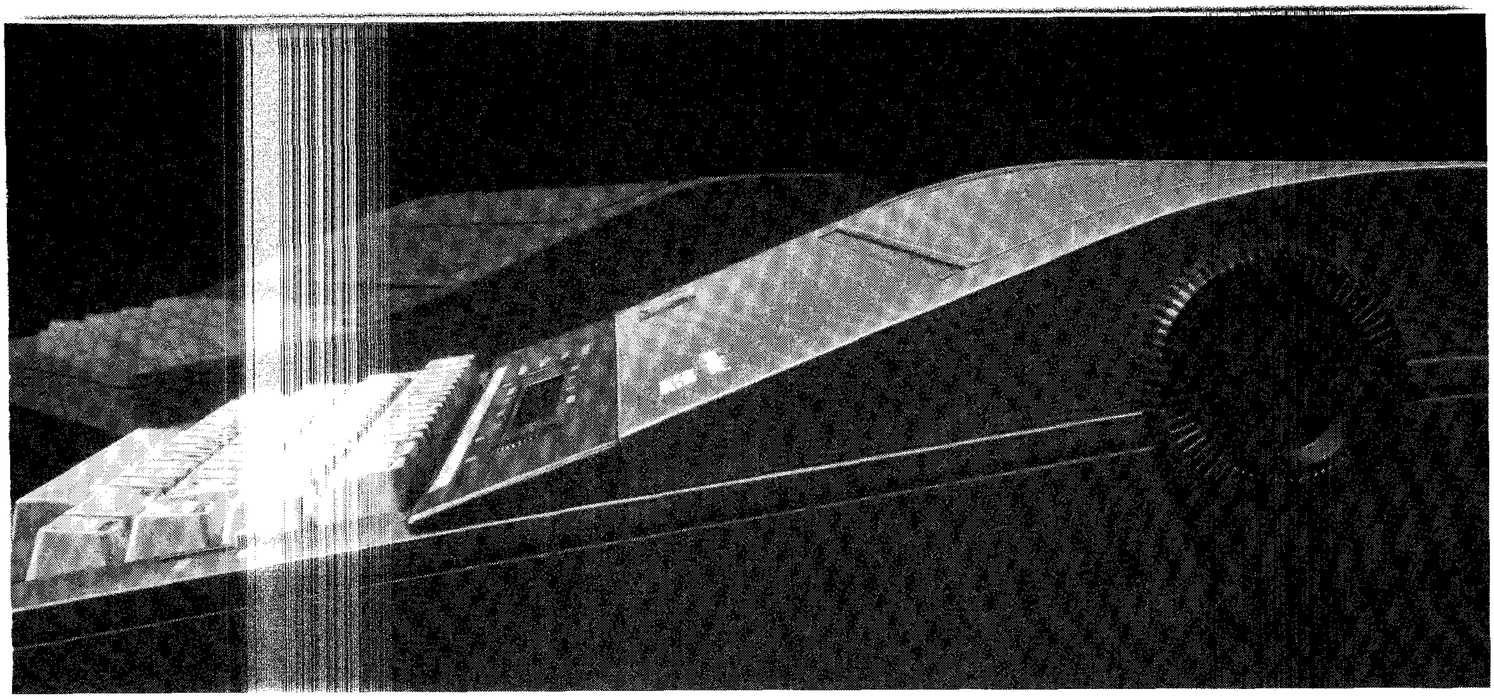
Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. **HANK JONES**, one of the finest of the post-Tatum pianists, leads a quartet through Sunday, Oct. 18; **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**, a founding father of the avant-gardist Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians and a versatile pianist, brings in his quintet on Tuesday, Oct. 20. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI**. Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the personage on the piano bench is **BOBBY SHORT**. He's flanked by **BEVERLY PEER** (bass fiddle) and **ROBBIE SCOTT** (drums). Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Friday, Oct. 16, Mr. Short will be away, and **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** will fill in for him. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. **SHIRLEY HORN**, a fifty-three-year-old pianist and singer (she has a gentle, balmy voice) who until recently had not been much heard outside of her home town of Washington, D.C., will be here with her trio through Sunday, Oct. 18. Pianist **VALERIE CAPERS'** threesome plays opposite her. **ROSEANNA VITRO** sings Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 20-21. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL**. Music from eight every night but Monday, when it begins at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. Dennis Moorman is on duty through Saturday, Oct. 17; **HAL SCHAEFER** takes charge on Tuesday, Oct. 20. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Singer-pianist Marty Phillips and bassist **LONNIE PLAXICO** will be in ac-



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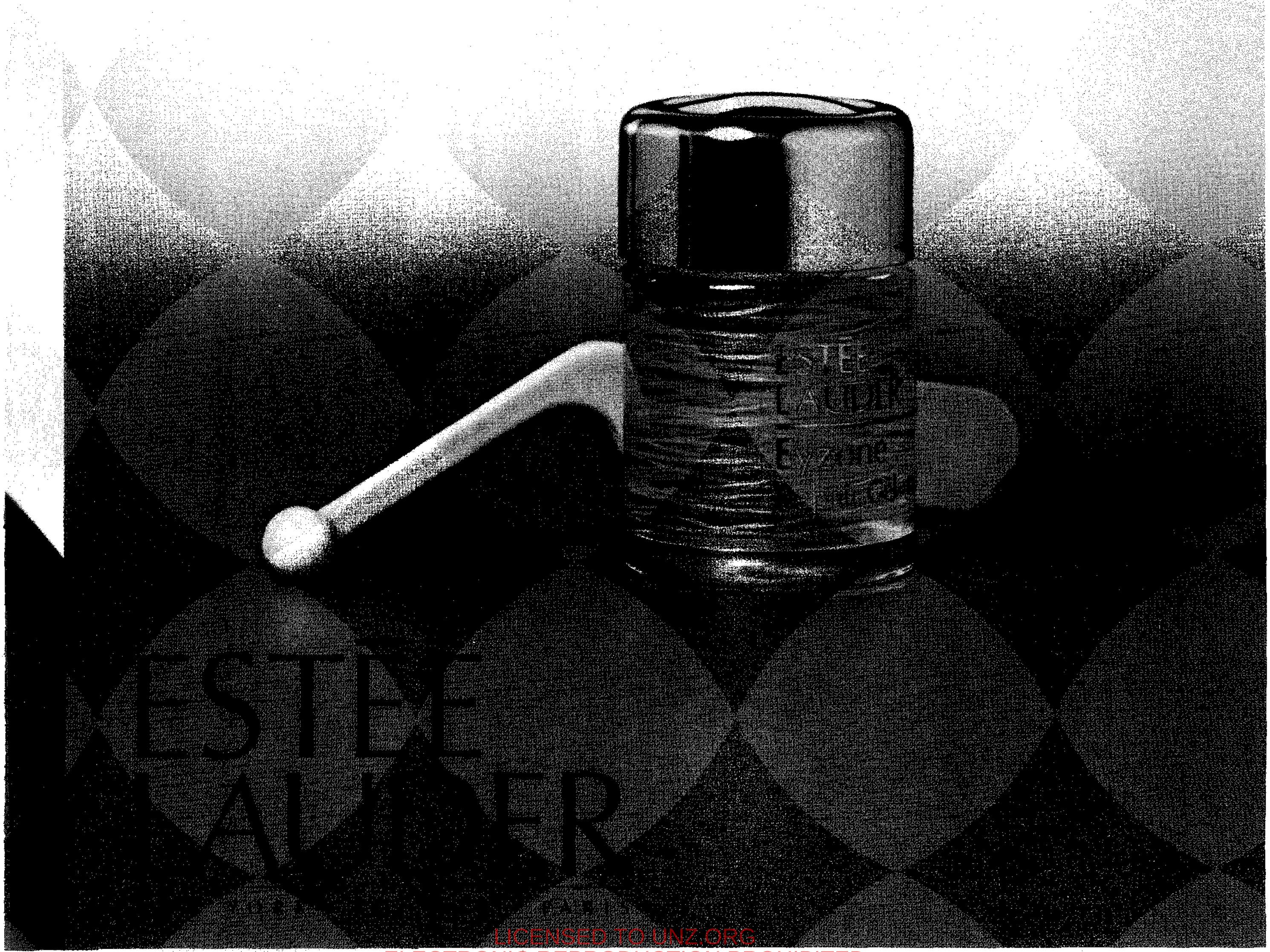

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tion through Saturday, Oct. 17; Sundays and Mondays are claimed by singer Stan Edwards' trio; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** threesome. Music from ten.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** works out on it, with bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** at his side, through Saturday, Oct. 17; **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** go to work on Tuesday, Oct. 20. Sundays and Mondays belong to **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** a young New Orleans pianist who turns much of what he touches into stride. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, Easy Now medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 14, **BOB STEWART** (tuba) and **VINCENT CHANCEY** (French horn); Thursday, Oct. 15, pianist Anthony Coleman; Friday, Oct. 16, **TIREZ TIREZ,** a quintet led by **MIKEL ROUSE** that plays a kind of glossy minimalist rock; Saturday, Oct. 17, **ELLIOTT MURPHY** and ex-Modern Lover Ernie Brooks; Sunday, Oct. 18, the New York Ohtet, a quartet featuring tenor saxophonist **FRANK LOWE;** Monday, Oct. 19, saxophonist Charles Gayle; Tuesday, Oct. 20, Work Dogs; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, harmolodic funk guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER.** Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is blocked by a cowboy or a structural element). Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15, Louisiana-born bluesman **LONNIE BROOKS;** Friday, Oct. 16, the Stompers and Wanda & the Way It Is, a local all-woman R. & B. band; Saturday, Oct. 17, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL;** Sunday, Oct. 18, **DEUCE,** a jazz-funk band led by saxophonist **JEAN FINEBERG** and trumpeter **ELLEN SEELING;** Tuesday, Oct. 20, **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO;** and Saturday, Oct. 24, the **SUN RHYTHM SECTION.** Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and **MARY WILSON** on the bandstand. Miss Wilson, who sang and shimmied with the Supremes from beginning to end and recently wrote a book all about it, does her stuff at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to turn up to play clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **RANDY WESTON,** a Winfield-size, percussive-sounding pianist, holds forth Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17. Music from about ten until two.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes engage in a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Thursday, Oct. 15, **NONA HENDRYX;** Friday, Oct. 16, hard-boiled country singer **DWIGHT YOAKAM;** Saturday, Oct. 17, the Minneapolis trio **HÜSKER DÜ,** whose softhearted melodic tendencies are discernible beneath the feedback and the holy punk fervor; and Saturday, Oct. 24, **JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS.** Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African all-percussion ensembles, reggae outfits, out-there American jazz bands, and salsa groups all pass through this former luncheonette. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15, **YELLOWMAN,** the self-celebrating Jamaican rapper-singer; Friday, Oct. 16, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Saturday, Oct. 17, **MIKATA;** Tuesday, Oct. 20, Puerto Rican *cuatro* player **YOMO TORO;** Wednesday, Oct. 21, **WILLIE COLÓN'S** salsa band; and Thursday, Oct. 22, Kimati Dinizulu. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room. The **ART FARMER—BENNY GOLSON JAZZTET,** a fine sextet that was born in the hard-bop fifties and reborn (after a twenty-year lapse) in the revivalist eighties, performs every night but Monday. On Mondays, **GIL EVANS'** electrified orchestra plays the maestro's swirling-color arrangements of such tunes as Charles Mingus's "Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Silk Blue" and Jimi Hendrix's "Stone Free." Shows from about ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek jazz and soul room. **NOEL POINTER** plays rhapsodies on his blue electric violin through Saturday, Oct. 17. Music after nine. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the boys and girls in the back room mainly do. Thursday, Oct. 15, the Frady Cats and the Mad Daddys; Friday, Oct. 16, the Tools, Lord John, and King of Kings; Saturday, Oct. 17, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Sunday, Oct. 18, the Ned Sublette band and Lisa Lowell; Monday, Oct. 19, the Baxters and the Lonesome Debonaires; Wednesday, Oct. 21, the Dots and double-jointed multi-instrumentalist and chanteuse **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, blues saxophonist **A.C. REED** and his band, the **SPARK PLUGS.** Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday nights in the gym-size downstairs room are reserved for salsa bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming fans. Three pianists will be on hand on Oct. 19: **EDDIE PALMIERI,** whose orchestra will be with him; his brother **CHARLIE PALMIERI,** who will play with Jimmy Sabater's Combo Gigante; and **BILLY TAYLOR.** Music from nine-thirty. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, where business and conversation are often at boom level, you'll find the light-fingered Arkansas-born pianist **WALTER NORRIS** at work in the corner with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON.** They play every night but Monday, and on Tuesday they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **DOROTHY DONEGAN** performs hair-raising Tatumesque feats on the keyboard through Sunday, Oct. 18. **ARVELL SHAW** is on bass and **RAY MOSCA** is on drums. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON** brings in a quintet on Tuesday, Oct. 20. On Mondays, the foreman of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** settles in behind his Pearl drums and Istanbul cymbals and lets his crew rip. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON'S** ensemble is here through Sunday, Oct. 18; bassist **MICKEY BASS'S** band, which features vibist **STEVE NELSON** and tenor saxophonist **CARTER JEFFERSON,** has the floor starting Wednesday, Oct. 21. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** are in residence through Saturday, Oct. 17; **KENNY BARRON** enters with bassist **RUFUS REID** on Monday, Oct. 19. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** continue their long-running collaboration. Music from eight every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

TOM WAITS—Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 14-16, and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 8; and Saturday, Oct. 17, at 7 and 10.

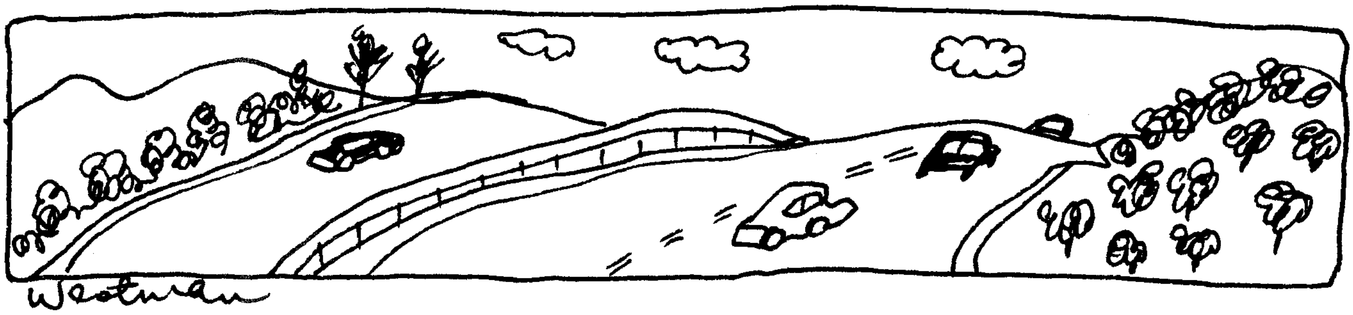
ANITA BAKER—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 14-18, at 8.

MERCEDES SOSA—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8.

SECOND ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF WOMEN IMPROVISERS—Thursday, Oct. 15, at 9: The Juliana Kohl quartet, Marilyn Crispell, and Robin Holcomb. (Roulette, 228 West Broadway. 219-8242.) . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 7: The Leni Stern band, and, at 9, Lesli Dalaba and Amy Denio. (Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. 219-3055.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 9: Sally Silvers, Kumiko Kimoto, and the LaDonna Smith trio, with Susan Hefner. (Kraine, 85 E. 4th St. 254-7706.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 18, at 9: Stephanie Stone, Bernadette Speach, and the Melford-Brandis duo, with Tom Guralnick. (Roulette.)

FRANK SENIOR—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 7.

10TH ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE TO ELVIS—With Del



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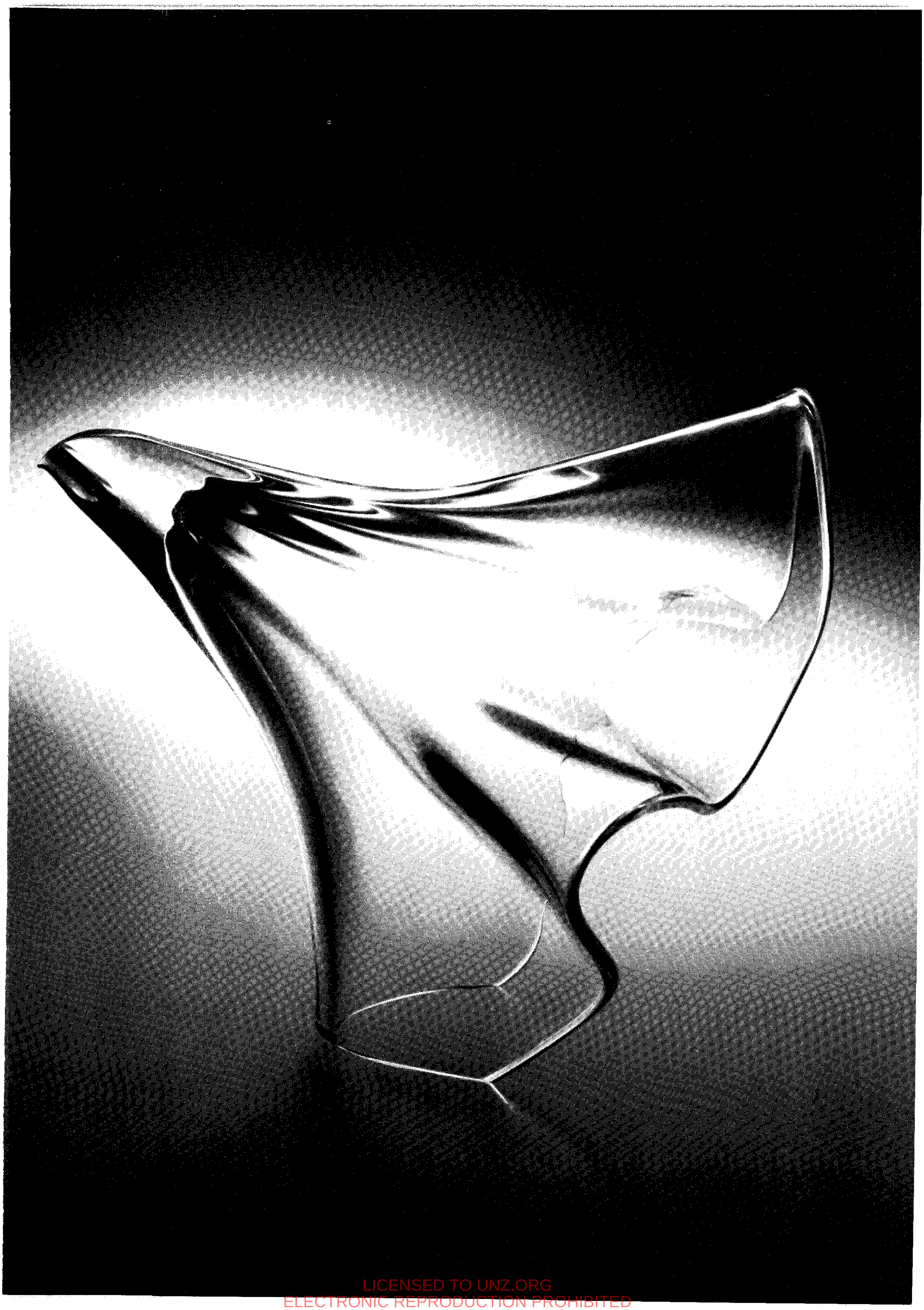

Shannon, the Platters, the Marvelettes, the Shirelles, and others. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Music of Scotland and Ireland—With John Cunningham, Sileas, and others. (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Charles Trenet—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 7:30.

Smokey Robinson—With Regina Belle. (Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 21-22, at 8.)

Howie Mandel—With Lou Dinos. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8 and 11:30.)

Keith Jarrett—With Gary Peacock and Jack DeJohnette. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Michael Franks—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Robert Baribeau / Harris Diamant—Recent abstract paintings. / Small machinelike steel sculptures. Through Oct. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Fritz Bultman (1919-85)—A two-gallery exhibit of works by this painter and influential teacher. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Leubsdorf Art Gallery, Hunter College, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Through Friday, Oct. 23. Opens at 1 Mondays through Fridays.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Vertical wood panels that have been painted with phosphorescent colors and grouped so as to reflect off one another. Through Oct. 30. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Georges Jeanclos—Figurative terra-cotta sculptures based on Biblical themes. Through Nov. 14. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings. Through Nov. 14. (Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Robert Ohnigian—A challenging new series of collages centering on headdresses of earlier times. Through Nov. 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Moses and Raphael Soyer—Paintings and drawings from the W.P.A. period. Through Oct. 31. (Radann, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Opens at noon.)

David Storey—Abstract paintings, a few on shaped canvases, a few on multiple panels, and drawings. Through Nov. 3. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

John Walker—Stylized abstract paintings, most from the past year. Through Oct. 31. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Works by fourteen artists, including Willem de Kooning, Dorothea Rockburne, Joan Mitchell, and Walter De Maria, constitute the gallery's final exhibition, which is dedicated to the memory of its founder, Xavier Fourcade. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: In a show of American prints dating from 1736 to 1966 particular attention is paid to colored woodcuts as exemplified in the work of Blanche Lazzell and William Zorach. Through Nov. 7. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Spanish masters from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. The works are on loan from the Meadows Museum, in Dallas. Admission is two dollars. Through Oct. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—Ten lithographs made by the sculptor in the last year of his life. Through Wednesday, Oct. 21. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Will Barnet—Paintings of figures poised to begin golfing or skating. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ben Berns—Plein-air landscapes of North Carolina. Through Oct. 31. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

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John Bowman—Didactic paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Larry Brown—Abstractions painted on several wood panels arranged in slight relief. Through Oct. 31. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Conlon / Lawrence Poons—Geometric abstractions on canvas. Through Nov. 7. / New impastoed paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Enrico Donati—Paintings dating from the fifties to this year. Through Oct. 31. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jedd Garet—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—Paintings from 1971. Through Oct. 31. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Hoyland—Abstract paintings and monotypes by a British artist. Through Nov. 28. (Lever-Meyerson, 16 W. 57th St.)

Ben Kamihira—Paintings of figures in interiors. Through Nov. 7. (Gallery Urban, 500 Park Ave., at 59th St.)

Alex Katz—Paintings from the early sixties. Through Oct. 31. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Collages from the past thirty years. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Mayhew—Recent landscape paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Sculptures in assorted mediums, including bronze, wood, and papier-mâché, plus drawings. Through Oct. 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Elizabeth Osborne / Marjorie Portnow—Geometric patterns appear in the backgrounds of several of these still-life paintings and works on paper. / Small landscapes of the Hudson River Valley and Santa Barbara. Through Nov. 4. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Giulio Paolini—Recent sculptures by a member of the Arte Povera movement. Through Oct. 31. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

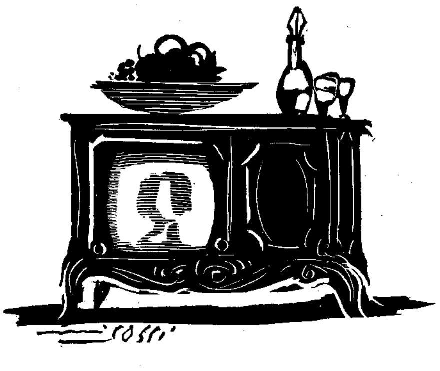
Rebecca Purdum—Large abstract paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Paul Rickert—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Saul—Violent, comic, satiric, kinky, not too flattering self-portraits of the artist as a seething humanoid. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Saunders / Max Ernst (1891-1976)—Oil paintings, most of which have a single object (an apple, a rice bowl, a hand) seemingly afloat on the canvas. / Prints. Through Oct. 31. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

David True / Win Knowlton—Rich-colored paintings on paper of obscured figures and animals. / Abstract objects cast in concrete, iron, or copper. Through Oct. 31. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)



Idelle Weber—Superrealist paintings of nature which incorporate Formica frames around, on top of, or in the middle of the canvases. Through Oct. 31. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig—Tranquil landscapes. Through Oct. 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jack Youngerman—Abstract paintings and pastels. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—American genre paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Homer, Bearden, Rivers, Pearlstein, Freilicher, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (ACA, now located at 41 E. 57th St.)

Sculpture—Works, primarily from the forties, by artists who at the time embraced surrealism. Louise Bourgeois, Jean Arp, and Isamu Noguchi are among those represented. Through Oct. 31. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Miquel Barceló—Sand, pieces of fabric, and cigarette butts are among the materials the artist uses to add texture to these abstract paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Derek Boshier—Paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Totah, 152 Wooster St.)

Richard Bosman—Large seascapes, each made up of two or three canvas panels. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Paul Brach—Pointillist paintings and crosshatch drawings of Southwest landscapes. Through Nov. 7. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Scott Burton—New sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Protetch, in a new location, at 560 Broadway.)

Jacques Flèchemuller—Odd-looking torsos painted on green army tents that have been hung on the gallery walls. Through Nov. 7. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Abstract works on paper from 1975 to the present. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

David Geiser—Heavily textured abstract paintings that use encaustic, tar, and resin. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Robert Gober—Wood sculptures that are take-offs of playpens and cribs. Through Oct. 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Sharon Gold—Abstract geometric paintings and drawings from 1981. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Michael Hafftka—New paintings of distorted figures. Through Oct. 31. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Peter Halley—New paintings by an artist whose work appeared in this year's Whitney Biennial. Through Oct. 31. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Christopher Hewat—An installation consisting of wood obelisks and pyramids surrounded by wood railings. Through Oct. 31. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Stanley Lewis—Paintings and drawings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 21. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Michael Loew (1907-85) / **Ellen Wiener**—Geometric paintings completed in the last ten years of his life. / Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Oct. 31. (Pearl, in a new location, at 420 West Broadway.)

Joan Nelson—Landscape paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Kingsley Parker—Fighter planes, tankers, and bank façades appear in these new paintings and in several large sculpture installations. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Lila Ryan—Human figures made with aluminum pipes and ceramic heads, plus other sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St.)

Lucy Sallick—Self-portraits, each composed of

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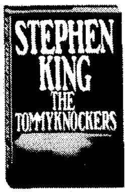
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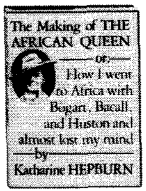
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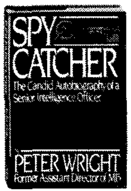
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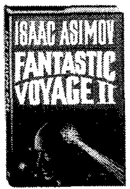
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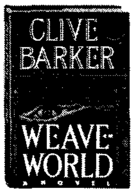
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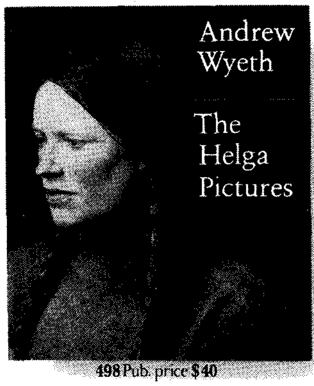
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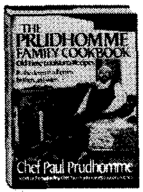
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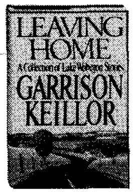
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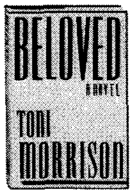
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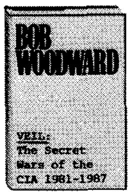
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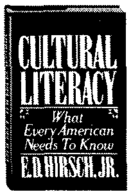
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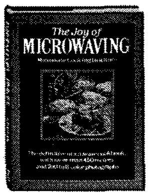
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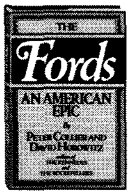
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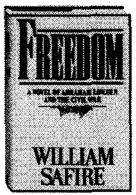
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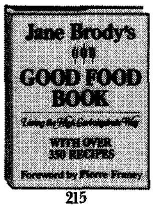
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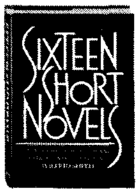
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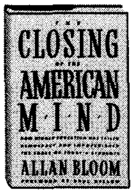
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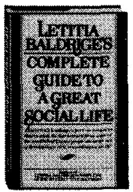
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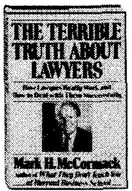
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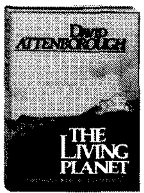
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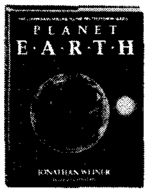
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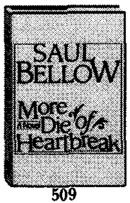
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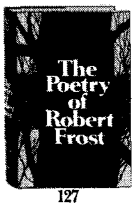
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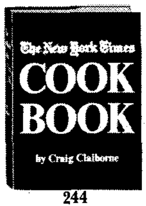
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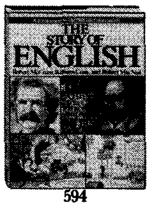
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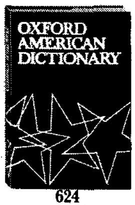
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Greta Schreyer / Tibor Gergely (1900-78)—Dense pen-and-ink drawings of a stream in Woodstock, Connecticut. / Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits painted by this Hungarian artist before he emigrated here, in 1939. Through Oct. 31. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Richard Serra—A two-gallery exhibit. Three monumental Corten-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Large steel plates and beams balancing against one another or leaning against the gallery walls; also, drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Alan Siegel—The artist has stretched the definition of a chair even further with these new pieces in painted wood. Through Nov. 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Robert Smithson (1938-73)—Five sculptures, plus related drawings. Through Oct. 31. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Mark Tansey—New allegorical paintings. Through Nov. 14. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Michael Venezia—Small wood ladders and artists' palettes, painted with gold, silver, and bronze leaf, and hung like canvases. Through Oct. 31. (Roeder, 545 Broadway.)

Kay WalkingStick—Diptychs juxtaposing landscapes and abstractions. Through Oct. 31. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Chihung Yang—Paintings and works on paper. Through Oct. 31. (Walls, 137 Greene St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Rosemarie Castoro—Welded-steel sculptures and wall reliefs of opera characters the artist sketched during live performances. The sketches are also on view. Through Oct. 25. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Willem de Kooning—Paintings done between 1955 and 1963. Through Dec. 5. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

Richard Pettibone—Paintings from the sixties and seventies, plus more recent sculptures. Through Oct. 25. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Maura Sheehan—Two sculptural installations. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Facchetti, 476 Broadway. Through Nov. 4.)

Michael Tracy—A twenty-year survey of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. Through Dec. 20. (P.S. 1, at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Show—*Works by Blinky Palermo, Imi* Knoebel, and Joseph Beuys inaugurate the Dia Art Foundation's newest exhibition space, at 548 W. 22nd St. Through June 19. (Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Sculpture—Freestanding works and wall reliefs by Eva Hesse, Annette Lemieux, Mary Heilmann, Louise Bourgeois, and Rosemarie Trockel. Through Sunday, Oct. 18. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott and Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Vintage prints of Paris. Through Nov. 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Babior—Black-and-white photomontages of urban figures in rural landscapes. Through Oct. 31. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his early prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Harold Edgerton—Prints by the inventor of the electronic flash. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Ralph Gibson / Elliot Schwartz—Prints from the past thirty years. Through Oct. 25. / Photographs of sculpture and machine fragments, death masks, and shrunken heads. Through Nov. 15. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ Black-and-white photographs taken in Paris by Mr. Gibson are on view at the French Institute/Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Through Nov. 13.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Florence Henri (1893-1983)—Photographs from the twenties printed on canvas. Through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Helen Levitt—A retrospective. Through Nov. 7. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Vintage prints of Maine and its inhabitants. Through Oct. 31. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

Todd Watts—Prints of simulated galaxies. Through Nov. 1. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Edward Weston (1889-1958)—Approximately a hundred and twenty prints are at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

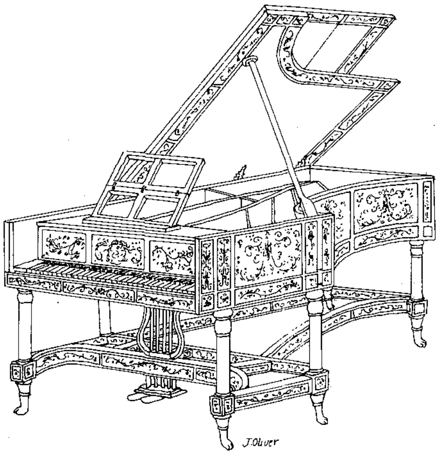
Neil Winokur—This portraitist surrounds each of his subjects with four photographs of things they like. Through Oct. 31. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than two hundred objects from the court of Sultan Süleyman I, who, during his forty-six-year reign over the Ottoman Empire, ruled as vigorously over his imperial studios (wooden Koran boxes, painted tiles, embroidered costumes, illuminated manuscripts) as he did over his spectacularly outfitted soldiers (jewel-encrusted helmets and swords, embroidered leather boots). . . . ¶ Eighty-eight paintings by members of the Hudson River School, among them Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, and John F. Kensett. . . . ¶ A retrospective of approximately seventy works by the seventeenth-century Spanish painter Francisco de Zurbarán, including "The Virgin of Las Cuevas" and "St. Hugo of Grenoble Visiting the Refectory." Through Dec. 13. . . . **photography:** A Weston retrospective that also includes letters, memorabilia, and portraits of the artist. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A full complement of Frank Stella's painted metal wall reliefs, plus a few works that led up to them. . . . **photography:** Prints from the early thirties by Henri Cartier-Bresson. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Jan Dibbets, a Dutch contemporary known for his abstract compositions combining photographs and drawing. Through Nov. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A Charles Demuth (1883-1935) retrospective of paintings: Precisionist architectural scenes, studies of flowers and fruit, and portraits of vaudeville and theatrical figures. Starts Thursday, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ A large-scale exhibition of high-spirited sculptural tableaux by Red Grooms, including "City of Chicago," "Ruckus Manhattan," and "Ruckus Rodeo." Also, paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Sunday, Oct. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of paintings by the black social realist Jacob Lawrence, whose early work included narrative paintings about such figures as Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, and John Brown. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of ancient ivory carvings made by Bering Sea Eskimos, ranging from snow goggles and harpoon fittings to ceremonial figurines. . . . ¶ Paintings and models of dinosaurs as they have been envisioned by artists and paleontologists in the past hundred years or so. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The tradition of the Chinese artist-scholar is illustrated in a show (on loan from the Shanghai Museum) of paintings and calligraphy by two Ming-dynasty artists. Also on view is a furnished studio typical of the vocation. Starts Thursday, Oct. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Drawings, prints, and photographs of arches—that is, historic monumental arches, as in Piranesi's etching of four Roman arches or Stanford White's working drawing for the Washington Square Arch, and contemporary fanciful arches designed for the 1986 Galveston Mardi Gras by seven architects. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Marianne Moore: Vision Into Verse," a show from the personal literary archive of the writer which groups thirty-three of her poems with objects that inspired them—a toy crow alongside "To Victor Hugo of My Crow Pluto," for instance. Notebooks, working manuscripts, letters, books, and other materials on loan from the Rosenbach Museum and Library, of Philadelphia. Through Nov. 28. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The Dreyfus Affair is the subject of an exhibit of about six hundred items—including paintings, sculptures, posters, books, letters, and films—that document (a) the French political and cultural climate of the period, (b) the role of the press in dividing public opinion and exploiting the issues for financial gain, and (c) the heated positions of artists and writers, from pro-Dreyfus Pissarro and, of course, Zola, to anti-Dreyfus Cézanne and Degas. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Oct. 15. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings by Raphael, among them a study for an apostle in the great altarpiece "Transfiguration," and drawings by some of his studio assistants. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A retrospective of drawings by the conceptual sculptor

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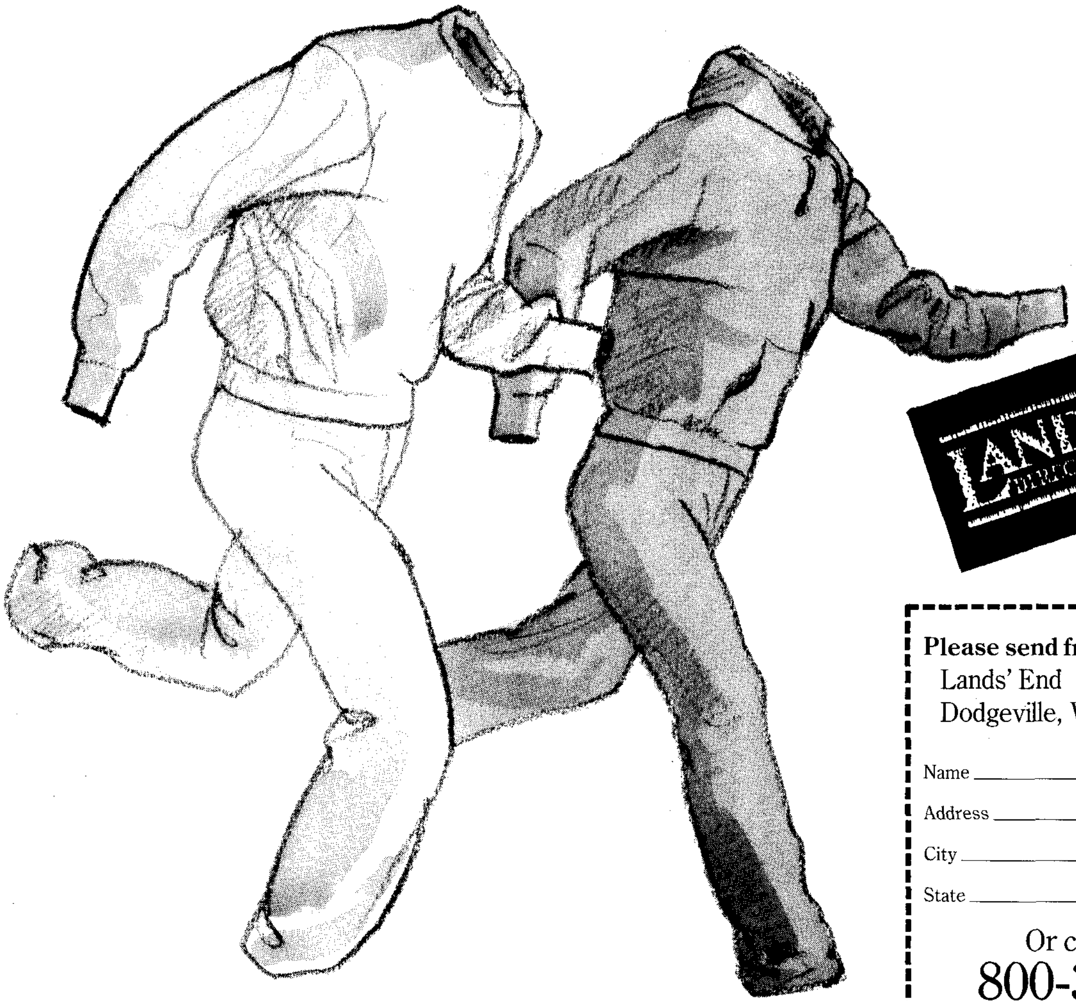

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New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Off the Berg Collection's bookshelves has come a show of a hundred works containing often-quoted first lines, including "In the beginning was the Word," from an American-Indian translation of the New Testament published in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1661; and "April is the cruellest month," from the original typescript of T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land." (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—David Marquis (performance), Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, at 8:30; and Mary-Mary (performance duo), Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—New British videos, Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Man Act (performance duo), Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 21-24, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Blue Palm (performance duo), Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, at 11. . . . ¶ Arnette de Mille (dance), Friday through Sunday, Oct. 16-18, at 9.

Note—"Spectaccalo," a video-and-music performance by Kit Fitzgerald, Peter Gordon, and Blue Gene Tyranny, Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 14-18, at 7:30, at La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. . . . ¶ "Blue Scene Grey," a new work written and directed by Linda Mussmann, with a cast of thirteen, five of whom are musicians. At Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St., Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 21-24, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 3. Through Oct. 31. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and James King; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Das Rheingold," with Mari-Anne Häggander, Gail Gilmore, Siegfried Jerusalem, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Italo Tajo; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sona Ghazarian, Dawn Upshaw, Dano Raffanti, and Brian Schexnayder; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and James King; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Manon," with Carol Vaness, Alfredo Kraus, Gino Quilico, and James Courtney; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sona Ghazarian, Dawn Upshaw, Dano Raffanti, and Gregg Baker; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Italo Tajo; Christian Badea. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Das Rheingold," with Ellen Shade, Gail Gilmore, Siegfried Jerusalem, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Manon," with Carol Vaness, Alfredo Kraus, Gino Quilico, and David Hamilton; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 12:30: "Die Walküre," with Hildegard Behrens, Gail Gilmore, Gary Lakes, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sona Ghazarian, Dawn Upshaw, Dano Raffanti, and Gregg Baker; Ralf Weikert.

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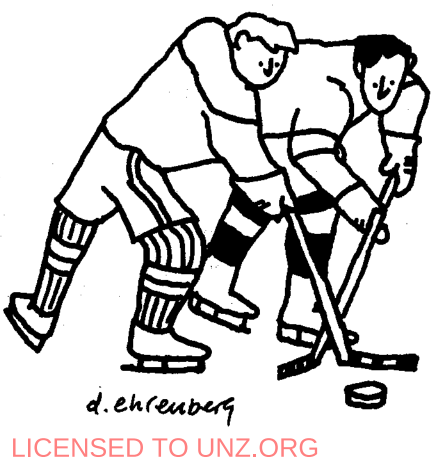
New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Faith Esham, Rachel Rosales, Jon Garrison, and Stephen Dickson; conducted by Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Michael Cousins, and Theodore Baerg; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Susanne Marsee, John Absalom, and Rodger Hugh Wangerin; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2: "Turandot," with Gail Tremitiere, Edith Davis, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Herbert Perry; Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Kathryn Bouleyn, Stefano Algieri, and Stanley Wexler; and "Pagliacci," with Margaret Cusack, Jon Fredric West, Pablo Elvira, and William Parcher. Sergiu Comissiona conducting both. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 18, at 1: "The Rake's Progress," with Elizabeth Hynes, Joyce Castle, Jon Garrison, and Stanley Wexler; Jorge Mester. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 18, at 7: "La Bohème," with Ruth Golden, Margaret Cusack, Richard Leech, and Frederick Burchinal; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Elizabeth Holleque, Constance Hauman, Mark Beudert, and Robert Orth; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Faust," with Elizabeth Knighton, Susanne Marsee, Richard Leech, and John Cheek; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Valerie Girard, Virginia Sublett, Randall Outland, and Jan Opalach; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Turandot," with Gail Tremitiere, Edith Davis, Vyacheslav M. Polozov, and Herbert Perry; Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2: "The Rake's Progress," with Elizabeth Hynes, Joyce Castle, Jon Garrison, and Stanley Wexler; Jorge Mester. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Tosca," with Linda Roark-Strummer, Robert Grayson, and Roger Roloff; Alessandro Siciliani. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 14-17, at 8, and Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 7:30: Felix Kruglikov conducting a Brahms-Shostakovich program, with Miriam Fried, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8; Friday, Oct. 23, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 24, and Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Sibelius-Grieg-Borodin program, with Jorge Bolet, piano.

American Symphony Orchestra—José Serebrier conducting a program that includes the world première of Morton Gould's "Flares and Declamations" and excerpts from Mussorgsky's opera "Boris Godunov," with the Boston University Chorus, the New Amsterdam Singers, the New York Russian Chorus, and the University of Miami Singers. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 3.)



Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting the Beethoven "Emperor" Concerto, with Murray Perahia, piano, and the New York première of Hans Werner Henze's Symphony No. 7. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 21-22, at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony—Ling Tung conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra in a Haydn-Schubert-Bach program, with Marya Martin, flute. (66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

American Composers Orchestra—Paul Dunkel conducting a program of music by living American composers. With Mark Schubert, percussion. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducting the fortieth-anniversary concert. With Pilar Lorengar, soprano, and Leonard Raver, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in the first two in a series of concerts. Monday, Oct. 19, at 7:30: Monteverdi's "Vespers of 1610." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 7:30: Bach's Mass in A and other works. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. For information about tickets, call 874-3104.)

Boston Camerata—Joel Cohen directing a concert version of Monteverdi's "L'Orfeo," with original instruments, and with vocalists D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and Robert Honeysucker, baritone. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Vladimir Krainev—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Daniel Waitzman—Modern flute, conical Boehm flute, baroque flute, and piccolo recorder in a program that explores the influence of baroque music on bel-canto vocal music. With assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Joan Morris and William Bolcom—Mezzo-soprano and piano, presenting a program of American popular songs. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Classical Quartet—With Eric Hoeprich, clarinet, in an all-Mozart program. All the musicians will play original instruments. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Guarneri Quartet—Performing the hundredth Beethoven Society concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 3.) . . . ¶ A second all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—In a Haydn-Mozart-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The first in a series of concerts performed by various members of the Yale University School of Music faculty. With Sidney Harth, violin; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Boris Berman, piano; and others, in a Schubert-Schumann-Brahms program. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Kevin Oldham—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 3.)

Speculum Musicae—Presenting, among other works, Elliott Carter's "In Sleep, in Thunder," with Jon Garrison, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—With Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Edward Flower and Stanley Silverman, classical guitarists; Julius Levine, double bass; Daniel Phillips and Michael Tree, viola; and Peter Wiley and Sharon Robinson, cello. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 20-21, at 8.)

Asia Society Concerts—Yamaguchi Goro playing the shakuhachi, a Japanese bamboo flute, in a concert of traditional Japanese music. With assisting artists. (Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 580-0210. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Eliot Fisk and Paula Robison—Classical guitarist and flute. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Salute the Duke—Classical, jazz, sacred, and cabaret music performed by Jessye Norman, Bobby Short, the Amherst Saxophone Quartet, and others in a concert that will benefit the Duke Ellington Memorial Fund. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Baseball—The World Series starts Saturday, Oct. 17, in the home park of the American League Champion.

Basketball—Exhibition game—Nets vs. Knicks. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens, Friday, Oct. 16, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Friday, Oct. 23, at 7:45. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Oct. 17, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, Oct. 24, at 7:05. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Monday, Oct. 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Friday, Oct. 23, at 7:35.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30; starting Wednesday, Oct. 21. The Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 24. . . . **belmont:** Daily at 1; through Monday, Oct. 19. The Champagne and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 17; the Beldame, Sunday, Oct. 18. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 19. The Meadowlands Cup, Friday, Oct. 23.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; starting Thursday, Oct. 15.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Bruno Bettelheim reading from his own work. (Ethical Culture Theatre, 2 W. 64th St. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-6557.) . . . ¶ Joan Didion reading from her own work. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0855. Monday, Oct. 19, at 6.) . . . ¶ Norman Rush and Toby Olson reading from their own works. (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Discussions—Ved Mehta being interviewed on contemporary Indian culture by Robert B. Oxnam. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 7.) . . . ¶ Jules Feiffer, George Booth, Nicole Hollander, and Mark Alan Stamaty taking part in a program called "Cartooning as Autobiography." (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Fall Antiques Show—The annual show of Americana, offered by more than a hundred dealers. (Passenger Ship Terminal, Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 22-24, from noon to 10, and Sunday, Oct. 25, 11 to 6. Free shuttle buses will run from 62 W. 50th St. to the show and back.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of Greenwich Village sponsored by the New-York Historical Society, Sunday, Oct. 18, starting at the north side of Washington Square, at Fifth Ave., at 2. (For information about tickets, call 873-0125.)

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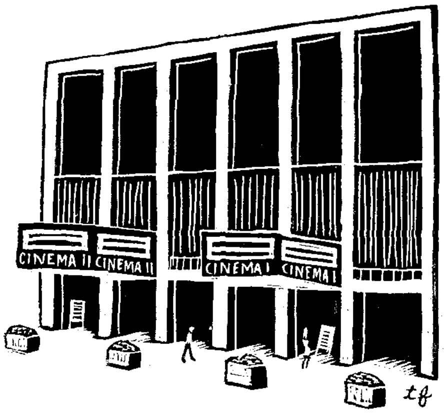

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EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Oct. 15: (Separate admissions) "My Night at Maud's" (1970; directed by Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; "Buffet Froid" (1980; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Jean Carmet, Bernard Blier, and Geneviève Page; and "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" (1984; Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
Oct. 16-18: (Separate admissions) "Leo the Last" (1970; John Boorman), with Marcello Mastroianni, Billie Whitelaw, and Calvin Lockhart; and "Written on the Wind" (1957; Douglas Sirk), with Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack, and Dorothy Malone.
Oct. 20-21: (Separate admissions) "Having a Wild Weekend" (1965; John Boorman), with the Dave Clark Five; and "Written on the Wind."
Oct. 22-23: (Separate admissions) "Excalibur" (1981; John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry; and "Written on the Wind."
From Oct. 24: (Separate admissions) "Point Blank" (1967; John Boorman), with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, and Keenan Wynn; and "Written on the Wind."

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 22: "Man on Fire" (Elie Chouraqui), with Scott Glenn, Brooke Adams, and Danny Aiello. From Oct. 23: "Suspect" (Peter Yates), with Cher and Dennis Quaid.
Theatre 2: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 15: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron. From Oct. 16: "Weeds" (John Hancock), with Nick Nolte.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Princess Bride" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Baby Boom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fatal Attraction" (†).
Theatre 3: "Best Seller" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Man on Fire" (Elie Chouraqui), with Scott Glenn, Brooke Adams, and Danny Aiello.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Oct. 22: "Big Shots" (Robert Mandel).
From Oct. 23: "The Sicilian" (Michael Cimino), with Christopher Lambert.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Dancers" (†).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.
Theatre 2: "Orphans" (Alan J. Pakula), with Albert Finney, Matthew Modine, and Kevin Anderson.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 15: "In the Mood" (Phil Alden Robinson), with Patrick Dempsey, Talia Balsam, and Beverly D'Angelo. From Oct. 16: "Hope and Glory" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 15: Theatre closed. From Oct. 16: "Barfly" (Barbet Schroeder), with Mickey Rourke and Faye Dunaway.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"House of Games" (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Dark Eyes" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 15: "Matewan" (†). From Oct. 16: "The Whales of August" (Lindsay Anderson), with Bette Davis and Lillian Gish.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Princess Bride" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 15: "3 O'Clock High" (Phil Joanou). From Oct. 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Baby Boom" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

86TH STREET TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.
Theatre 2: "3 O'Clock High" (Phil Joanou).

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 15: "Best Seller" (†). From Oct. 16: "The Outing."
Theatre 2: "Man on Fire" (Elie Chouraqui), with Scott Glenn, Brooke Adams, and Danny Aiello.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 15: "No Way Out" (1987 †). From Oct. 16: "Too Outrageous!" (Dick Benner), with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Thursday's Children" (1953; directed by Lindsay Anderson and Guy Brenton), "Every Day Except Christmas" (1957; Lindsay Anderson), and "The Singing Lesson" (1967; Lindsay Anderson), all short documentaries. From Oct. 21: "Jewel's Darl" (1985; Peter Wells); and "A Death in the Family" (Stewart Main and Peter Wells).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 15: "China Girl" (Abel Ferrara), with James Russo. From Oct. 16: The 20th International Tournee of Animation.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 15: "The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland. From Oct. 16: "Vera" (Sergio Toledo; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 15: "RoboCop" (†). From Oct. 16: "Too Outrageous!" (Dick Benner), with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 15: "Near Dark" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar.
From Oct. 16: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Dancers" (†).
Theatre 2: "No Way Out" (1987 †).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Whistle Blower" (†).
Theatre 3: "Matewan" (†).
Theatre 4: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "3 O'Clock High" (Phil Joanou).
Theatre 2: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 3: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Princess Bride" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll" (Taylor Hackford), a documentary about Chuck Berry.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Dogs in Space" (†).

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"The Princess Bride" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"The Right Hand Man" (Di Drew), with Rupert Everett and Hugo Weaving.

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through Oct. 15: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 16: "Long Live the Lady!" (Ermanno Olmi; in Italian).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Maurice" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"No Way Out" (1987 †).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fatal Attraction" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 22: "Wish You Were Here" (†). From Oct. 23: "The Funeral" (Juzo Itami; in Japanese).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mozart Brothers" (Suzanne Osten; in Swedish).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 15: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 16: "Barfly" (Barbet Schroeder), with Mickey Rourke and Faye Dunaway.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Princess Bride" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 22: "The Big Easy" (†). From Oct. 23: "No Man's Land" (Peter Werner), with Charlie Sheen and D. B. Sweeney.

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: “Like Father Like Son” (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.
Theatre 2: “No Way Out” (1987 †).
Theatre 3: “Baby Boom” (†).
Theatre 4: “Dancers” (†).
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 15: “Surrender” (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle. From Oct. 16: “Weeds” (John Hancock), with Nick Nolte.
Theatre 6: “House of Games” (David Mamet), with Lindsay Crouse and Joe Mantegna.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: “Someone to Watch Over Me” (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.
Theatre 2: “Matewan” (†).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through Oct. 15: “Dirty Dancing” (†).
Oct. 16-22: “Too Outrageous!” (Dick Benner), with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren.
From Oct. 23: “The Sicilian” (Michael Cimino), with Christopher Lambert.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: “The Principal” (directed by Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: “Big Shots” (Robert Mandel).
Theatre 3: “Surrender” (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 4: “Like Father Like Son” (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 22: “Like Father Like Son.” From Oct. 23: “Suspect” (Peter Yates), with Cher and Dennis Quaid.
Theatre 6: “Near Dark” (Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
“Baby Boom” (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 22: “Stakeout” (†). From Oct. 23: “No Man's Land” (Peter Werner), with Charlie Sheen and D. B. Sweeney.
Theatre 3: “No Way Out” (1987 †).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 22: “Man on Fire” (Elie Chouraqui), with Scott Glenn, Brooke Adams, and Danny Aiello. From Oct. 23: “The Killing Time.”

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
“Best Seller” (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 22: “3 O'Clock High” (Phil Joanou).
From Oct. 23: “Prince of Darkness” (John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasence and Jameson Parker.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: “China Girl” (Abel Ferrara), with James Russo.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 15: “Hellraiser” (Clive Barker). From Oct. 16: “Hello Mary Lou: Prom Night II” (Bruce Pittman).

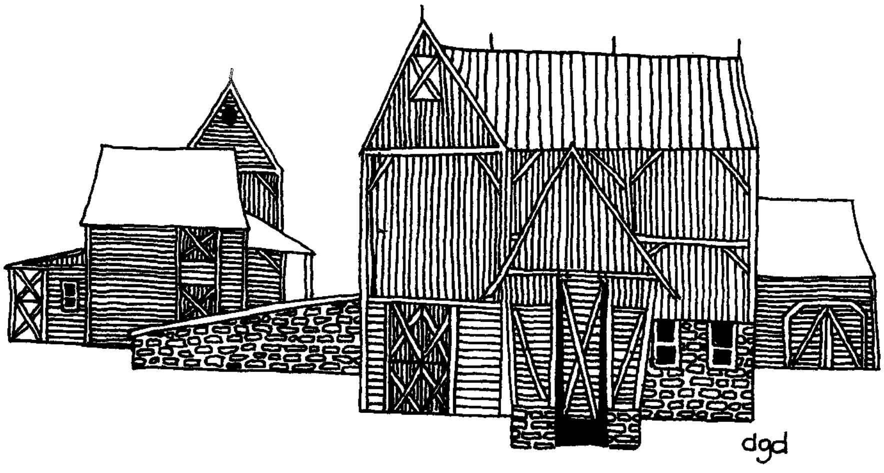
Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
“Someone to Watch Over Me” (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.

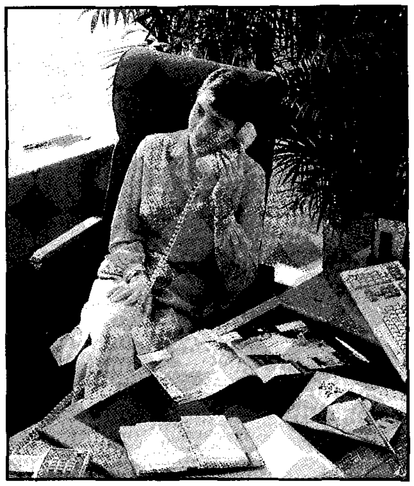
REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 15: “Black Widow” (1987; directed by Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell; and “The Postman Always Rings Twice” (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.
Oct. 16-17: “She's Gotta Have It” (1986; Spike Lee), with Tracy Camila Johns, Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee; and “Down by Law” (1986; Jim Jarmusch), with Tom Waits, John Lurie, and Roberto Benigni.
Oct. 18: “Cría!” (1977; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent; and “Blood Wedding” (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Oct. 19-20: “Absolute Beginners” (1986; Julien Temple), with Eddie O'Connell and Patsy Kensit; and “The Man Who Fell to Earth” (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.
Oct. 21-22: “Tracks” (1976; Henry Jaglom), with Dennis Hopper, Taryn Power, Dean Stockwell, and Topo Swope; and “Easy Rider” (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson.
Oct. 23-24: “That Obscure Object of Desire” (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and “The Milky Way” (1968; Luis Buñuel; in French).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 14: “The Color Purple” (1985; Steven Spielberg), with Whoopi Goldberg; and “Sounder” (1972; Martin Ritt), with Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, and Kevin Hooks.
Oct. 15: “She's Gotta Have It” (1986; Spike Lee), with Tracy Camila Johns, Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee; and “Nothing but a Man” (1964; Michael Roemer), with Ivan Dixon, Abbey Lincoln, and Gloria Foster.
Oct. 16-19: “Islands” (1986; Albert Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin, and David Maysles), “What's Happening!: The Beatles in the U.S.A.” (1964; Albert Maysles and David Maysles), and “Meet Marlon Brando” (1965; Albert Maysles, David Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin), all documentaries.
Oct. 20-21: “Islands;” and “Grey Gardens” (1976; David Maysles, Albert Maysles, Ellen Hovde, Muffie Meyer, and Susan Froemke), a documentary.
Oct. 22-24: “Islands;” “Running Fence” (1978; David Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin, and Albert Maysles), a short documentary; and “Christo's Valley Curtain” (1974; David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Ellen Hovde), a short documentary.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Oct. 14: “The Treasure of the Sierra Madre” (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and “The Man Who Would Be King” (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.
Oct. 15: “Lost in America” (1985; Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty; and “Modern Romance” (1981; Albert





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Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Oct. 16-17: "True Stories" (1986; David Byrne), with John Goodman, Swoosie Kurtz, and Spalding Gray; and "Stop Making Sense" (1984; Jonathan Demme), with the Talking Heads.

Oct. 18: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" ("The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.; and "Fata Morgana" (1971; Werner Herzog; in German).

Oct. 19: "The Crimson Kimono" (1959; Samuel Fuller), with Victoria Shaw, Glenn Corbett, and James Shigeta; and "Underworld, U.S.A." (1961; Samuel Fuller), with Cliff Robertson.

Oct. 20: "Wetherby" (1985; David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave and Tim McInnerny; and "Out of Season" (1975; Alan Bridges), with Vanessa Redgrave, Susan George, and Cliff Robertson.

Oct. 21: "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean" (1972; John Huston), with Paul Newman; and "A Walk with Love and Death" (1969; John Huston), with Anjelica Huston and Assaf Dayan.

Oct. 22: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei.

Oct. 23-24: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "After Hours" (1985; Martin Scorsese), with Griffin Dunne and Rosanna Arquette.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 14: "A Day in the Country" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French); and "La Marseillaise" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French).

Oct. 15: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (1952; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray.

Oct. 16-17: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Oct. 18-19: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Oct. 20: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

Oct. 21: "Forsaking All Others" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, and Billie Burke; and "Mannequin" (1938; Frank Borzage), with Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy, and Alan Curtis.

Oct. 22: "Rififi" (1955; Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

Oct. 23-24: "The Man Who Never Was" (1956; Ronald Neame), with Clifton Webb, Gloria Grahame, and Robert Flemyng; and "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (1965; Martin Ritt), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Oskar Werner.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Theatre closed.

THEATRE 2: Oct. 17 at 2:30: "The Squaw Man" (1914; directed by Cecil B. De Mille and Oscar Apfel; a silent film), with Dustin Farnum, Winifred Kingston, and Red Wing. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 5:30: "The Cheat" (1915; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film), with Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa; and "The Woman God Forgot" (1917; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film), with Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2:30: "Stella Maris" (1918; Marshall Neilan; a silent film), with Mary Pickford and Conway Tearle. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 5:30: "Male and Female" (1919; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film), with Thomas Meighan, Gloria Swanson, and Bebe Daniels. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 3: Four short films by Claude Jutra. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 6: "Take It All" (1963; Claude Jutra; in French, with English subtitles), with Jutra and Johanne Harrelle. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 3: "The Cheat" and "The Woman God Forgot." . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6:30: "Labyrinth" (1962; Jan Lenica); and "Identification Marks: None" (1964; Jerzy Skolimowski; in Polish, with no English subtitles), with Skolimowski. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 3 and 6:30: "A Woman Is a Risky Bet: Six Orchestra Conductors" (1987; Christina Olofson), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2:30: "Stella Maris." . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 5:30: "The Squaw Man." . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 2:30: "True Heart Susie" (1919; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian Gish and Robert Harron. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 5:30: "Humoresque" (1920; Frank Borzage; a silent film), with Vera Gordon and Alma Rubens.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Oct. 18, a program of six films by Su Friedrich: "Cool Hands, Warm Heart" (1979), "Scar Tissue" (1979), "Gently Down the Stream" (1981), and "But No One" (1982) Wednesday through Saturday at noon and Sunday at 1; "The Ties That Bind" (1984) Wednesday through Saturday at 1 and Sunday at 2; and "Damned If You Don't" (1987) Wednesday through Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 4.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—A program of films which marks the twenty-five-year collaboration of James Ivory, Ismail Merchant, and Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Oct. 16 at 3 and 7: "Autobiography of a Princess" (1975), with Madhur Jaffrey and James Mason; and "Adventures of a Brown Man in Search of Civilisation" (1972). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 3 and 7: "Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures" (1978), with Peggy Ashcroft, Aparna Sen, Victor Banerjee, and Saeed Jaffrey. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 3 and 7: "The Courtesans of Bombay" (1982), with Saeed Jaffrey.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Oct. 16 at 6:30 and 8:45: "Dixieland Daimyo" (1986; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6:30: "Laputa" (1986; Hayao Miyazaki; a Japanese film, dubbed in English).

Reel Pieces: Films as Collaborative Art—A series of films and lectures. Oct. 22 at 8:15: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton. Ralph Rosenblum, the film's editor, will be present. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Arlene Croce and Terrence Rafferty.)

Baby Boom—With Diane Keaton, Sam Shepard, and Harold Ramis; directed by Charles Shyer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Best Seller—Larry Cohen's script, about a well-heeled contract killer (James Woods) who offers his life story to a widowed cop/novelist (Brian Dennehy), seems terribly pleased with its own ostentatious cleverness. The hit man wants revenge against his former employer, and the blocked writer needs a subject to get himself going again: we're meant to be impressed by the notion that their relationship is symbiotic. We're more likely to find the premise silly and contrived—and, as the standard action-movie chases and shootouts multiply, increasingly inorganic. John Flynn's hired-gun direction is blunt, functional, unimaginative: his literal-mindedness makes the movie's violence pointlessly ugly. (He and Larry Cohen truly don't need each other.) Woods, thin and neurotic, and Dennehy, beefy and stolid, work hard and skillfully at putting over their preposterous odd-couple relationship, but the mild wit they squeeze out of their routines doesn't seem worth the effort. With Paul Shenar and Victoria Tennant.—T.R. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Oct. 15.)

The Big Easy—It has an amateurish, fifties-B-movie droopiness. Dennis Quaid plays a vain, irresistible New Orleans police lieutenant, half-Irish, half-Cajun, who is relaxed about accepting free meals and small favors; to him that's friendly, it has nothing to do with crime. Ellen Barkin plays a new assistant district attorney from up North who believes in the letter of the law—you can tell that from her drab tailored suits and her asexual prissiness. The lieutenant goes to work on her immediately in a few fairly explicit devilish-charmer-and-nervous-novice scenes, and her inhibitions melt away. The carnal humor of these moments gives the film a distinctive amiability, but there's too much TV-style drugs and killing, and the director, Jim McBride, has Quaid and Barkin playing too broadly; he also has the camera too close in—the performers stick out of the film frame. With Ned Beatty, John Goodman, Grace Zabriski, Lisa Jane Persky, and the great Charles Ludlam, who thrives on broadness. As a gentleman lawyer of Old Dixie, he rolls his eyes and wraps the picture like a ribbon around his panama hat. The script is by Daniel Petrie, Jr., and Jack Baran. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/7/87.) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 22.)

Dancers—One of those ballet films in which life mirrors art, and not the worst by a long shot. A company closely resembling American Ballet Theatre is in Italy filming "Giselle." Mikhail Baryshnikov is the glamorous, womanizing star, and Julie Kent is the artless young girl, new to the corps, who attracts him, falls in love with him, and becomes distraught when she learns that he is involved with the Italian countess (Mariangela Melato) who is visiting the set. The parallels are set up in Act I, which we see mostly in rehearsals that also serve to explain the action and style of the ballet. An extensive excerpt from Act II is then performed before the cameras (costumes and scenery are those of the current A.B.T. production), while the backstage tragedy plays itself out. The point of it all, of course, is Baryshnikov's performance of Albrecht, here captured on film for the first time, and it's enough to carry the movie's contrivances and occasional miscalculations. As Tony Sergeyev, Albrecht's real-life counterpart, Baryshnikov is required to play a man whose deadened spirit is awakened by youthful innocence, and he hardly ever gets a chance to show the marvellous wit and comic energy his theatre audiences know him to possess. (One shot of him doing a Chaplin walk down a hotel corridor has to suffice.) Another drawback is that he and the lovely-looking Miss Kent never dance together; the on-camera Giselle is Alessandra Ferri, and the Kent character is mainly a device to move the parallel plots, which at times get pretty thick with cross-references. Leslie Browne, the young dancer in love with Baryshnikov in "The Turning Point," appears here as one of his former flames, who as a consequence of their affair bears a grudge against men. She puts it to good use as Myrta, Queen of the Wilis. Tommy Rall, who years ago quit ballet for the movies, returns to this film to play Wilfrid, Albrecht's squire. Lynn Seymour appears as a self-styled "crazy lady" in the role of Giselle's mother, and Victor Barbee is Hilarion. The director is Herbert Ross, of "The Turning Point;" the script is by Sarah Kernochan, and it was prepared under the supervision of Ross's wife, the ballerina Nora Kaye, who also initiated the film, and was working on the production end when she died.—A.C. (Plaza, Art Greenwich Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Dark Eyes—Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov and shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, it amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry," or, as *Variety* put it, "a

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

joyful sleighride through the turn of the century." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Everything in it is overacted, is too slow and too close. And everything—the peasant merrymaking, the bands of gypsies who sing, the servants who are humiliated, the decadent rich who go to spas and take mud baths—provides us with a moral lesson. Marcello Mastroianni is the weak, self-hating Romano, who tells the story of his wasted life: how he became the spoiled pet of his rich wife (Silvana Mangano), took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), and at a spa was touched by the seriousness of Anna (Elena Sofonova)—Chekhov's woman with the little dog—and, on the pretext of opening a factory, followed her to Russia. At this point, the film turns into a satire of bureaucracy in Imperial Russia as he goes from ministry to ministry trying to get the necessary permit. Mastroianni won the best-actor award at Cannes for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. (He's like Paul Muni in "Juarez" and "The Life of Émile Zola.") The cast includes Vsevolod Larionov as the beaming Pavel and Innokenti Smoktunovski as Anna's husband. The script is by Alexander Adabachian and Mikhalkov, with the collaboration of Suso Cecchi D'Amico. In Italian. (10/5/87) (Cinema I.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubbleheaded, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (Gemini, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Columbia Cinema; through Oct. 15.)

Dogs in Space—Richard Lowenstein's movie about a houseful of punks, hippies, musicians, and counterculture hangers-on in late-seventies Australia comes on like a rock "Nashville," and has the right spirit for the music: drunk and disorderly. But this sort of reckless energy works better in three-minute bursts than it does over the course of a feature-length film. The movie's chaos gets tedious very quickly, and we have to wait nearly an hour before a few coherent characters and a hint of a story struggle out of the crush of dancing bodies into the light. For those who haven't given up by then, the last half hour isn't bad: Lowenstein pulls off a genuinely wild party sequence, and the grim climax, edited to Iggy Pop's "Endless Sea," is a lovely, haunting music video. The film's star, Michael Hutchence, is the lead singer of the Australian band INXS, for whom Lowenstein directed the sensational video "What You Need." His role seems to have been conceived as a combination of Jim Morrison and Renoir's vagrant Boudu, and he's awful. Also with Saskia Post, Nique Needles, and Tony Helou. Cinematography by Andrew de Groot.—T.R. (57th St. Playhouse.)

Fatal Attraction—With Michael Douglas and Glenn Close, directed by Adrian Lyne. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. The movie has a beautiful pop clarity. He doesn't deny the war its terrors, but it does destroy much of what the genteel poor like the Rohans have barely been able to acknowledge they wanted destroyed. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The movie is wonderfully free of bellyaching; it's a large-scale comic vision, with ninety-foot barrage balloons as part of the party atmosphere. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Baronet; starting Oct. 16.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952), "Jean de Florette" is to be followed, later this year, by "Manon of the Spring." The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. The widescreen cinematography is by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Matewan—This true story of a bitter, courageous strike by West Virginia coal miners in 1920 is almost stirring enough to survive the primitive and ponderous movie technique of its writer-director, John Sayles. The film aims for the simplicity and emotional purity of folk music—an effect that, in movies, is not so simply achieved. You shouldn't make a picture about the labor movement if you don't know how to give life to crowd scenes, or one that ends with a massacre if you lack the skill to render complex action lucid and comprehensible. Sayles' deficiencies as a filmmaker don't seem to be the products of smugness and arrogance, but (like Bruce Springsteen, for whom he has directed several music videos) he may be taking his populist, blue-collar aesthetic a bit too far: hard work and decent feeling, even in the service of a great subject, aren't always enough. "Matewan"—rousing as it sometimes is—would be a more convincing, even a purer, tribute to American labor if its honest sweat and blood were adulterated with more of an artist's cunning. With Chris Cooper, Will Oldham, David Strathairn, Kevin Tighe, Mary McDonnell, and James Earl Jones. Photographed by Haskell Wexler in the Left-lyrical style of his earlier work on "Bound for Glory."—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Oct. 15.)

Maurice—The director, James Ivory, painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, written in

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1913 and 1914, but not published until 1971, a year after his death. It's about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice (pronounced Morris) is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. And then Forster tries to demonstrate that Maurice's full physical commitment to his homosexual drives is his redemption—that it burns away his snobbery and turns him into a more perceptive man, a better man. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. Also with Billie Whitelaw as Maurice's mother, Judy Parfitt as Durham's mother, and Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, and Helena Michell and Kitty Aldridge as Maurice's sisters. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory; cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. A Merchant-Ivory production, made in England. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

No Way Out—This is a film noir without malevolence or mystery. It's a Yuppie thriller: it has no psychological layers. Mostly it involves chasing around the glass offices and corridors of the Pentagon (actually Stage 27 at the old M-G-M studios in Culver City). But many people respond to it with hot, jumpy enthusiasm—especially to the high-level friskiness and the display of thigh in a stretch limo. A reworking of the plot of the Kenneth Fearing novel "The Big Clock," filmed in 1948, with Charles Laughton as a Henry Luce figure, the Robert Garland script features Gene Hackman as an arrogant Secretary of Defense who discovers that his mistress (Sean Young) has a lover—though not who it is—and, in a rage, accidentally kills her. His wormy yes-man aide (Will Patton) dreams up the idea that the lover is an as yet undiscovered—perhaps only hypothetical—Russian agent named Yuri, who can be blamed for the murder. Needing a front man for this coverup, they arrange to have a naval hero (Kevin Costner) put in charge of the search to find the lover and "neutralize" him. This naval hero is, of course, the lover, and the movie, told from his point of view, is about his peril. The director, Roger Donaldson, whips the action along, with camera angles changing so fast you hardly have time to ask what the chases are for or why the story points don't follow through. (9/7/87) (Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin; through Oct. 15.)

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The Princess Bride—With Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin, directed by Rob Reiner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gramercy, Beekman, Guild, New Carnegie, and Embassy 72nd St.)

RoboCop—In this punk sci-fi revenge fantasy, the near future is played for depravity, for kicks. Set in a Detroit of cloud-topped skyscrapers and a decaying older part of the city where rapists and vandals run wild and every day is open season on cops, the movie is shot in a deliberate sicko-sleazo comic-book style. (Body parts are treated as if they were auto-body parts.) When Murphy (Peter Weller), a young cop employed by the all-powerful conglomerate OCP, is blown apart by a gang of scummy sadists, OCP's scientists use his remains as part of a cyborg—an experimental model for an organic, automated cop that requires food but is virtually indestructible and is programmed to keep order. The Dutch director, Paul Verhoeven, was nastily witty in "The 4th Man," but here, working in English, he doesn't have the timing or the spirit for that. This isn't gallows humor—it's just gallows pulp. As Murphy's woman-cop partner, Nancy Allen has the right soft tones to give the movie a little differentiation; it makes sense that she would get through to RoboCop's human memory. (When he removes his steel hood, his tense, pained face has the imaginative beauty that stirs audiences at classic horror films.) With Kurtwood Smith, Miguel Ferrer, Daniel O'Herlihy, Ronny Cox, and Robert DoQui. Written by Edward Neumeier and Michael Miner. (8/10/87) (Waverly; through Oct. 15.)

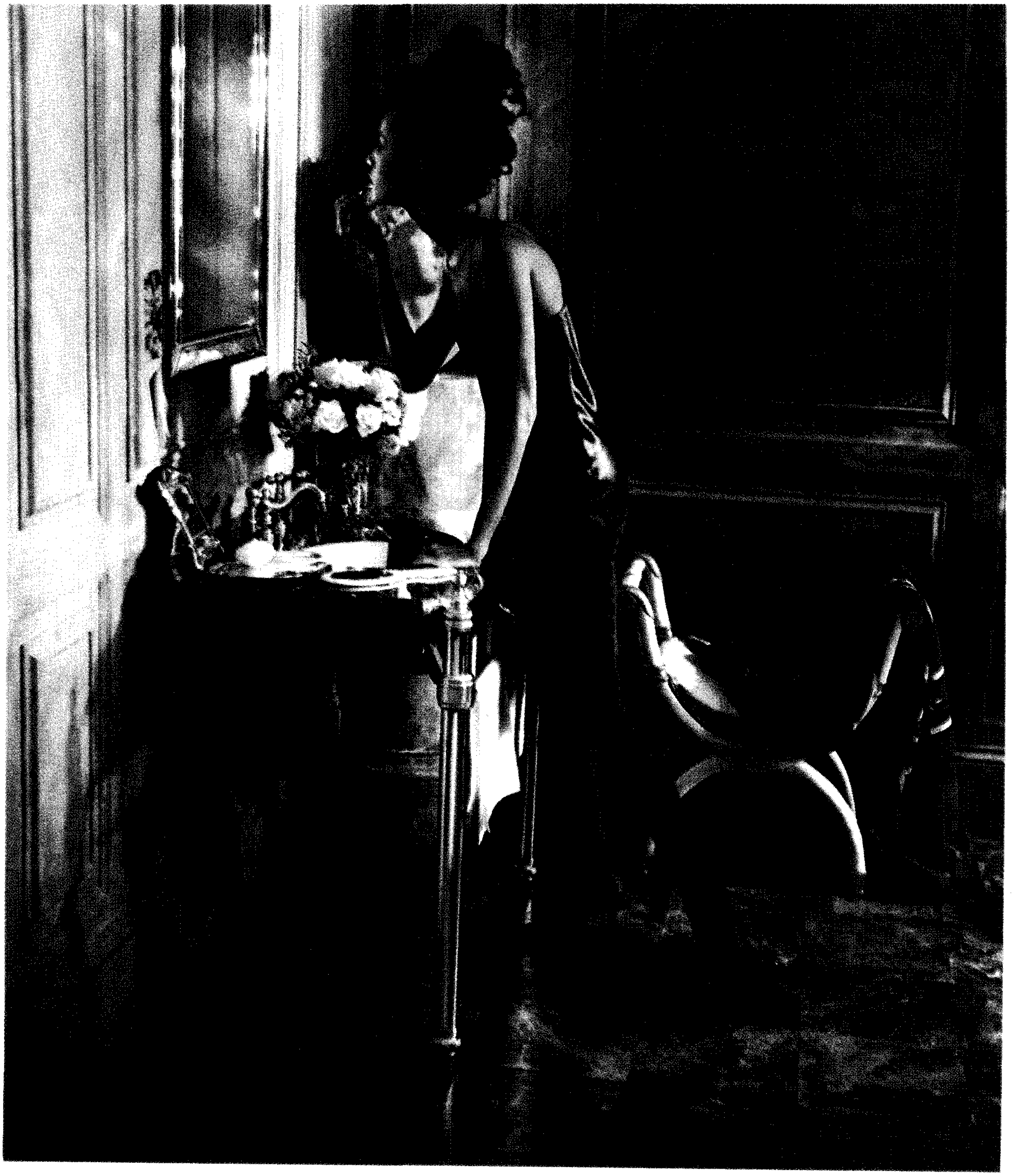
Stakeout—Wanting to be loved isn't necessarily the worst thing in an actor: Richard Dreyfuss makes his adorableness amusing here, and gives his most confident star performance to date. He and Emilio Estevez play two Seattle police detectives who are assigned to the night shift on a stakeout, watching the former girlfriend (Madeleine Stowe) of an escaped convict (Aidan Quinn). The Dreyfuss character finds himself falling in love with the woman he's spying on, and when he breaks the rules and spends time with her he's aware that his partner, Estevez, is watching him. All this is a jolly setup for amorous farce, and Dreyfuss has a Chaplinesque glee in some of the scenes; he's fun to watch. The director, John Badham, does his most entertaining work in years, but you feel the pressure of engineering underneath. For all the nippiness in the dialogue (the script is by Jim Kouf), and the comic interplay of the actors, the picture doesn't leave you with anything. Aidan Quinn, who first appears heavily bearded, has a dashing, bulging-blue-eyed scariness. (Shot in and around Vancouver.) (8/24/87) (Embassy; through Oct. 22.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

The Whistle Blower—A gray, muted British thriller about double-dealing and intricate coverups in the intelligence service. Julian Bond's script (from a novel by John Hale) aims for the tone of civilized amorality familiar to readers of John le Carré, and the director, Simon Langton, has worked this territory before—he directed the memorable TV adaptation of "Smiley's People." But this story isn't quite complex or surprising enough to engage us fully—the fiendish overelaboration of a le Carré plot is missing. It's painless, though, thanks mostly to its good cast. Michael Caine is, as always, effortlessly convincing; Sir John Gielgud provides yet another of his impeccably chiselled cameos; Barry Foster does a spectacular drunk scene; and Nigel Havers, Felicity Dean, James Fox, and Gordon Jackson mill competently through the background.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Wish You Were Here—Set in a seaside town on the south coast of England and shot in warm, sunny flesh tones, this English comedy has a satirical yet dreamlike texture. It's about an uncontrollably ribald girl who flaunts her sexuality the same way she flaunts taboo words. It's 1951; she lifts up her skirts to show off her Betty Grable legs and gives men a good look at her knickers. The sixteen-year-old Emily Lloyd, who plays the part, has the kind of freshness and youthfulness that can't be faked on camera; she embodies everything that the writer-director David Leland is trying to say about the spontaneity, the honesty, and the happy, rude extroversion that kids have pressured out of them. The film is based on the early years of Cynthia Payne, who was the inspiration for the madam in "Personal Services" (which Leland wrote). The first-rate cast includes Tom Bell as the girl's bookie lover, Geoffrey Hutchings as her father, Jesse Birdsall as her bus-conductor boyfriend, Pat Heywood as her aunt, and Heathcote Williams as the psychiatrist she's taken to. The film has its banal side, but it's never visually banal; the cinematography is by Ian Wilson. (7/27/87) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through Oct. 22.)

I. VanRynbach



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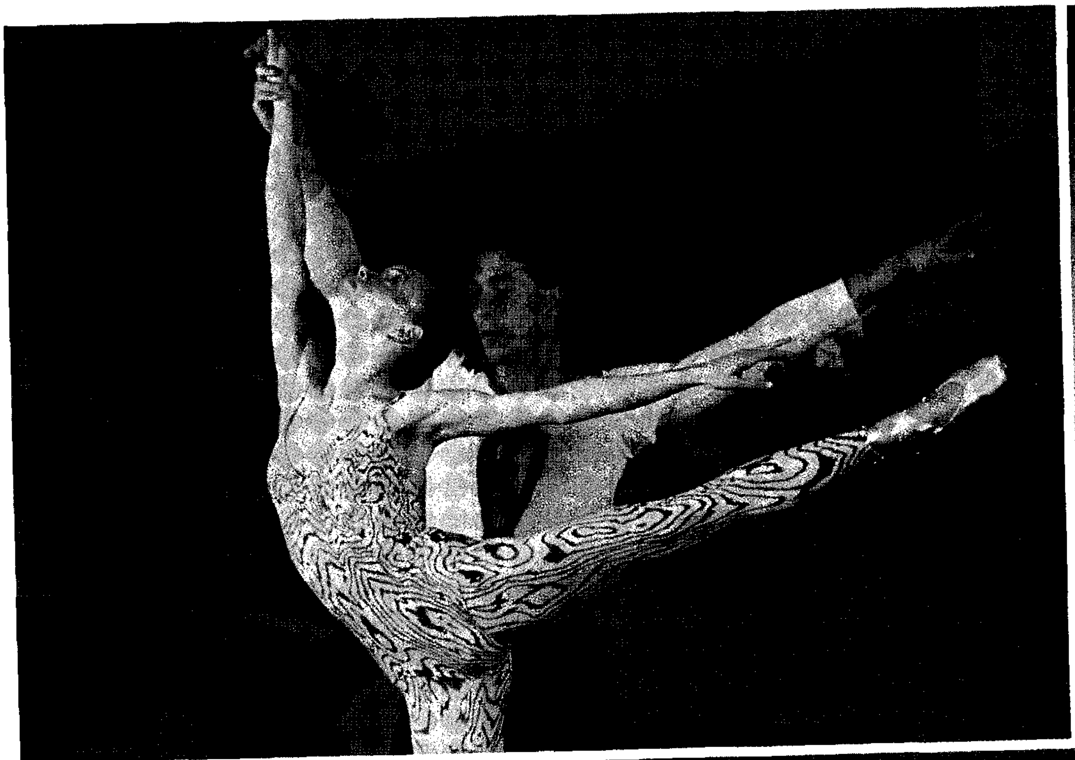

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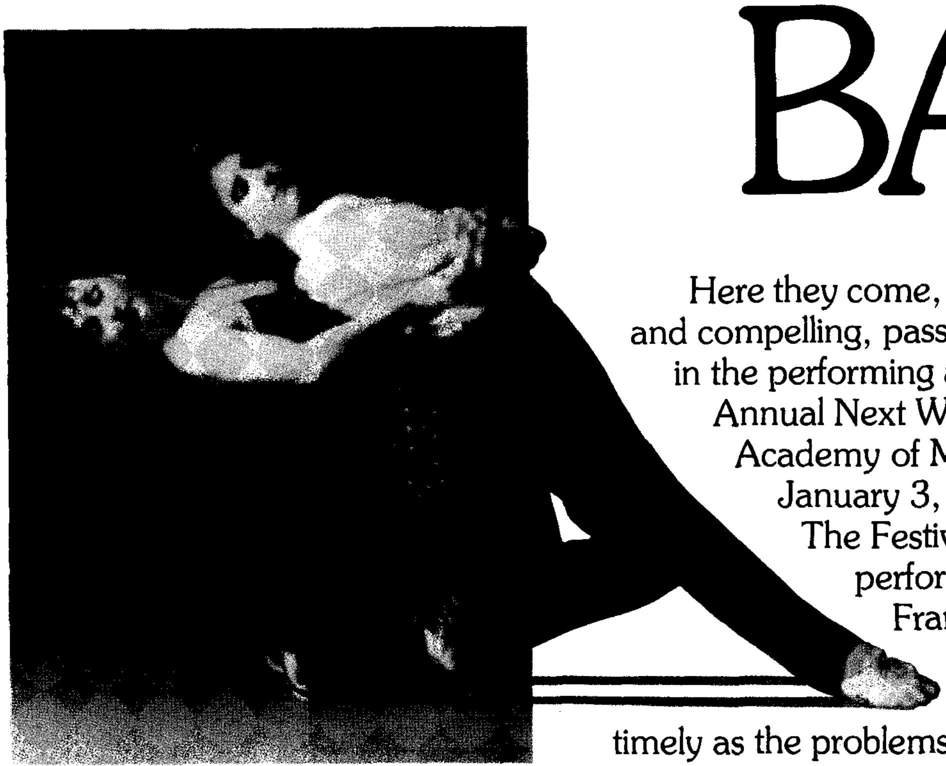

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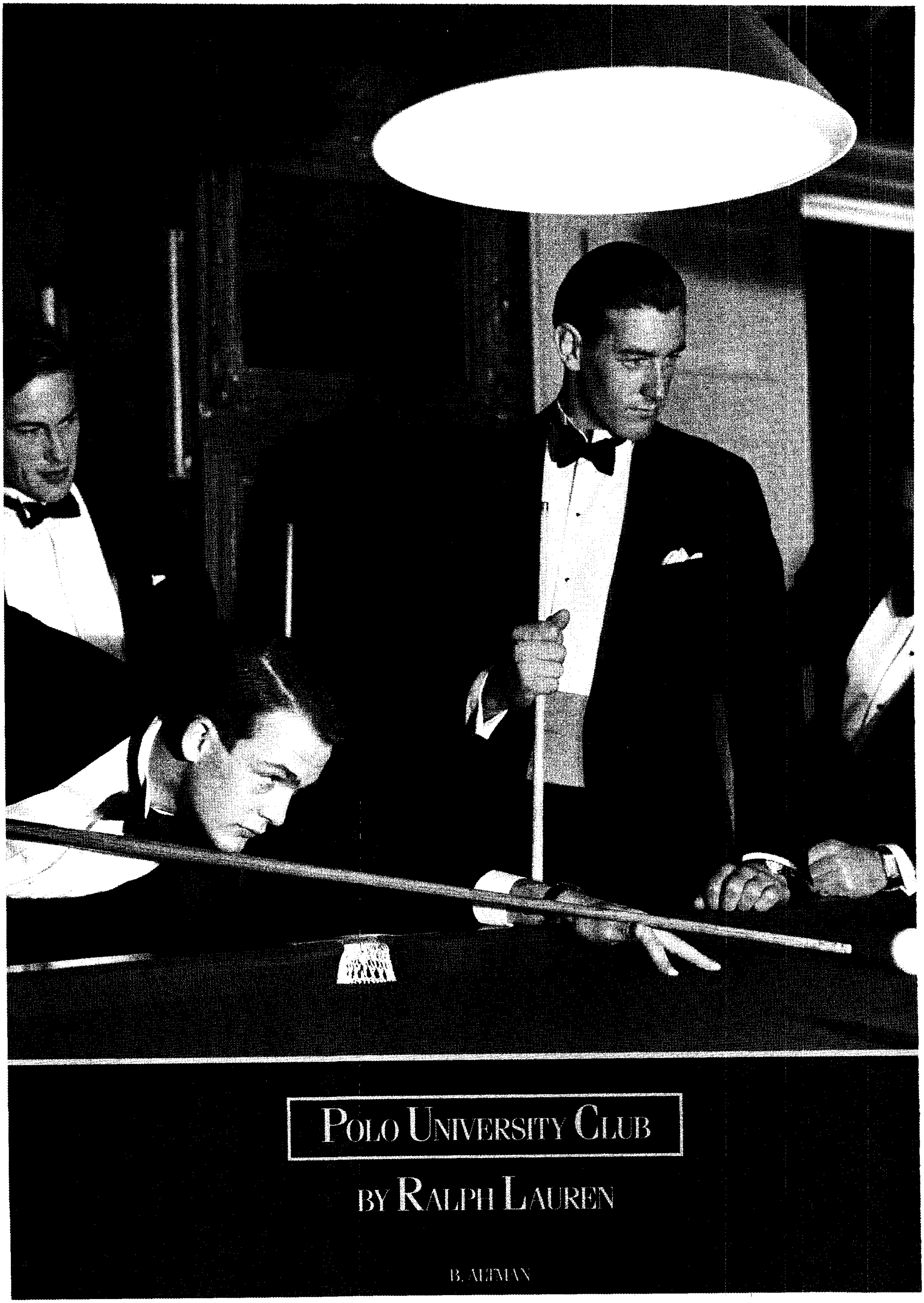
A sampling of 1987 NEXT WAVE Festival events, pictured clockwise from top left: *The Armitage Ballet*, photo by Julio Donoso, *Sygma*; *Peter Zummo*, photo by Speliotis Photography, Kenn Duncan Ltd.; *Nina Wiener Dance Company*, photo by Lois Greenfield; *The Mahabharata* by Jean-Claude Carriere and directed by Peter Brook,


POLO UNIVERSITY CLUB
BY RALPH LAUREN
B. ALTMAN

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TWO communications—one from the East Coast, one from the West. The first is from a Manhattanite who spends his weekends in Dutchess County:

Saturday, October 3rd: Arrive from city around noon. Trees, though already scarlet, orange, yellow, still ten days away from full autumn palette. Grass a perfect vivid green. Clouds overhead.

Chore time: Check the garden. Basil gone to seed, peppers stunting, last of tomatoes fallen to ground. Splashy border of marigolds. Make mental note to till garden and put to bed before first frost. Downed ash tree by stone wall needs to be cut up with chain saw, split, moved to woodpile for next year. Wood burners fond of Thoreau dictum that wood heats you twice—once when you cut it and once when you burn it. Load punky scrapwood into car for trip to dump. Fall hours now in effect, however—dump closed. Return home in cool drizzle under darkening sky. Unload punky scrapwood from car. Begin to feel autumn's chill.

Hearth beckons. Seasoned firewood from last year burns great. Wife and children gather round to toast marshmallows. Hot toddy. Read by fire. Morpheus.

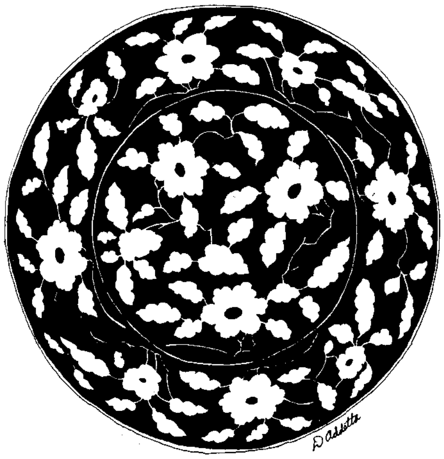
Sunday, 4:30 A.M.: Rain—sleet?—rattles against bedroom skylights. Roll over and back to sleep.

8:30 A.M.: Battle raging without. Go to window, find autumn shrouded in winter white. Heavy wet snow approaching depth of one foot. Small-arms fire turns out to be tree limbs, most of them still fully leaved, splitting and cracking under extra weight. Power out. Elm at side of house—one of two hammock trees—decapitated. Its partner, a maple, suffering loss of two main limbs. Cherry in front yard split nearly in half. Honeysuckle above stone wall looks like small haystack under snow. Dogwood, suffering from blight in past two years, has now lost major limbs, may not survive. Young maple next to it, twenty feet high, split down middle. Beyond it to west is another small maple, storm-shattered. Ash trees here and there mostly unaffected—few leaves left on them to trap heavy wet stuff. Forsythia bordering west and north sides of house bent to breaking.

11:30 A.M.: Loud cracking of branches keeps up all morning. Telephone goes out. Driveway blockaded by downed trees. Roads beyond driveway similarly barricaded. Power line down in neighbor's yard—two big limbs on rear deck of house, limb across cab of neighbor's truck. Gather with neighbors at intersection, stand in middle of road discussing weather. Old adage wrong: People *do* do something about weather—curse it. Trudge back up to house to get chain saw and liberate driveway and a few feet of road. In house, remove batteries from flashlight, insert in radio. Weather station for area apparently out of commission. Albany station tells listeners not to use cars. Power crews working, road crews working, emergency shelters being set up for those without heat. Airports closed. Number of people without power in affected areas approaching half a million. Earliest snowstorm on record, radio says. Hope record stands forever.

4 P.M.: Get busy on car in driveway with nylon brush and scraper. Decide to move car. Manage, after ten minutes, to get to crest of driveway. Decide to take plunge. Down—slipping, sliding, slaloming—to foot of hill and out onto road. Neighbor passing by in four-wheel-drive wagon stops and reports that some roads are clear. Four-wheel-drive wagon won't make it up driveway.

Family and possessions toboggan down driveway to car for four-hour trip—normally two—on the Taconic. Five hundred—five thousand?—trees down along Parkway. Huge machines have pushed them and snow aside, opening single lane. Sun sets a rosy red. Traffic inches along. Images of disaster come to mind: war zone, tornado's path. At Westchester line, no more snow, and, in night colors, familiar fall landscape reappears.



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THE second is from a born-and-bred New Yorker who is working this fall in Los Angeles:

I came out here two weeks ago with my wife and four-year-old son and one-year-old daughter absolutely determined to be urbane and cosmopolitan—to soak up new experience maturely, without comparing everything to the upper West Side. So I kept it to myself when I found that the grass in my new front yard felt less like anything I would call real grass than like the business side of a Scrubbee, and when I began to realize that every third person I met was working on a screenplay, and when I spotted my first "This Car Protected by .357 Magnum" bumper sticker on the San Diego Freeway, and when someone commented on how odd it was that I was wearing an undershirt, and when I understood that the impatiens never stops blooming here, and the jade plants grow into jade trees, and the geraniums get to be as tall as a man. But I've had all the nonchalance shaken out of me by the 6.1 earthquake on October 1st. It was utterly and radically terrifying.

A rolling rumble, like thunder, came from the ground and up into our house at 7:42 A.M. last Thursday, accompanied by jackhammer-like bouncing and shifting, as if someone were trying to pull the floor out from underneath us with quick, violent tugs, first in one direction, then in another. "What's that?" my wife said. My son looked terror-stricken. (My daughter was in her crib asleep.) "We're having an earthquake," I said. And then, from the street, I heard the newest earthquake symptom: car alarms going off. I remembered something about standing in the doorway, and we all did so, though it seemed to be asking a lot from a doorway in the way of protection. My son said, "I thought a monster was coming." There were a few more bounces, as if for punctuation, and then I rushed to the TV set, to find Kent Shocknek, the anchorman for KNBC's "Today in L.A.," just coming out from behind the desk he had dived under on camera. He and his meteorologist, Christopher Nance, were doing a soldierly job of trying to be good reporters, but then there was another aftershock and Mr. Shocknek started under the desk again.

After a while, I went out into the street and talked to our neighbor across the way; she said she had awakened in the night, and was certain that she had felt a premonitory tremor or two. I decided to go to my office, and walked down to the bus stop. A guy there told me he'd been on a bus when the quake hit, and, owing to the normal swaying and bouncing of a bus ride, no one aboard had realized there was an earthquake going on. When he got off, he saw through someone's living-room window a chandelier "swinging notably back and forth," as he put it, and then noticed that people on the street were looking "very white and worried," and it came to him what had happened. By the time I got to work, a kind of life-raft hilarity seemed to have set in. I overheard someone saying, "A lot of people probably think that in one way or another they caused the earthquake, but I'm here to tell you that I'm the one who really did it. At seven-forty-two this morning, I pressed the button that raises the door of my garage, and all hell broke loose. The first thing I said to myself was 'I've got to get this thing fixed.' "

Throughout the day, I was told that you learn to live with it, that it wasn't as bad as the Sylmar quake, back in '71, that there are risks no matter where you live, think of the subways, etc., etc. People were talking a good game in the face of the quake, but I also noticed that they weren't talking about anything else.

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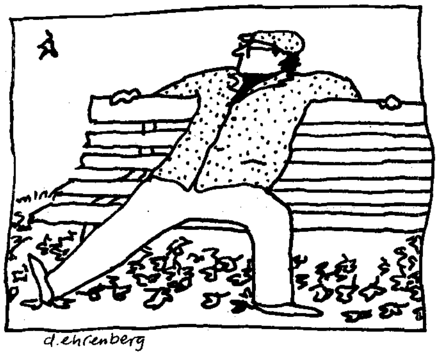
Essay

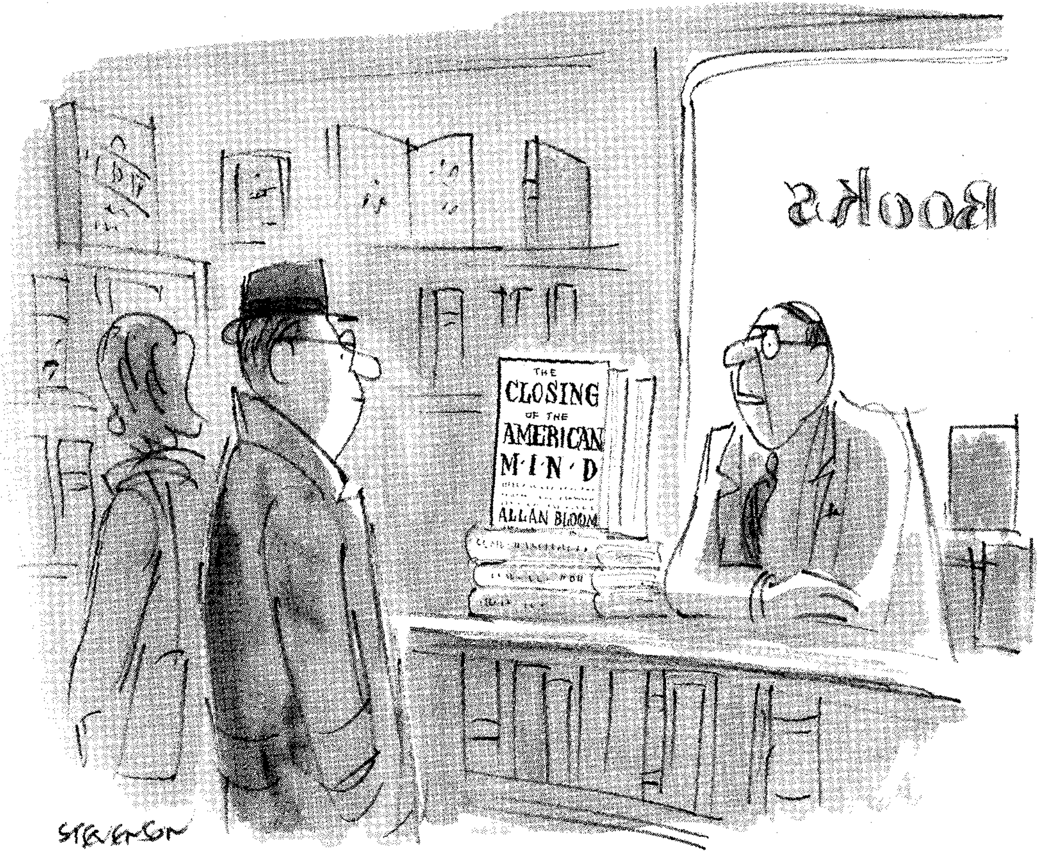
THERE are limitations on what raw facts can tell us about the National College Fair, which was held the other Sunday in the exposition rotunda at Madison Square Garden. Please use the space on this page to let us know something about the National College Fair which we might not otherwise learn. Suggested topics might include one of the following: the experiences that have most shaped other Sunday afternoons in your past, the circumstances of how you decided to attend the National College Fair, your aspirations for the future, a scientific or social problem that you would like to solve, your intellectual interests, if any, or any self-descriptive theme that strikes your imagination. There is no correct way to respond to this essay request. Limit yourself to the space provided by the editor.



d. ehrenberg

Um, since the beginning of time mankind has been engaged in a quest not only for life's basic necessities—food, shelter, clothing, tote bags—but also for transcendent sources of satisfaction: a good-paying low-pressure job, useful contacts, a hard-partying atmosphere. Mankind also enjoys a well-played, clean-hitting Sunday-afternoon professional football game, although recent developments in our "civilization" have made this a not always attainable goal. In the quest for alternative transcendent sources of satisfaction, certain members of society find it necessary to go to Madison Square Garden to see the "Thunder-Cats Live!" stage spectacular in the main arena. For reasons that scientists have not yet been able to explain, some of these members of society, who are, it would seem, less fortunate than other members of society, turn up at the wrong escalator bank and—swept along in the inexorable tide of teeming high-school-junior-and-senior humanity, together with other less fortunate members of society, whose aspirations for the future have guided them to the correct escalator bank, but who, because they have misread the calendar, are actually a week early for the International Fur Show and Sale—suddenly find themselves inside a huge room and confronted with representatives of the admissions departments of multitudinous educational institutions, among them D'Youville College, Stetson University, Northwestern College of Chiropractic, Nova University, Traphagen School of Fashion, the New York School of Interior Design (whose director of admissions and financial aid, David Baird, has said, "A lot of students don't know what interior design is. We've collected four pages of names, and maybe a quarter of them knew what interior design is. Right now, if you can pass our breathing test you're admitted"), Monroe Business Institute, of the Bronx and New Rochelle (one of whose admissions counsellors, Angelyn Forbes, has said, "I don't teach now, but I *have*. I've been an actress, a technical writer, I've taught English, modelling, and acting, I've done sales and service for electronics, I've had my own P.R. business for fashion shows and mall shows. And I'm a mom. So I'm a really good role model for someone who doesn't know what to do"), and Baltimore's International Culinary Arts Institute (whose New York-region admissions rep, Wayne Clark, has said, "We serve dinner at the school Monday through Thursday, à la carte. Friday, there's an international buffet. The price is thirteen ninety-five. It's a real knockout. Here's a carry-out menu. You wanna deli platter, we'll get you a deli platter").

Because we have long been interested in criminology and in why so many high-school girls, college-bound or not, snap their chewing gum so loud, our intellectual interests, if any, are infinitely expandable.


Books
THE CLOSING OF THE AMERICAN MIND
ALLAN BLOOM
STEVENSON

"I haven't read it, but it's excellent."

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Pygmalion

THE photographer from the A.P. told the sculptor and the sculptor's press agent that he wanted to get the whole thing done in forty-five minutes—drive out to the foundry in Brooklyn, take pictures of the sculptor and his statue, and get everybody back to Manhattan by three o'clock. "I've got this thing, in case we get stuck in traffic," he said, and he reached beneath the dashboard. For half a moment, a deafening siren blast broke the quiet of Gramercy Park South.

"Is that legal?" the press agent, Bryna Millman, asked, blanching a little, as the car lurched away from the National Arts Club (where she and the sculptor had been waiting). The photographer ignored her. They made a detour north to Forty-sixth Street. When they got caught at a stoplight near Second Avenue, the photographer pointed out a spot on the pavement just outside Sparks Steak House and said, "That's where Big Paul Castellano got his, and I made three thousand bucks in three minutes. Biggest break of my life. I was just walking along around here when I heard shots. I knew him from covering the Mafia trials. He's just lying there and I'm snapping away, thinking, Hey, money in the bank! I'm going, 'Hey, Big Paul, *don't move!* Just keep doing what you're doing!' "

The press agent shuddered. The sculptor, Marc Mellon, ignored the photographer and started talking about the philosophical origins of his just completed sculpture. "For me, in art school in the seventies," he said (he is in his mid-thirties), "it seemed that the biggest problem in modern life was communication—on a personal level, on a level between nations, and in art. You could see Nixon with the map of Cambodia, Laos—wherever—and you knew that, whatever you're hearing, it doesn't mean anything. And there I was, thinking about the sculptors I admired—Rickey and Zuñiga—and I'd love the way the pieces were projected into space and I'd love the way they responded to their site, and I'd think, If only this could have the same presence but more *content*, something that didn't put people off. So when the Philadelphia Flyers approached me about the piece we're going to see, I thought, This has all the challenges of site sculpture, and it still matters to people. So it was something that I wanted to do a lot. It's my second really big piece, and from now on I want to work big always. I did a one-and-a-half-times-life-size statue of George Bush a few years ago, which was a big break for me. People think, Well, if the Vice-President has time to pose for him . . . But nobody ever gets to see that piece. It was given to the C.I.A., and they put it in their headquarters."

"Be good for you if he gets elected President," the photographer remarked. He was driving deep into the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn at about one and a half times the speed limit.

A few minutes later, the photographer pulled the car up in front of a small foundry on India Street. Both the street and the foundry building—a low, broad structure of brick, cinder block, stucco, rusting iron, and corrugated plastic—looked as though they might have been transplanted intact from prewar Gdansk. A small man in a cloth cap, with a round, peasantlike face, came out and greeted everyone, speaking in a heavy Central European accent. "This is Steve Makky. He runs the foundry," Marc Mellon told the others. "Well, how's she looking today?" he asked Steve Makky eagerly.

Steve Makky shrugged. The question seemed to embarrass him. "Well," he said, "she's looking—*good*, I guess."

They walked into the foundry courtyard. It was crowded with bronze statuary and plaster casts: lots of heroic figures in suspended animation ("They cast the Iwo Jima monument here," Marc Mellon said); some sub-Brancusi abstract bronzes; a complex figural group by Chaim Gross, which looked something like a nude acrobatic team trying to form a human pyramid; a small, old-fashioned-looking plaster of a dancer ("She's mine, too," Marc Mellon said); a six-foot-tall bust of a turbanned woman with immensely excited eyes, earrings the size of volleyballs, and "Dr. Mabel Heath Palmer" inscribed on her décolletage; and, lining the yard, shelf upon shelf of plaster heads. "We keep only heads," Steve Makky explained to the press agent, with a note of morbid relish. "Bodies . . ." He shrugged, and made a heaving gesture over his shoulder.

Marc Mellon quickly walked across and caressed the gown of the most remarkable of six or seven finished bronzes packed together in the courtyard: an eight-foot-tall, gleaming statue of Kate Smith singing.

There was a long, complex silence as the photographer drank in the statue. "How much does she weigh?" he asked, finally.

"Oh, about half a ton," Marc Mellon replied.

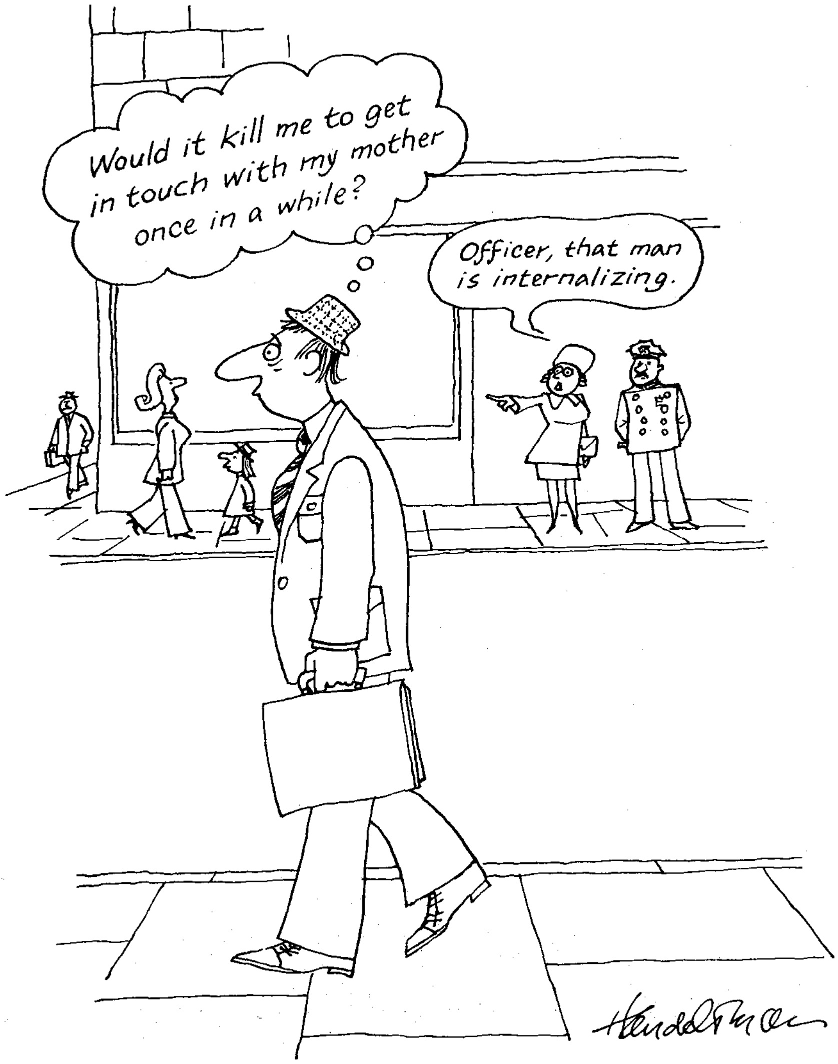
"That's a—lot of woman," the photographer said. "What's she singing?"

" 'God Bless America,' " Marc Mellon said. "I'm not a hockey fan, but Mr. Snider, of the Philadelphia Flyers, explained to me that she used to sing it before games. When they commissioned me to do this piece, I went to the Museum of Broadcasting and I looked at every tape they had of her singing 'God Bless America.' There was even something from 1942. Then I spent a lot of time in the studio trying to get the sense of how it *felt* to be singing that way—kinesthetically." He held his arms out and opened his mouth in imitation of the statue's pose. "I found from trying it myself that the feeling comes strongest from inside just where the song goes 'From the mountains to the prairies.' That's not a literal depiction of what she looked like when she sang the line, but the feeling—kinesthetically, the highest feeling—is right in there around 'mountains' and 'prairies' and 'foam.' "

The photographer, who had been taking readings with his light meter, realized that he would have to shoot from up above if he was to get Marc and Kate in the same picture. He asked for a ladder. When he got to the top of it, he realized that the Chaim Gross group, directly behind the Kate Smith colossus, protruded above Kate's head, unavoidably entering his frame. "Jesus, it's going to look like she's got weird little guys coming out of her head," he said. "Could we get a towel or something, and cover that thing up?"

Steve Makky went to get a towel or something. While they waited, the photographer asked Marc Mellon if he'd had a model for the piece.

"Yes," he said. "I found some very full-figured models, and they posed for me in long gowns. I did a lot of research in the Metropolitan's costume collection. I think of myself as a kind of historian. I flew to Raleigh and met with her family. I made three studies in clay. One where the arms were higher." He held both arms above his head. "And one with a single arm raised in the air. It was a motif I had borrowed for this project from Rodin's 'St. John the Baptist Preaching'—one of those wonderful poses that explode with energy. But I had to keep my site in mind. She's going to stand at the main entrance of the Spectrum, facing the parking lot, so a sensitivity to place had to take precedence over my own feelings about pure pose. The architectural considerations had to come first. I had to think about how she would interact with her site and define the space. So I decided that she needed to have a dynamic feeling and a vivid silhouette. That's why I arrived at the solution of having one arm out to her side and the other gesturing up to the heavens, even

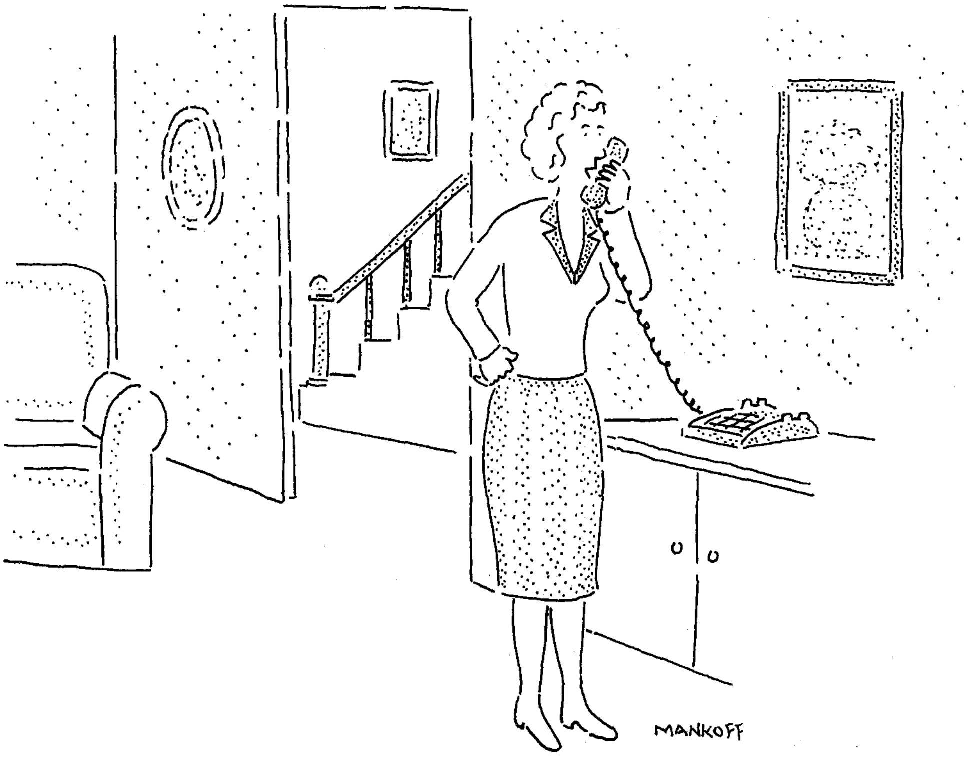

Would it kill me to get in touch with my mother once in a while?
Officer, that man is internalizing.

though I still have a weakness for the more Rodinesque solution to the problem."

He went on, intensely, "That's why I never feel that I've abandoned the lessons of postwar American art. I have to find the solutions demanded of modern architectural spaces *and* I have to project my pieces. But I integrate abstract elements into my work along with a content that acknowledges excellence; that's about a personal triumph, like Kate Smith's."

Steve Makky came out with an old drop cloth and threw it over the top of the Chaim Gross, and the photographer began to compose his picture. Just before he was ready to snap the shutter, something occurred to him, and he lowered his camera. "Did you ever have a—you know, a Pygmalion thing about this statue?" he asked.

Marc Mellon thought it over. "No," he said carefully. "I had a lot of Pygmalion-type thoughts about *her*." He pointed to the little plaster of the dancer. "But Kate?" He looked up at his handiwork. "I think that would be—*frightening*."



"Edgar isn't here. He's working out with the Dallas Cowboys."

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83 Plus 17

IN theory, all you have to do is say "salami"—just like that, "*salami*"—and you're laughing. Are you laughing? You're smiling? That's close enough.

The people at National Foods, Inc., who manufacture Hebrew National salami, are of the opinion that salami is a health food. (You're still smiling? Good.) Here's the new Hebrew National advertising theme: "Hebrew National salami is eighty-three per cent fat-free." Jim Dixon, the vice-president of marketing for National Foods, Inc., who, along with Isidore (Skip) Pines, the president of National Foods, Inc., came up with the idea of sponsoring a contest to hatch an ad campaign based on the new Hebrew National theme, says that there are "incredibly rich resources of latent creativity in all of us" and "too often we don't have a chance to express it." This isn't the first time Hebrew National has sponsored an advertising-campaign competition. Back in 1954, for instance, there was the "Favorite Delicatessen Sandwiches of Famous Stars" contest. The winner of the "Eighty-three Per Cent Fat-Free" contest will receive a check for eighty-three thousand dollars. The two runners-up will receive eighty-three hundred dollars each. Twelve thousand five hundred people entered the contest. "Believe me," Jim Dixon says, "our office was literally choked with entries."

The other day, the six finalists were brought to the Carnegie Hall Cinema to be honored for having expressed their latent creativity. Three of them were destined to win some money, and all six were presented with four-foot-long salamis. Among the finalists were Bill Kirchenbauer, an actor and comedian from Los Angeles, who, along with a partner, came up with the idea of a salami-shaped blimp, and who during the harmonic convergence, last August, went up on a mountain and, for good luck, ate some salami; Rick Larrimore, a musician and overnight-mail courier from Somerville, Massachusetts, who wrote a cute jingle, and who said now, "I'm your typical starving-artist type. Rice is my staple these days;" and Lisa Levy, an art director from New York, whose entry featured a gorgeous blond model who was only seventy-nine per cent fat-free.

Hebrew National is not exactly running a low-budget operation—it's selling about sixty million pounds of meat a year—but it's not exactly in the philanthropy business, either. Isidore (Skip) Pines is a no-nonsense entrepreneur; for lunch every day he has a Hebrew National frankfurter, and around four o'clock every afternoon he has a slice of salami, which he tests for "flavor, grind, and nuance." If you're the sort of person who concludes that an eighty-three-per-cent-fat-free product is also a seventeen-per-cent-pure-fat product, you can forget about the prize money or a four-foot-long salami. You're not what Jim Dixon and Isidore (Skip) Pines had in mind.

In a screening room at the Carnegie Hall Cinema, Jim Dixon delivered his latent-creativity remarks and then introduced the finalists and their advertising campaigns. He also introduced some of the non-finalist entries, including a videotape that Alan Zuckerman, from New Jersey, made. It showed Alan Zuckerman juggling a salami and a full-bore chain saw. Jim Dixon said that the winners will be announced in a few days. Isidore (Skip) Pines said, "We need a bit more time to digest the ideas." Everyone was invited to stay for lunch. Cold cuts were served.

THE BEST ME POSSIBLE

TODAY I walked next door to the Donnigans' to borrow a measuring cup. Don't ask me why I don't own one, but it seems that I don't have a lot of the basics. I've noticed that once a week, about the same time in the evening, I go next door to borrow something.

The Donnigans are a wonderful family. They're a big hit everywhere. Skip is well respected in town as the local architect, and they often entertain some very important people. Frequently Skip's clients drive up in Bentleys, Jags, and an occasional Rolls. It caused quite a stir in the neighborhood when the Slope boy across the street slammed his bike into the fender of the Rolls that happens to belong to the local police chief. Everyone wondered how Chief Biddleduke could afford a car like that on his salary. Boy, was that a crazy episode.

I'd say Jane Donnigan is the perfect modern woman. She is attractive, even though she appears slightly dowdy when wearing her glasses. She used to run the children's museum, where she still works as a consultant, and she's a terrific mother to their little girl, whom everyone calls Booper. Our little Booper. Nobody's quite sure, but Mrs. Slope across the street is convinced that Booper has extrasensory telekinetic powers. She thinks Booper forced her son's bike into Chief Biddleduke's fender.

Well, this gets me back to the moment I had today. There I was at the screen door, joking with Jane and making goo-goo sounds at the Boopster. I was there to borrow something, as usual. I don't know why, but I hardly ever go inside. Once in a while I'll unlatch the door and walk to the edge of the living room, but usually I stop at the door. Jane is never rude, but she never asks me in, either. To tell you the truth, if I ever actually walked through the Donnigans' house, I don't know what I would do.

Skip was working on a blueprint for a new development that is driving him crazy with the zoning regulations and all his nutty clients. He's always building some ultra-modern house shaped like a teakettle or a watchtower or something. "Interesting people build interesting houses," he says, and I guess it's true. I'm chatting and throwing out a few one-liners with Jane, because I don't want to be pushy, borrowing something yet again. And that's my motivation, you see. By now they must be wondering why I don't have any of the basic household items that most people have. I'm certain Jane knows I've got something on my mind as soon as I knock on the door. It's hard for me to make it believable week in and week out. Boy, I wish they would borrow something from me someday.

Then Jane tells me this remarkable thing about Booper. Sometimes our little Booper just holds her breath. She stops breathing and turns blue. I tell Jane not to worry. Kids do all sorts of strange things, I say. My brother, for instance, used to hit his head against the wall. We would wake up in the morning and old Bloody Bobby would be slamming away until his face turned red. That gets a laugh. Then Skip chimes in that he held his breath as a kid and Booper is just carrying on the family tradition. We all get a laugh out of that one. Then Jane says that it's the family tradition she's *afraid* of, which gets a big laugh. Seems that Skip has some strange family in Transylvania.

I FELT weird about it later, but I can't help it—when I'm at Skip and Jane's house I feel compelled to laugh and make jokes. I'm really goofy when I'm there. I always make a funny entrance and kid Booper, and I've always got something outrageous to tell Skipper. Then Jane and I make a few truthful jokes about family matters and trade harmless digs at the neighborhood characters in a sweet, hilarious, essentially asexual way that always gets laughs.

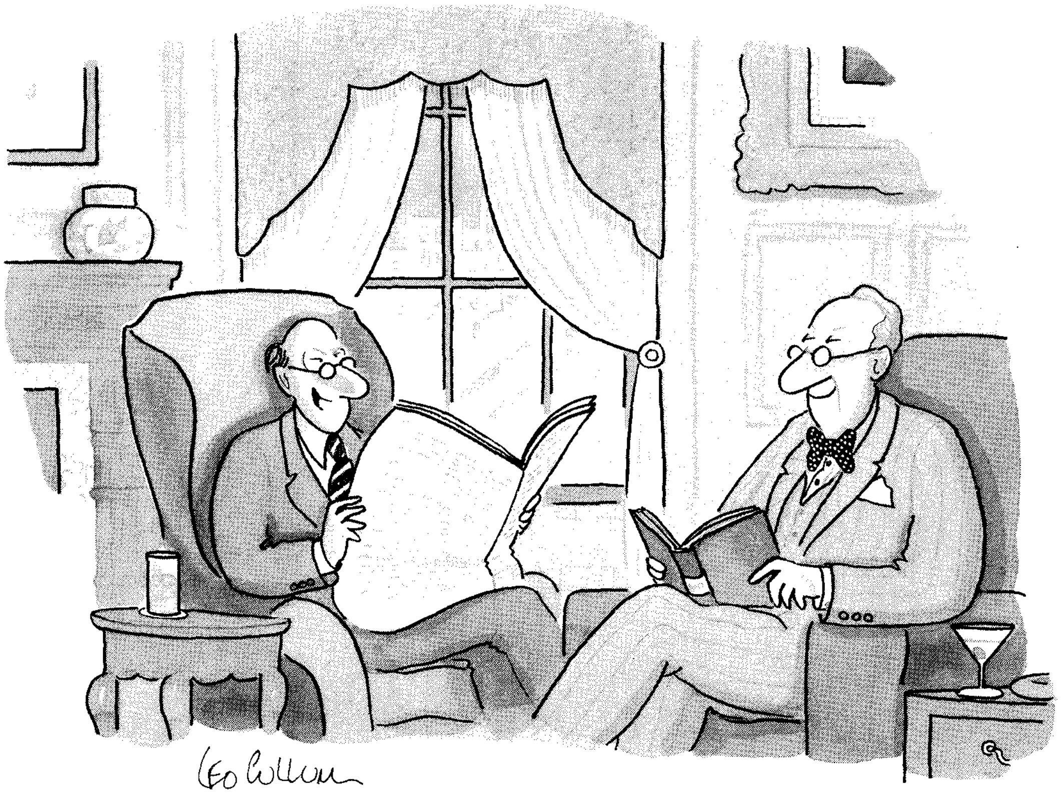
I have to tell you, the moments that I spend at the Donnigans' make me feel more alive than any other time. I feel so much better there than I ever could where I come from, wherever that may be. Besides, my timing is perfect over there. I live for those moments at the screen door. They are so important to me that I make sure I don't overstay my welcome.

CINZANO
MUMS
1.89 EA.
PUMPKINS
LARGE 20¢LB
SMALL 30¢LB
D. Ernst

Like today, it was pretty funny when Jane finally asked me what I needed to borrow. There was a lot of laughter on that line. I always wince when they laugh as I ask to borrow something, which makes them laugh even more. I go along with it on a regular weekly basis, but I don't actually think it's very funny to laugh at someone who is compelled to humiliate himself again and again by borrowing from his neighbors. It's like laughing at someone for being homeless. When I said I needed a measuring cup for a cake I'm making, she gave me that sly half-mom, half-sexy, beautiful-lady-next-door look and said that someday I'd have to get married. Maybe she would fix me up with her friend Valerie or Betty or Rhoda or Bea. I protested, but secretly I thought that if it ever happened it would be a whole episode, and I've never done that.

Suddenly Max, Skip's crazy old bachelor father, who looks exactly like Jack Warden, came in the front door. Pop, as everyone calls him, is a real character. He still runs the Juicy Lucy Juice and Concentrate Company, named after his first wife. He's always got some old former Miss Avocado or Miss Steel Industry or Miss Luau on his arm and talking about making a cross-country trip in his big chauffeur-driven Lincoln as he flicks his cigar on the carpet, much to Jane Donnigan's dismay. He and little Booper have some kind of understanding that is beyond me.

Max just laughed when Booper threw a double whammy on Miss Avocado, whose gorgeous rabbit fur turned into a whole bunch of cuddly little bunny rabbits for a few moments and then reverted to a coat. As usual, Skip had to put up with a comment from Max about how the juice factory still needs "new juice." Max has never gotten over the fact that his son refused to go into the juice biz. I decided it was time for me to leave, but not before Pop gave everybody, including me, cartons of Juicy Lucy Mango and Rutabaga concentrate, which everyone thought was funny. And the



"Stuffy in here, isn't it?"

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truth is that Max really *is* funny. I hate to think what kind of life he leads once he leaves his son's house.

As I made my exit, I thought about how in a way I have a lot in common with Max. Not that I'm old and rich. It seems impossible, but I'm still only thirty-five, and there is nothing to indicate I have anywhere near that kind of money. But I sensed that we both live for that moment at the Donnigans'. From our separate perspectives we have the opportunity to be part of the most wonderful family in America. That's how it seems to me. Max and I say a few really funny one-line zingers and then leave that amazingly happy family and that extraordinary kid and go home. To what?

I can't even describe where I live. Home seems like what the Donnigans have. I really have very little sense of what happens to me when I leave the screen door. And what do I do? Maybe I am an airline pilot. That would explain why I have so much free time and why I occasionally disappear for an episode or two in the Donnigans' life. You see, I have no illusions about my relationship to the Donnigans. Even though I've been there from the beginning, I am aware that whole situations in their lives take place without a thought of me. I might be a carpenter. That would explain my relationship with Skip. A lot of architects are friends with contractors or carpenters. I must admit a craving now and then to strap on a leather tool belt. The point is that whatever I do, it clearly doesn't matter a whole lot.

And what about my social life? Sure, I've visited the Donnigans' with some dynamite babes on my arm, really glamorous girls, the kind that appear on "Let's Make a Deal" and reveal what's behind Curtain No. 3. But I've got to set you straight—nothing ever happens between me and those women. As soon as we leave the Donnigans' I can't get to first base. I think that Jane is sexier than all the girls that come to my wild parties next door, wherever that is. I'll never forget how I once came to the door just in time to prevent Jane from getting snookered by an attractive young man pretending to be a rug salesman from India, who was really a standup comedian good at accents. I'd love to meet just one girl as bright, perky, sexy, and considerate as Jane Donnigan. I've always wondered why that never happens. Now, since the revelation I had this morning, I think I understand.

TODAY I finally realized what I've been doing with my life. I am the next-door neighbor. That's all I am. Everything else about me is a half-baked, rudimentary outline of a life and, in the end, totally unimportant to my role. I'm like some kind of exotic purebred animal whose entire existence has been developed for one function. When visiting at the Donnigans' door I am a man, as alive as anyone, but when I leave I am a ghost.

As the Donnigans' good-natured, funny next-door neighbor I make an entrance now and then to break the tension, especially if there is a serious plot afoot, like the time Skip had a crisis of conscience when he intentionally lost at tennis to a temperamental, incredibly rich client just to get a job. I think I provide some much-needed comic relief.

For years I have been taxing myself, trying to imagine I was a whole person, someone with a life and a home. But I don't seem to be able to carry an ongoing weekly family of my own. (Could it be that I'm divorced?) Many people would be perfectly happy to be the wacky next-door neighbor to a lovely family like the Donnigans. Someone said—I wish I could remember who—that your goal in life should be to be the best "you" possible. As sure as one season follows the next, I intend to go on being a neighbor to the Donnigans. I'm a damn good one, too, as far as I know.

—MITCHELL KRIEGMAN

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WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Napa* (*Calif.*) *Napa County Record*]

NUCLEAR WEAPONS
GARAGE SALE
OCT. 3RD & 4TH

THE CURFEW

THAT year in Lima, there was a curfew, a *toque de queda*, from one until five in the morning. If you had to go out, you were instructed to wear white or, if you were in a car, to wave a white flag from your window or tie it to the radio antenna.

My wife, Luz, and I flew in on a Chilean carrier, because the United States and Peru were embroiled in landing-rights negotiations, and neither country would allow the other to land an airplane. You had to fly with an airline that did have landing rights. It turned out that our plane landed in Lima a few minutes before three in the morning, right in the middle of the curfew. I remember the way we seemed to land on top of the curfew, as though the curfew were a physical thing. Inside the airport terminal, there were two lines: one for people who didn't mind sitting around until the curfew lifted at five, and another for those who minded. If you were a new arrival in Peru, it was possible to secure a special government pass that allowed you to be transported during the curfew to your hotel or place of residence. The pass, plus displaying something white and driving with the interior lights on, was supposed to guarantee you safe passage. But my wife's mother, who lived in the Miraflores district of Lima, had urged us to just sit and wait. She'd heard that a gringo tourist or two had been accidentally shot at, and she thought of me.

We took her advice. We sat on our suitcases and watched the sky lighten behind the billboards at the edge of the airport road. My wife looked lost, as if she wasn't quite sure where she was. This was her first return to Peru in two years. She had a new life now, and she was afraid of going back to the scene of her old one. I guess it wasn't the returning but the leaving that scared her—that she would have to leave all over again.

"You're going to meet a tall, dark, and handsome stranger, who's been burned twice and is looking for guarantees."

Staring out at the murky landscape, my wife said that there had been curfews before; she was used to Lima's curfews. She said it even added a certain glamour to the nights: it made you more aware of how precious time is and how quickly it passes.

A FEW terrorist bombs exploded during our first night. Two banks and an embassy were hit. While we were lying in bed in our rented apartment, we heard a blast, and the sharp sound of the explosion made us wonder if the police station around the corner had been bombed. The next morning, the police station was still standing, and men in white jumpsuits were out putting speed bumps across the road. By the end of the day, they had poured and shaped at least a hundred speed bumps, spaced down the avenue as far as you could see.

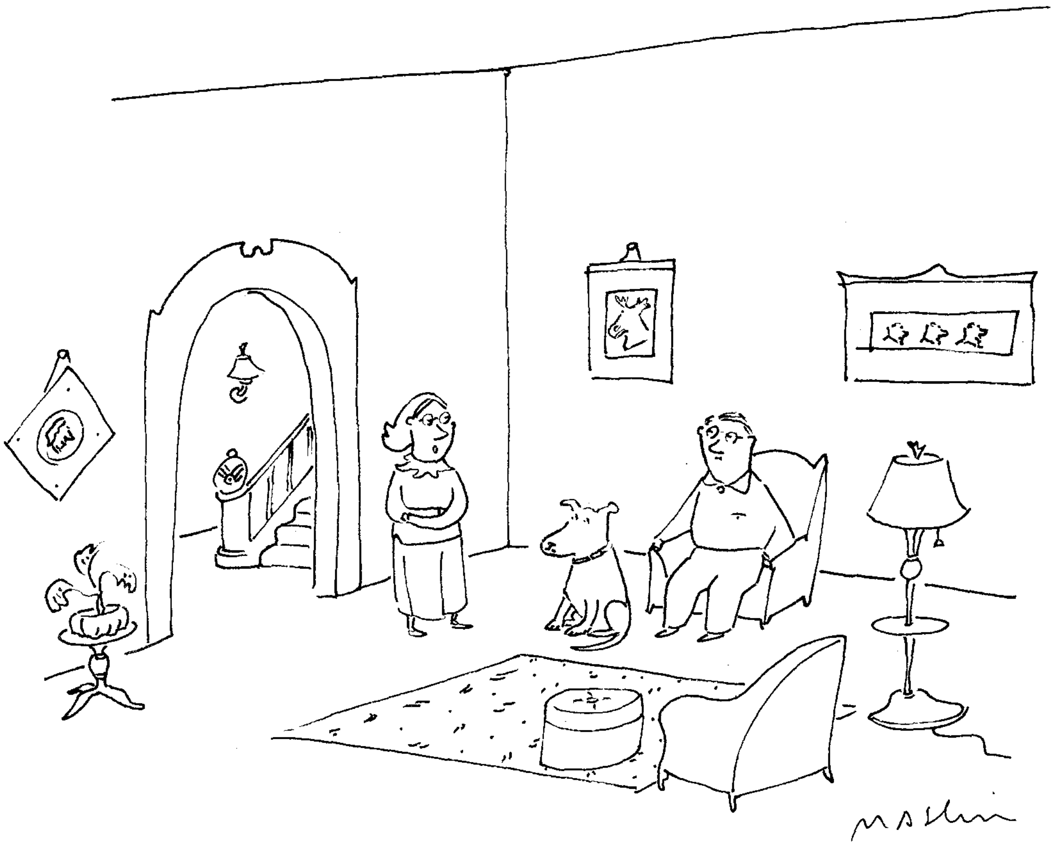
We knew right away that you had to be careful at night. Taxi-drivers wouldn't pick you up after a certain hour. My wife and I were pretty cowardly. We'd start looking at our watches at about nine-thirty, and we were almost always in before eleven. Our second night in Lima we went to a night club a few blocks from our apartment and we stayed until twelve-thirty. We were very drunk, and we ran through the streets to beat the curfew. My wife ran slightly ahead of me, and I watched the way her arms and legs moved and I thought, She's free here. It became very clear to me that she would never be as free living in another place.

Her younger brother, Carlos, liked to test the curfew. The bravest he'd gotten was one-seventeen. To be out after curfew, Carlos said, was like being high.

Carlos was twenty-six that year. He was typical of a certain breed of men in Lima who have no definite career and so try to invent a fresh one every day. He sold things like tires and sunglasses. On occasion he gave guided tours of some of the local ruins. Luz suspected that he had a hand in the cocaine trade. He had studied to be an architect—"He has the most wonderful mind," she said—but one day he just gave up.

He looked like her. They could have passed for twins. They had nearly identical faces—big round eyes, small noses, small mouths, black hair with no curl to it. Even their ears were the same, with an extra ridge of cartilage that no one else seemed to have. Carlos lived at home with their mother. In Peru, children leave the nest only to get married. It's not a society peopled by singles in apartment houses. Luz, too, was an unmarried girl living at home when I met her. Now she looked at her mother and brother and sensed that they deeply missed her presence. She thought that her bed looked as though it had not been slept in since the night she left Peru, and that the things she had left behind were undisturbed.

She worried about Carlos. Mostly, she worried about the way her mother worried. Her mother wouldn't go to bed until he returned home, and then she'd lie awake and worry about him. She imagined all kinds of bad things might happen to him. I think she saw that her son was feeling a certain unhappiness. Luz told me that Carlos missed their father. He missed him even more than she did. He needed the counsel of a man. Finally Luz said, "Talk to him. He'll listen to you." I said, "He doesn't know me very well." She said, "He likes you."



"I would like what's left of the missing box of chocolate-covered graham crackers returned to the kitchen table as soon as possible. There will be no questions asked."

I went out with him the next night. A friend of Carlos's, Alejandro, came with us. First we went to the national stadium to see three soccer matches. They rooted for the Alianza soccer club—their fathers had been Alianza rooters, and their grandfathers, too—and seemed a little subdued when Alianza lost. Then we went to have a drink at the bar of an Argentine *parrillada* somewhere in San Isidro. The problem with Peruvian *fútbol*, Carlos said, speaking very slow, simple Spanish so I'd understand, was that the players possessed speed and finesse but lacked strength. The Peruvians are beautiful as they work their way down the field, passing, flipping, feinting, but they can never put the ball in the net. After a while they lose their spirit. That was why the European clubs always wore them down. They both started naming some of the great Peruvian players—Cubillas, Chumpitaz, Uribe. "I was a very good player," Carlos said.

Alejandro laughed. "You were terrible."

"No," Carlos corrected him, "I was just unlucky." Alejandro got up to go to the men's room, and Carlos turned to me very seriously and said, "I was an excellent player."

After that we went to a bodega, a Peruvian mom-and-pop store, and drank bottles of beer standing in the back of the store. Carlos kept his eyes on me even as he tilted back the bottle. It moved me that he was being so protective of me. It was getting late—almost midnight—when Carlos said that we should be going. "I don't want my sister to worry about you," he said. He had a way of talking to me in Spanish that was neither condescending nor complicated. He took great care to use words that I would understand.

Carlos began coming by our apartment in the afternoons, when my wife was out visiting aunts and friends. He'd say that he had appointments in the morning—he'd never say with whom—but that he had some time to spend with me in the afternoon. Usually we sat on the half-moon balcony of the apartment and looked out over the rooftops of Miraflores. We could see lovers strolling the Malecón—lovers are everywhere in Lima—and ships moving across the dark surface of the ocean. Carlos smoked, and he swore whenever ashes blew onto his clothing. He was always wearing something very expensive, things found in shops mostly frequented by foreigners; it was a mystery to everyone where he got the money.

Sometimes he talked about his sister. He asked me if she was lonely. I said that she was, most of the time. He said that he had trained his mind not to worry about her too much.

He wanted me to understand Peru. He was very passionate about it. It was clear to me that this was a kind of gift he wanted me to have. At the time, I guess I would rather have heard about family mysteries, or what he remembered about my wife as a girl. I was in love, and blind to everything else. And once in a while he'd say something about his sister, show me some previously hidden view of her, but he always let it fall away before I had a chance to hold on to it.

One day he showed up at our door—luckily Luz was out—with one eye swollen shut and a dark bruise on one cheek. He smiled shyly. I asked him if he was all right, and he said that there had been a little problem, nothing that really mattered. We walked through the apartment and stood out on the balcony for a few minutes. He launched into a little commentary on some of the things that lay before us: particular church tops and patches of park grass and just the general disheveled appearance of Miraflores when you look down on it. Then his words trailed off and he stopped talking. I kept looking out over the railing—I didn't want him to think I was looking at him. Even when he turned around and left, I didn't look up.

He disappeared for a couple of days after that. My wife asked me if he had been to see me. She said that he hadn't slept in his bed for two nights now. She had called Alejandro. Carlos had said something to Alejandro about taking some Venezuelans on a tour of the desert, but Alejandro wasn't sure about the details. Luz wanted to know if I was hiding something from her, if I was protecting Carlos. Then she asked me if I had noticed anything strange about his mood—did I think something was troubling him?—the last time I saw him. I told her that he seemed all right to me, but that I couldn't really tell one way or the other.

He finally showed up near midnight on the third day—his mother was lying awake. He closed the door to his room and slept for nearly a day. We were at their place when he woke up and joined us. We'd been keeping a kind of vigil with his mother and two cousins. Carlos looked at all of us. I could see that his bruises were faint now, barely noticeable. He asked for a cigarette, and my wife gave him one. His mother passed him the ashtray. She never once took her eyes off him. He smoked about half of the cigarette before Luz very softly said, "We were worried about you."

He nodded. He made it apparent that he understood that. "I took some Germans into the desert," he said.

THE BLACK LACE FAN MY MOTHER GAVE ME

It was the first gift he ever gave her,
buying it for five francs in the Galeries
in prewar Paris. It was stifling.
A starless drought made the nights stormy.

They stayed in the city for the summer.
They met in cafés. She was always early.
He was late. That evening he was later.
They wrapped the fan. He looked at his watch.

She looked down the Boulevard des Capucines.
She ordered more coffee. She stood up.
The streets were emptying. The heat was killing.
She thought the distance smelled of rain and lightning.

These are wild roses, appliquéd in silk
by hand—darkly picked, stitched boldly, quickly.
The rest is tortoiseshell and has the reticent,
clear patience of its element. It is

a worn-out, underwater bullion and it keeps,
even now, an inference of its violation.
The lace is overcast, as if the weather
it opened for and offset had entered it.

The past is an empty café terrace.
An airless dusk before thunder. A man running.
And no way now to know what happened then—
none at all—unless, of course, you improvise:

The blackbird on this first sultry morning
in summer, finding buds, worms, fruit,
feels the heat. Suddenly, she puts out her wing—
the whole, full, flirtatious span of it.

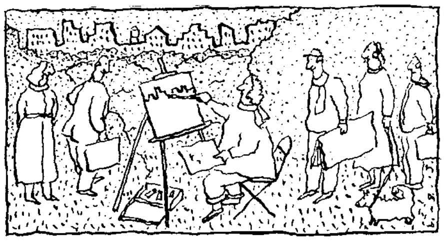
—Eavan Boland

• •

"Alejandro told us it was Venezuelans," Luz said.

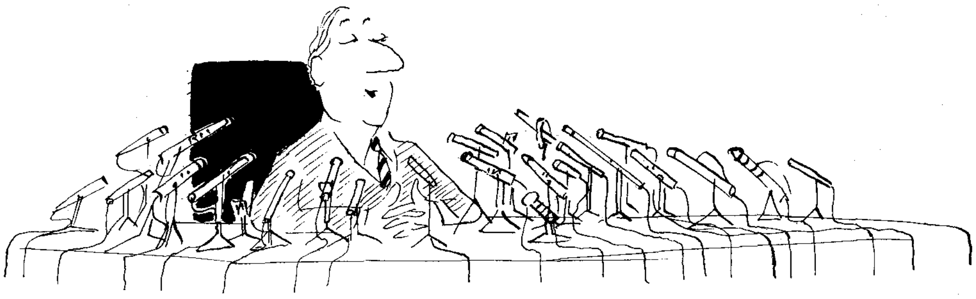
"No, they were Germans. Tall and blond. A man and a woman." He was looking right at me and at no one else now. He wanted me to be the one to see that it was all true.

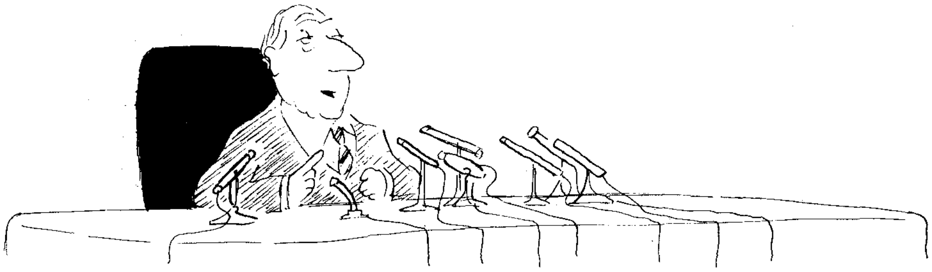
LIMA had changed in a couple of years. It was more crowded. The exodus from the sierra was continuing, and the hillsides were covered with shantytowns and makeshift settlements. Sometimes the prices in the stores changed two or three times a day. You'd be in a store, looking at things, and you'd try to stay an aisle ahead of the price-changer. Crime was much more common. Petty thieves and pickpockets roamed the streets and beaches; they even drifted through the sidewalk cafés and movie theatres. Beggars were everywhere. And terrorism was in the air, mixing with the dust.



One night we were out and we were walking down Larco, the main shopping avenue of Miraflores that runs into the Malecón, the seawalk. Everybody seemed to be walking down Larco that night. Record shops had speakers propped in the windows, and Beatles music was playing. I remember hearing "Love Me Do" and smiling at my wife. She was wearing white beach pants that ended at her shins, and a silver T-shirt with specks of glitter. We passed a group of girls on a corner, and my wife stopped and stared at one of them who she thought was a friend. She wasn't, but it made Luz happy just to think that she might have been. On the next corner there was a bank, a skyscraper of red stone and dark glass. We were only three blocks from the sea. The smell of the sea air was just beginning to reach us. Luz had started to say something about summer nights in Lima. Then we heard the sound of glass shattering—it sounded like a forceful whoosh of water. That was followed by a scrambled set of sounds, one on top of another, of materials crunching, glass tinkling, horns blaring, and voices wailing. We fell to the pavement. My wife was curled up under me, and I tried to cover her without crushing her. After a few moments, I looked up and saw smoke streaming out of the crevices of the bank. It was just another small bomb, that was all.

That night, lying in bed, Luz began to cry. I couldn't get her to stop. It was like a cut that keeps bleeding and won't clot no matter what you do.





Carlos told me that when he was younger he used to dream of living in Europe—in Spain or in Italy—but that he didn't dream of that kind of thing anymore. He recognized the way things were. He said he had a talent for acceptance. His life was sealed off, somehow.

He saw Peru as something deep and bottomless. It was a mysterious country, really. Most of the time he was not really sure what it was. He'd say all this in a low voice, as though he were afraid someone might overhear. Many, many times, he said, he was angry with Peru. He didn't want to talk to her or even to look at her.

Certain afternoons we drove around in Carlos's rusted Volkswagen Beetle—the German model, not the Brazilian, for which Carlos was very thankful. It was a touch of status. More than anything, he liked showing me the hidden parts of Lima. One day we crossed the old Spanish stone bridge behind the Presidential Palace to Rímac. He wanted to show me the ancient bullring, the Plaza de Toros de Acho. The ring was closed—it was off season—but Carlos persuaded one of the maintenance men to open the gate and let us in. It turned out they were there to set up a stage for a rock concert that was to take place that night in the bullring. We walked through the tunnel to the edge of the ring. We leaned on the fence. Carlos said, "Look at how perfect it is." He said the Spanish considered the Lima bullring the finest in the Americas. The sun was hot, almost cruel. It was

quiet. The floor of the bullring was baked dry, and little breezes stirred up the dust. "A perfect view from every seat, no matter who you are," Carlos said, looking around with admiration. He pointed to a corner stall. "The bull is there," he said. He pointed directly across from us to a bell-shaped tunnel opening. "The matador comes through there," he said. We stood and gazed at the bullring. After a while one of the workers called out to us. What were we doing? Carlos asked for five more minutes. He wanted—there was a certain desperation, I think—to stay a little longer.

Another day he took me south of Lima to the desert ruins of Pachacámac. He was the guide, I was the tourist. He told me that he had been to Pachacámac a hundred times. They were not great ruins, but in his mind he had come to see them as noble. You had to use your imagination at Pachacámac. You looked at rubble and mounds of sand and you were supposed to imagine a stone road or a row of houses. He could see that I was disappointed and he smiled. He said that you had to be patient with a place like Pachacámac, where almost everything was obliterated beyond recognition. The wind and the salt air had eaten away steps and wells and walls. Sand had covered over all but the very last fragments. It was like a picture book with nearly every picture erased. What else could you do but pretend?

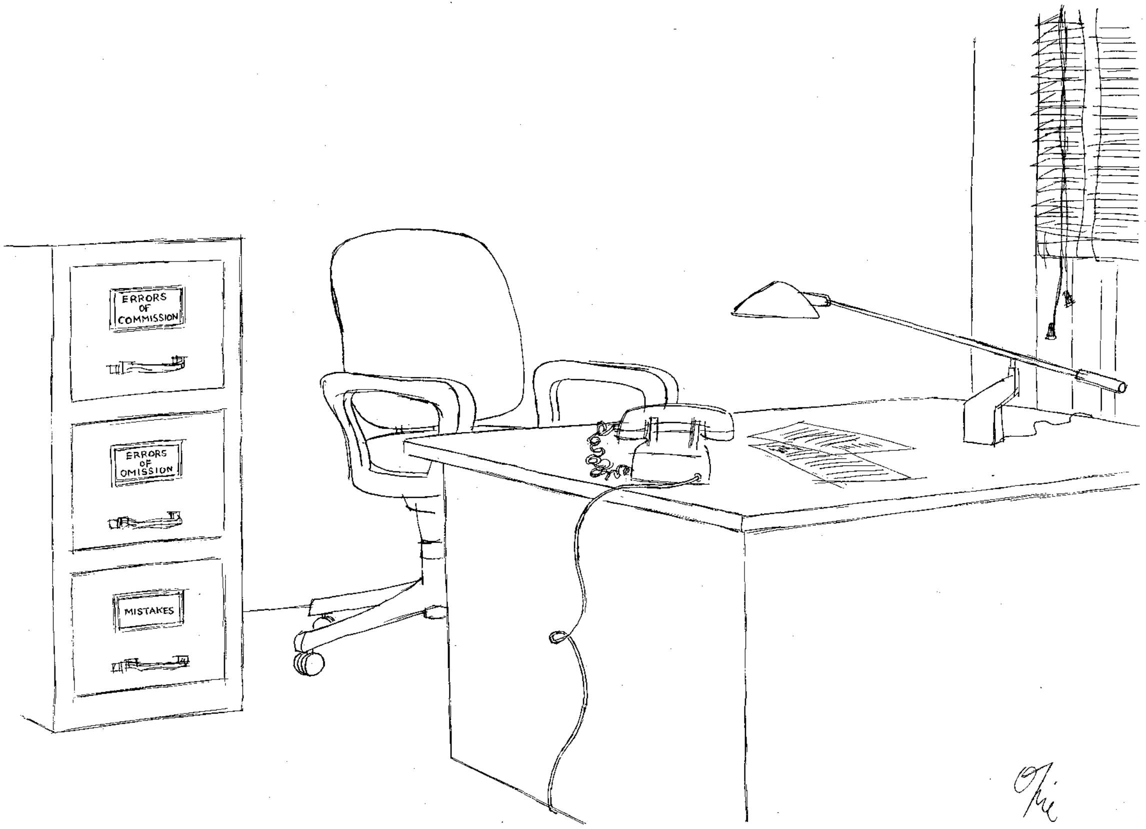
At odd moments, I'd look at Carlos and be overwhelmed by the resemblance to my wife. It was so pure it was frightening. The way he walked, scratched his head, yawned. Their speech patterns, and the way they looked at you while they spoke, were practically the same.

The day after our journey to Pachacámac, Carlos disappeared again. He was gone for four days. This time my wife's mother panicked. She called a *family friend whose son was a police*man. On the morning of the fifth day, the friend called back. The night before, a police van patrolling the streets during the curfew had spotted a man running through a vacant lot. They shone searchlights into the lot. The man tried scaling a wall. The policemen—four of them—got out of the van and drew their guns. They fanned out to block off the lot. They called out to the man to surrender, but he didn't respond. They were sure they had trapped a terrorist. Maybe he was toting a bomb. They started firing. They fired until one of them saw the figure in a sitting position at the base of the wall. The body was so full of holes it was impossible to identify. But the friend's son had seen photographs, and he thought it might be Carlos.

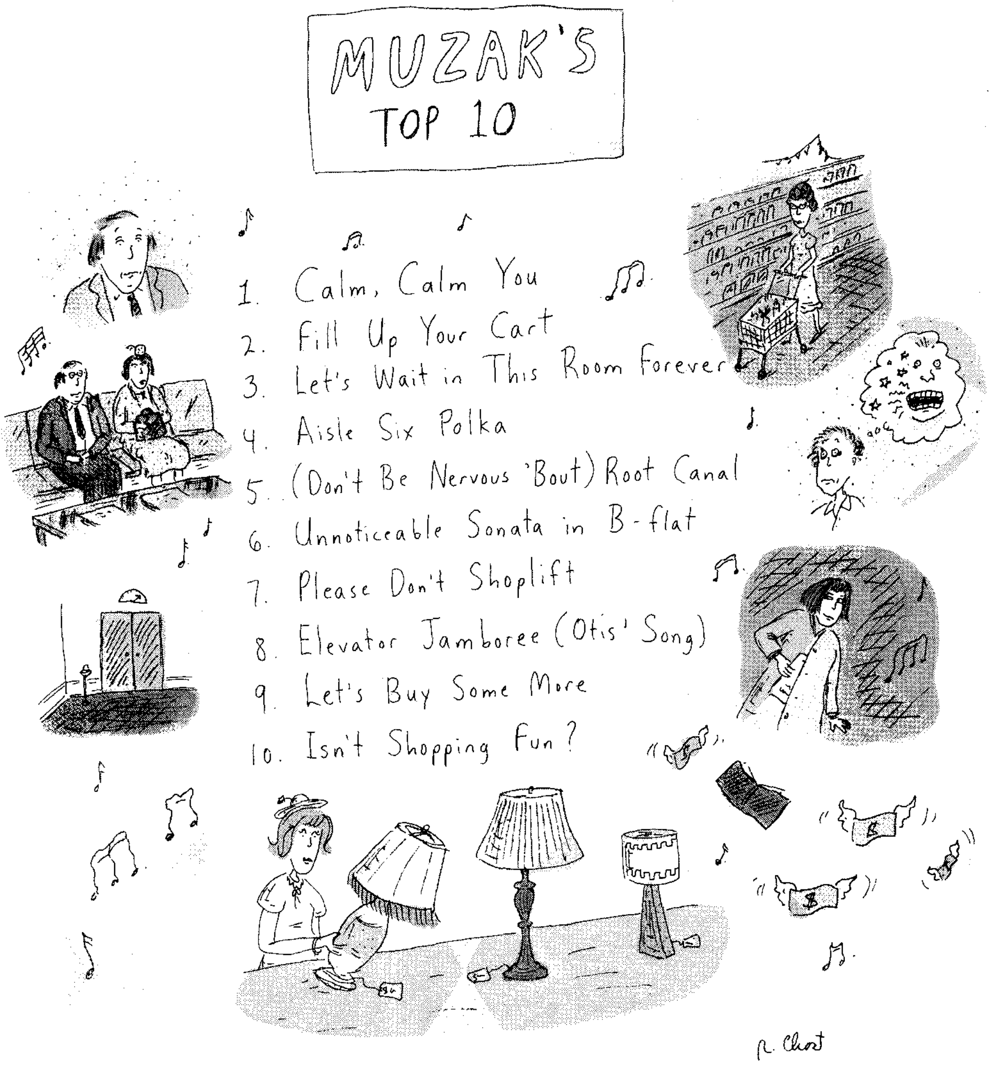
The friend was supposed to call back in a few hours with any new information; for instance, if they had figured out some way to identify the body. When we heard what was going on, we took a taxi to my mother-in-law's apartment. We rang the bell, but no one answered. My wife had had a copy of the key made, and she used it to let us in. She walked straight into the bedroom and found her mother lying face down on the bed with one arm cradling the telephone.

Around noon, the phone rang. Luz answered. The friend was calling to say that the dead boy was not Carlos. He was a university student, a name on a long list of suspected student terrorists. My wife's mother took the phone. She got a few more details and then she held out the phone and howled.

Carlos appeared at eight o'clock. We heard the lock rattle and turn, and Luz forced herself to look away. The door flew open and Carlos was standing there. His face was unshaven and his hair was bunched up in clumps. He looked past us to his mother's closed bedroom door. Then he started walking toward it. Luz stood up, as though she thought to stop him, but he didn't seem to notice her. He opened the door and closed it the moment he got inside. We sat waiting. Finally Luz went over and opened the door a crack. Carlos was kneeling by the side of the bed, his arms forming a circle around his mother's head. He was whispering to her. Luz couldn't hear what he was saying, but she was amazed by the way Carlos kept whispering without taking a breath.



AFTER that, no one mentioned the incident. The summer days were hot and the nights cool. It was a beautiful contrast. On the last weekend before our departure, Carlos, Luz, and I left Lima



and drove south down the Pan-American Highway to a little beach town called Punta Hermosa. It was good to get away from the noise and dust of Lima. We rented a small green house opposite the tiny town plaza. The Punta Hermosa town hall and a church rose above the plaza tiles.

There were maybe a dozen unpaved streets, a hundred houses. Most of the houses were simple concrete cubes with small stone verandas in front. The doors and windows were almost always open, in contrast with Lima, where houses sit behind high walls and every window is barred. There was a fish restaurant, a café, and an ice-cream shack at the top of the path that led down to the beach.

And there was no curfew in Punta Hermosa. The curfew only applied to Lima. At Punta Hermosa, you could stay out all night.

Luz and Carlos knew Punta Hermosa. They had summered there as children. After we found our little house and had looked in all the rooms, Luz sat down in the courtyard at the back of the house and started to cry. Finally she just looked up at us and said, "Punta Hermosa." She seemed to say it in the form of a question: "Punta Hermosa?"

We left her alone for a little while. We walked out the front door and sat along the side of the driveway against a short brick wall. Carlos smoked and looked off into space. Then he told me something. He told me that the last time they had seen their father they were looking out the window of a beach house in Punta Hermosa. He was eleven, his sister was thirteen. It was a Sunday night. Every Sunday night, their father left the summer resort to drive back to Lima. It seemed to be like any other Sunday night. Carlos said he remembered waving and calling out to his father to bring him something from Lima—he couldn't remember what it was. My wife was next to him, shouting her own instructions to their father. That was fifteen years ago, through the window of a house in Punta Hermosa.

We went back inside and found Luz in one of the bedrooms, taking things out of an overnight bag. I said, "I'd like to see the house."

Carlos looked at her and smiled. "Do you want to take a walk?" he said. She got up, and we followed her out the door and down the road that curved behind the town hall. We cut across to a crooked little lane that ran parallel with the sea. We stopped in front of a house at the end. It was a blue house, but my wife said that back then it had been a white house. She stared at it for a little while and said, "I guess blue's a good color."

The front door was open, and we could hear voices and faint music. "Salsa," Carlos said.

I asked which was the window they had looked out of. "That one," my wife said, pointing to one of the two front windows.

Carlos said, "His car was parked over there, and he drove off in that direction." When a man emerged from the house and looked at us, we started walking away.

We got very drunk that night. The windows were wide open, and we could watch the people in the town square. There were plenty of Indian nursemaids out watching the children of their employers. There were groups of teen-agers standing around in little clusters, smoking cigarettes. Luz and Carlos sat together on a crumpled gray couch. Half the time Carlos had his arm around her. Carlos told a story about his first time with a girl, out in the little cove next to the main beach. It was dark, and the girl's name was Juanita, and he could hear her mother calling, "Juanita! Juanita!"

Luz said, "You still sneak around with girls."

Carlos laughed. He said, "It's like that when you live with your mother." My wife looked wounded. That was something she often talked about—how Carlos gave up parts of his own life to take the place of his father. To reassure her, Carlos took her face in his hands and said, "I'm not lonely."

We had just finished the third bottle of Chilean wine when Luz turned to Carlos and asked him bluntly, "Are you in trouble?"

He was in the process of lighting another cigarette, and he held the match aloft for as long as he could. "Don't worry about me," he said.

"Is it cocaine?" she said.

"No," he said, not looking at her.

"What is it? Tell me."

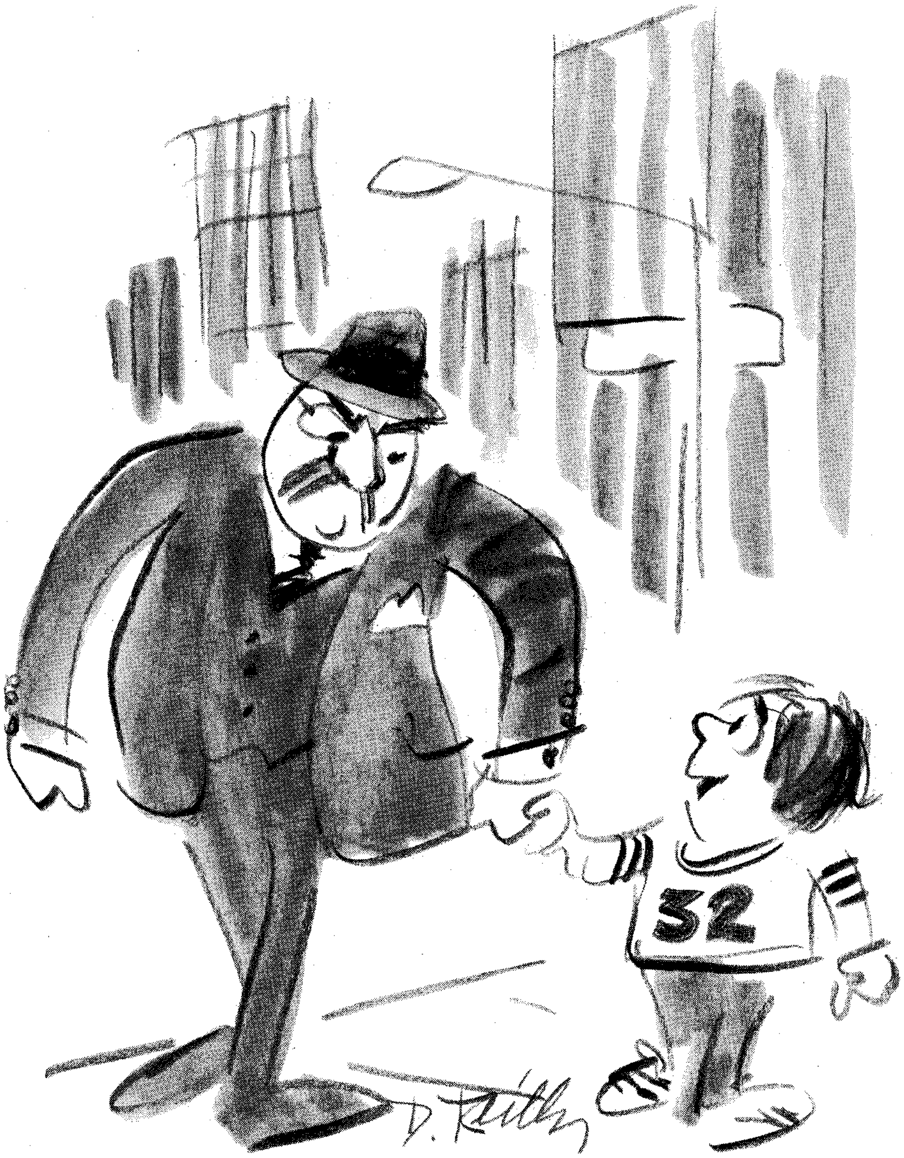
Carlos ran his hand through his hair and looked up at me and smiled. He had a beautiful smile, and though I tried to stop myself I couldn't help smiling back. This pleased him. He felt better. He shrugged and said, "I'll try to be careful."

At one o'clock Carlos stood up and announced the time. "To the curfew," he said, lifting his glass in the air.

The radio had been playing all night, but Carlos had also brought some tapes from Lima, and he finally put one on. "I want to see if you remember this," he said to Luz.

After a few guitar chords, she shouted, "José Luis!" They were the love ballads of a Spaniard. I tried to catch the lyrics, but the words flowed too far and too fast. Then they came to their special song. It was—I could tell even without understanding it—a pretty song. After they played it once, I asked to hear it again. Carlos stood by the tape player and gave me a loose translation. "The singer is talking to a woman," he said. "He tells her that she looks beautiful in that dress, that her eyes are full of love. He says that if she doesn't mind he's going to go now. He tells her goodbye. He turns to go. He's not looking at her anymore when he says he wants to say just one more thing: What is he like? Where did you meet him? What did he say to you? Where do you go with him?" I looked over at my wife. She was smiling, and I could see that her hands were shaking.

About three in the morning, we walked down to the beach. Carlos stooped down every few steps to pick up a stone in the dirt road and toss it into the darkness. There were steps built into the hillside above the beach, and we descended them very carefully. When we reached the bottom, we took off our clothes and waded out into the water. Carlos went a few feet farther than we did, and put his hands on his hips and stood there.



"Oh, that's O.K., Grandpa. I already know there are no free lunches."

LEAVING Peru was easy. My wife seemed calm on the nighttime ride to the airport. Carlos drove us, with their mother in the front seat and Luz and me in the back. The drive takes you past some pretty poor parts—not the very poorest, but neighborhoods where most of the houses are dilapidated, many lack doors, and mounds of debris clutter the roads.

Our flight was leaving at twelve-thirty, which meant that Carlos and his mother would have to drop us off and turn right around to get home before the curfew. Carlos drove fast, and his mother repeatedly asked him to slow down. The road was poorly lit, and dogs and bicycle riders kept passing through the beam of the car's headlights.

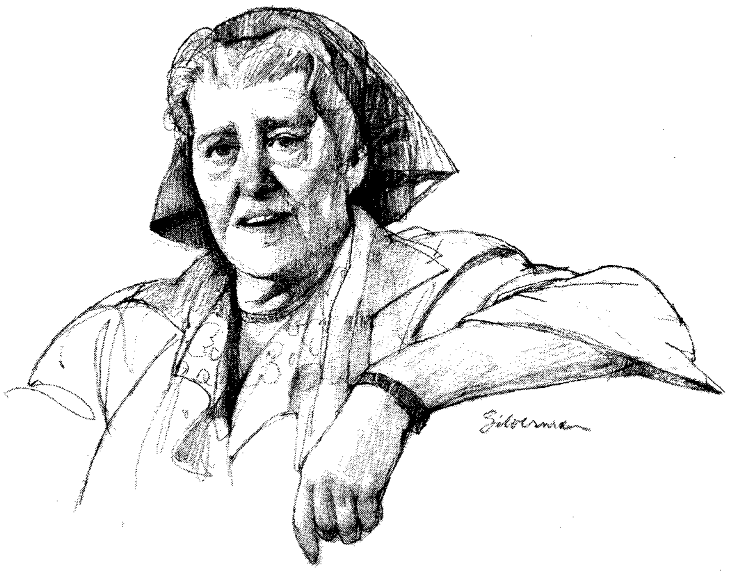
At the airport entrance, guards shone flashlights into the car and asked to see our travel documents. This was all part of the government's anti-terrorism campaign. After examining our passports and airline tickets, they made Carlos get out and open the trunk. My wife squeezed my hand and closed her eyes. She was afraid they might find something, and I could hear her mutter a short prayer under her breath. She was always praying for very specific things, at least back then, and I'm sure she prayed for Carlos to pass that particular inspection.

I don't know how long we sat there, maybe two minutes. We flinched when we heard the hollow sound of the trunk slamming. Then we saw Carlos smiling at us through the driver's window. They had found nothing.

—PETER GORDON

PROFILES

FRITILLARIES AND HAIRY VIOLETS



Miriam Rothschild

APPROACHING the estate of Ashton Wold by night and at the end of a cloudburst, the big car forded milk-blue mist that rose from the road in pools and wisps. Then the headlights were bouncing up a long, rough drive and playing on the creamy saucer shapes of cow parsley (tall, this year, for May) that formed a jostling honor guard along the verge. From my seat beside the chauffeur I had an impression of dark and dripping woods at either hand. Then we were pulling up in a courtyard, and there was a pair of tall stone gateposts with lanterns beaming from their tops. On every side, there was the purposeful, rustling silence of deep rural England, and a sense of plant life laying siege. Underfoot, nettles, grass, and heartsease colonized the frontiers of the gravel paths. Ivies and creepers tackled the upper reaches of an old stone house—scaling and smothering mullions, drainpipes, and chimneys that unfolded like accordions, in the Jacobean style. A horse chestnut stood protectively sheltering the housekeeper's wing and raising a thousand white candle blossoms to where, in a dark-blue sky, a cloud half hid the moon. From a nearby coppice came the drawn-out hooting of an owl.

The mistress of the house—the Honourable Dr. Miriam Rothschild, Commander of the Order of the British Empire, Fellow of the Royal Society, and, in private life, Mrs. Miriam Lane—had retired to bed. (Probably not to sleep, for she prides herself on the stamina and discipline that help her keep long hours: she rises what she calls "relentlessly" at five to speak to her farm manager and head gardener, and reads scientific books until well after midnight in the room where, in 1908, she was born.) I got out of the car and was greeted by Kate Garton, a capable woman in her forties, who was once Dr. Rothschild's personal assistant and is now a full-time conservationist, and had come to Ashton Wold, in Northamptonshire, to help her out with what promised to be a very busy weekend. I followed Kate Garton, who was wearing a flowered dressing gown, as she led me through the house and to my room. Through a back porch with its covey of Wellington boots and its big, squat red flashlight under a sign reading "Mrs. Lane's torch. If used by anyone, please return to same position." Past sculleries and a darkened kitchen, with a blurry gleam of copper pans and bowls up one wall. Down a long corridor (Kate Garton's slippers scuff-scuffing on the parquet) lined to the ceiling with files labelled "Flea News," "Uncle Walter," "Zoological Record," "Trustees Meetings: British Museum." Through the front hall, with its gaggles of walking sticks, deck chairs, tennis racquets, and panama hats. Up a staircase lined with paintings and past a massive billiard table draped with a cloth, to the door of one of the guest rooms. In the passageway outside, someone had mounted—like a case of brilliant lepidoptera of related species set out with pins—a collage of hundreds of family snapshots, a sepia cornucopia of Rothschilds past and present, English and Continental, variously intermarried, more or less prone to eccentricity, and more or less possessed of fabulous fortunes, great intellects, and good looks. Here they were on English lawns or Hungarian tennis courts (Miriam Rothschild's mother, Rozsika, was Hungarian, and was said to be the first of her sex to venture the overhand serve), or cutting figures in lavish baby gowns in the arms of parents or nursemaids, or (later) on magnificent horses or on skis. Here was the house of Ashton Wold in 1900, when it was built, on a baronial scale, by Miriam Rothschild's father, the Honourable Nathaniel Charles. (In 1969, when she returned from Oxford, where she had been living for fifteen years, she took off the whole top story and lowered the roof to turn the house into a more manageable manor.) Here was Tring Park, the kingly estate in Hertfordshire that was home to her grandfather, Nathan Mayer (Natty), the first Lord Rothschild; to her amazing Uncle Walter (seen photographed in top hat and frock coat astride one of his giant Galápagos tortoises and also in his four-in-hand, being pulled by zebras he had broken in); and to Miriam Rothschild, too, for most of each year until 1935. ("We were a very close-knit family," she told me later. "As my father would inherit and my grandmother lived there, one went there for the winter.") And here, displayed among these photographs of the Rothschilds, were various mutations of the compiler herself. For it was Miriam Rothschild who had assembled the memories, the way her Uncle Walter had assembled, for his private museum, a world-famous collection of two and a quarter million butterflies and moths, three hundred thousand bird skins, two hundred thousand birds' eggs, and a hundred and forty-four giant tortoises, and the way her father had built up his own great collection, of thirty thousand specimens of flea. Here was Miriam Rothschild as a little girl of four, milking a cow; as a girl of ten or so, in a straw hat, with pigeons feed-ing from her hand; and as a striking young woman, in a group of young men including George Lane (also a Hungarian), whom she married during the war and divorced in the nineteen-fifties, and her brother Victor, the present Lord.

WAKING the next morning to sunshine at the window and, from outside it, a chorus of cooing pigeons and joyously barking dogs, I found myself in the company of Rothschilds straightaway. A line of caricatures and silhouettes hung on the wall opposite my pillow—an Indian file of shortish, roundish men, marching with supreme self-confidence through nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century British history: Nathan Mayer (founder of the British branch of the family banking house), Lionel, Anthony, Natty, Leopold, with top hats, bowler hats, spats, canes, waistcoated paunches; financiers of wars against Napoleon and the Boers; first Jews to be elected to Parliament; first to be elevated to the peerage; sweeping the board at the Oaks and Derby with the products of their racing stables; friends and confidants of prime ministers and kings; little black figures on white paper, here at Ashton, facing the English countryside.

I opened the leaded casement and leaned out. Wisteria and clematis lay in waiting, pressing to get in. In the distance unfurled an old, familiar dream: a rolling green ridge hazily shimmering on a May morning, the fields marked by flowering hawthorn hedges high as cottages, and a distant frieze of venerable woodland with a church spire peeking out. In the middle distance, a herd of deer like something in a tapestry lifted their heads in unison in a field, then wheeled and scampered away. Closer still lay a garden unlike any garden I had ever seen. The outline of Edwardian lawns and flagstone terraces was there, but floppily uncorseted, left to riotous, rampant seed. Artfully undisciplined lilac and cherry blossoms swayed over unmowed meadow grass that was sprinkled with white cow parsley, yellow cowslips, bluebells, tulips that were blowsy, droopy-petalled, pale pink. The air was full of scent. Butterflies were everywhere, jerkily dancing and alighting. Doves spread sun-pierced wing fans and looped with purring drumroll sounds overhead.

AIRPORT

None of the computers can say
how long it took to evolve a facility
devoted to absence in life

you walk out of the chute
and a person smiles at your ticket
and points you to your seat

is this the only way home
nobody asks
because nobody knows

the building is not inhabited it is not
home except to roaches
it is not loved it is serviced

it is not a place
but a container with signs
directing a process

there is neither youth in the air
nor earth underfoot
there is a machine to announce

yet the corridors beat with anguish longing relief
news trash insurance dispensers
and many are glad to be here

thinking of being somewhere else
hurrying at great expense
across glass after glass

we travel far and fast
and as we pass through we forget
where we have been

—W. S. MERWIN

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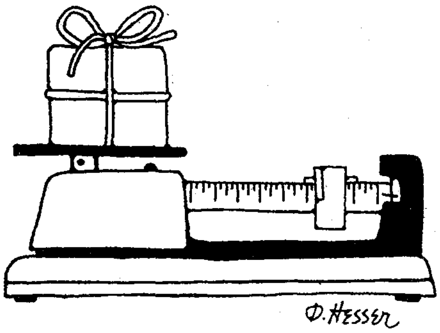
Miriam Rothschild came walking through her garden, surrounded by seven dogs. Like an Eskimo and his sled team, the group came forging through the waist-high snow of cow parsley down a winding, mower-wide cleared path. Shelties with fluffy brown-and-white coats came flowing and jostling ahead of her and behind, speeding on paws placed one straight in front of another, woofing, or stopping abruptly to sniff the damp spring earth. Their leader shot out of the flowering tunnel, then craned its pointed nose back over its shoulder to make sure its mistress was there. At her forceful command, it plunged excitedly on. The woman had a handsome head with a widow's peak of white hair under a purple kerchief tied at the nape. Tortoiseshell spectacles, hanging from a chain, bounced on an ample bust. As she, too, emerged from the cow parsley and crossed a part of the lawn that was kept close-cropped and velvety, she was revealed as a square, stout figure in a shapeless dress and matching sleeveless jacket, a style she adopted as her uniform some forty years ago, in order to free her mind for more important things. Today's outfit was in a silky purple-and-turquoise printed stuff. Her arms swung purposefully as she walked; her solidly planted feet left snail-trail marks on the dew-wet lawn with the soles of white Wellington boots. ("These are my summer shoes," she will explain. "And my evening shoes as well! I never wear anything made from animals. In the winter, I wear moon boots, indoors and out.") With a hollow slurping of the rubber Wel-



lingtons, and looking peaceful in her habitat—knowing the hiding places of the fledglings and of the pupae on the leaf—she crunched across the gravel and disappeared from view around a corner of the house.

This morning, my hostess had a great deal on her mind. Today was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Royal Society for Nature Conservation, which was founded by her father, and Ashton was the movement's spiritual home. Several dozen distinguished British naturalists, conservationists, and entomologists were to gather for elevenses in the drawing room (which at Ashton Wold is called the library), and then other colleagues and friends—some two hundred in all—were to meet under the horse chestnuts on the green of Ashton village (weather permitting) for lunch. There was a butterfly film, to be screened in the squash court; afternoon tea for the two hundred back on the green; and a clay-pigeon shoot organized by Sid Jackson, her farm manager. The house was desperately short-staffed, and there was dinner and Sunday luncheon to be managed, and beds to be sorted out for the several dozen people who were staying in the main house and in other houses and cottages around the village and the estate. There would be a professor of genetics, and one of botany, from Cambridge; Dr. Daphne Osborne, also a botanist, from Oxford; all the members of the Entomological Club (it is the oldest entomological club in the world, limited by statute to eight learned and convivial souls, with Miriam Rothschild its first and still, after two decades, its only woman member); an eccentric poet who had sent her some of his poems and whom she had impulsively invited to join today's festivities; and a man who had recently made the headlines by walking to the South Pole, or was it the North Pole—she couldn't quite remember. And there was the man who had once been a suitor of one of her daughters and, though long ago disappointed, was still around (like an Englishman after the Raj) on occasions like this, as an attentive, self-effacing family friend. And no Rothschild gathering would be complete without some "flea people"—scientists specializing in the study of the insect that has loomed large in her life, what with original research of her own and a recently completed eight-volume, thirty-five-year cataloguing project based on the paternal thirty thousand, now in the British Museum. Among the flea people was Dr. Bernice Williams, a wiry, talkative woman with a Welsh accent and a long ginger-colored braid, who was an expert on cat fleas. She had brought along a friend—Rosemary Mulcahy, a dark-haired young woman with an Irish accent (which, its owner being inclined to silence, was little used), who wore a sweatshirt bearing the legend "British Hedgehog Preservation Society" and was an expert on mites.

"I'm telling you the truth, sweetie—the stork brought you."

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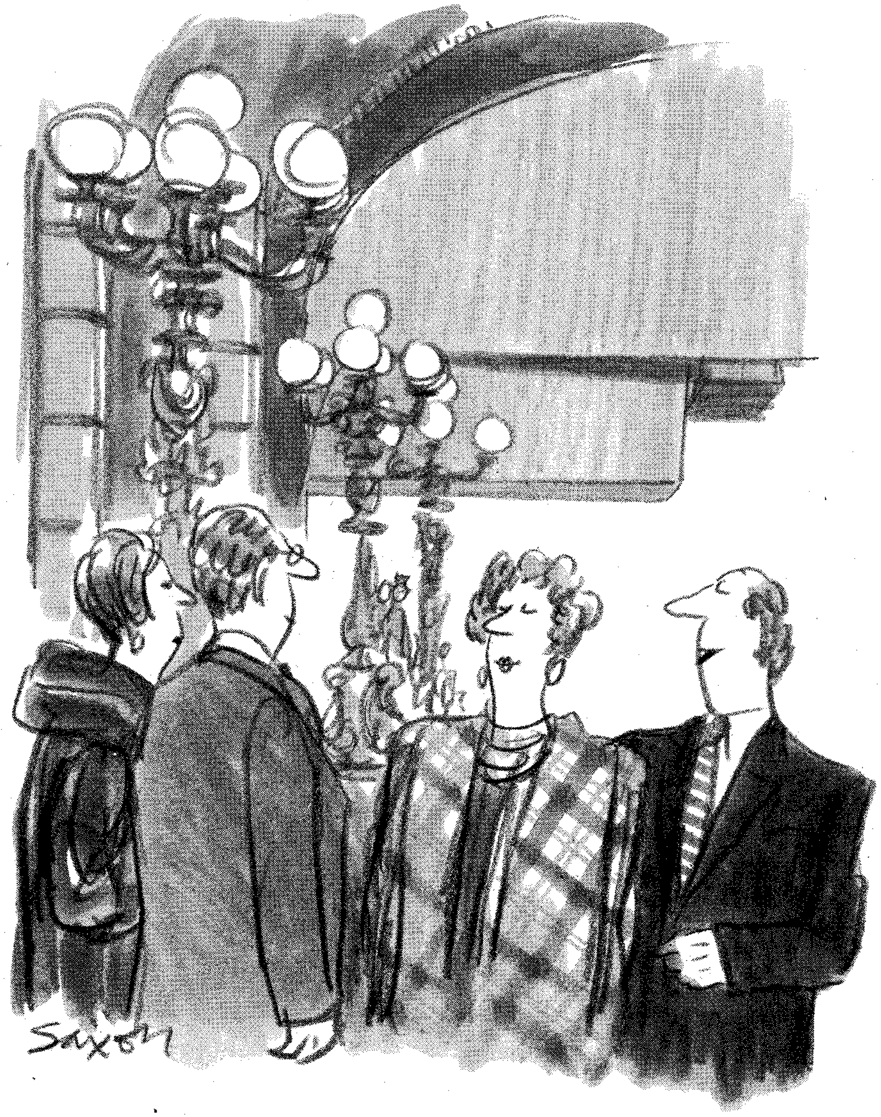
Refreshed by chocolate cake and chitchat, the elevenses folk set off in a disorderly crocodile to inspect one of the meadows where Miriam Rothschild grows wildflowers. Over the past decade, and at first virtually sin-



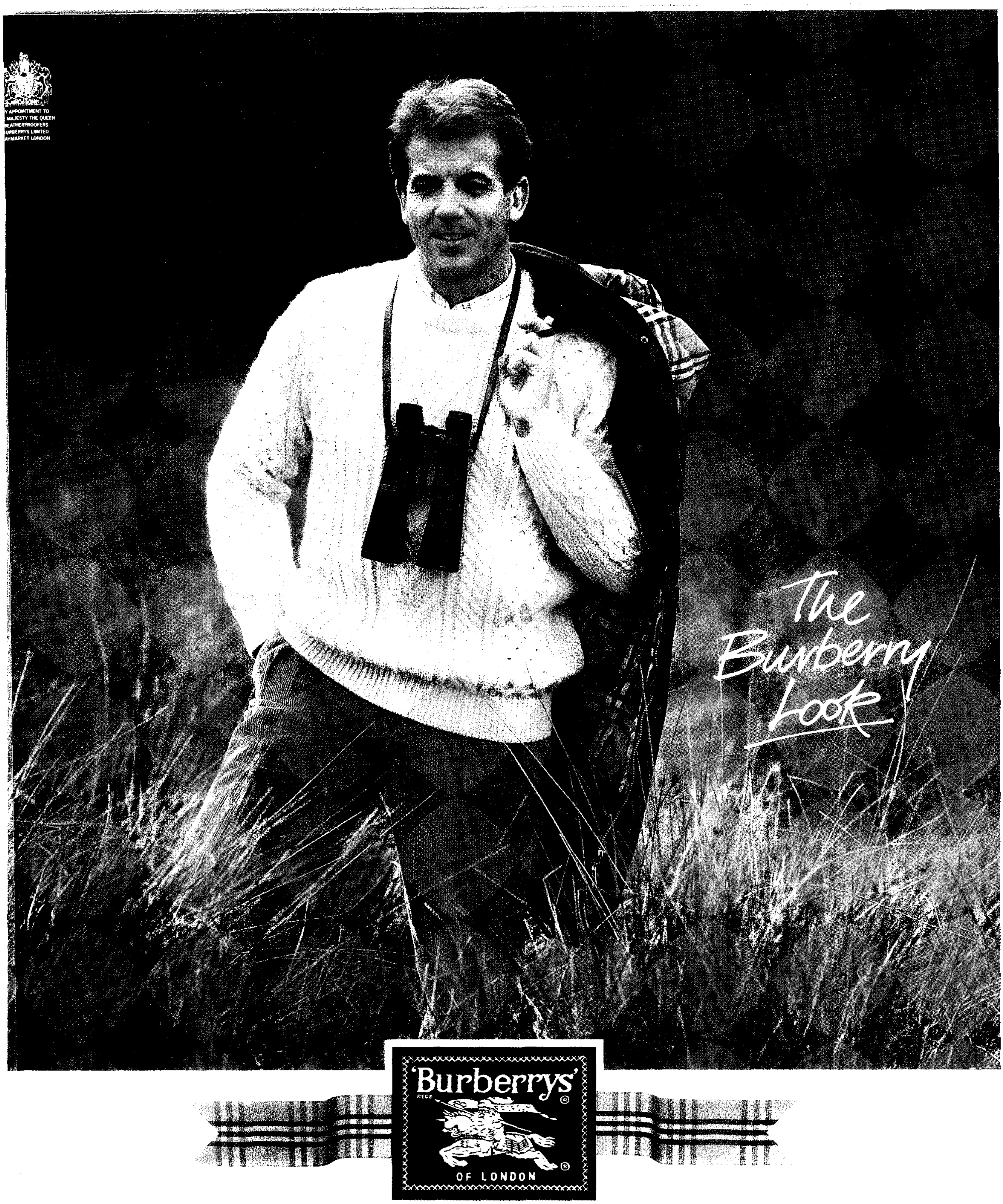
"This is Solange—my magnificent obsession."

• •

gle-handed, she has made the British public aware of its wildflower heritage and the threatened loss of that heritage. This is perhaps the most visible and triumphantly successful of a lifetime's public-spirited campaigns: for refugees from Nazi Germany in the nineteen-thirties and forties ("I battled with the British authorities, who behaved excruciatingly badly," she says); for free milk in British schools; for, via her participation in the Wolfenden Committee report, the legalization of homosexual activity between consenting adults ("They were rather frank in Oxford, they called me 'the Buggers' Friend' "); for the use of car seat belts, which she invented; for glass-walled squash courts; for crash helmets for competitive skiers; for help for schizophrenics (she started the Schizophrenia Research Fund and an art gallery, in her village, devoted to paintings by people suffering from the disease); for the better treatment of farm and laboratory animals and against the cruelty of ritual slaughter without anesthesia ("I haven't got much patience with some rabbis on that," she says). At Ashton, a farm of several thousand acres—large by British standards but small compared with the estates of some county neighbors, including the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess of Wales' family, at Althorp—she has filled ninety acres of meadow with the wildflowers of Chaucerian England, in only ten years accomplishing through careful management a task that some said would take a lifetime or more. By producing wildflower seed as a farm crop, she began to disseminate in the nation's private gardens and public places plants that were previously threatened with extinction or discarded as weeds. In a variety of ways, she has sought to balance the discouraging depredation on the British landscape over the past forty years—damage caused by chemical spraying and fertilizing, by the slashing of roadside verges, by the expansion of towns and highways, and by the rooting out of hedges—which has transformed the traditional patchwork of fields into agriculturally profitable but one-dimensional arable acreage, or what Miriam Rothschild calls a "really ghastly mini Kansas corn belt." What's good for wildflowers is good for the nation's ecology. ("Our conservancy trusts would do well to hitch their wagons to the cowslip's star," one of the officials told the gathering in a speech after lunch.) All the flora and fauna—the larks, pipits, and nightingales; the oxlips, primroses, bee orchids, and ragged robins; the fritillaries (both plants and butterflies of that name), the cabbage-white, red-admiral, and skipper butterflies—depend each on the next for shelter, food, survival. Until forty years ago, it was all still in place: the web and texture of Shakespeare's natural world—Milton's, Keats', Matthew Arnold's. (T. S. Eliot's Little Gidding and Rupert Brooke's Grantchester are within a short drive of Ashton Wold.) The loss of each successive species is more than just a void in nature. Even in post-industrial, computerized, Thatcherized Britain, there stirs a sense of damage to the English language itself, of diminution of the national myth.

The group wound its way down the drive (deliberately kept bumpy, it turned out, to discourage speeding); past the Ashton cricket field, with its thatched tea pavilion and its big roller lying timelessly idle, as on an L. P. Hartley afternoon; through woods, with branches trembling with pale-green buds overhead and a carpet of bluebells underfoot; and out into the middle of a field. The men were sensibly dressed in tweedy jackets or thornproof Barbour coats; a few of the women had braved summery frocks with cardigans over them. Wellingtons (conventionally colored black or green) were widely worn.

The self-effacing family friend (whom I'll call Michael Fitzpatrick) was one of several gentlemen in tattersall caps. Moving in and out of the dappled shade of the wood, cocking his well-brushed head to listen to the trilling of a bird, pausing to sniff the air or point out a view, he was himself like some modest, sprightly British butterfly. He had a kind of sunniness, in the manner



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of a Franciscan friar. "Marvellous," he said, coming to a halt after satisfactorily ushering a group of ladies through a five-bar gate. He brought his closed fists in to his heart and flung them outward several times, inhaling and exhaling. "We ought to *bottle* it!" The sky was large, soft, pale, the air buoyant with the fleeting sweetness of an English country spring. A breeze carried mingled hints of the bluebells in the woods and the May blossoms in the cottage-high hedge. "I mean, the only actual moment I actually have is this one, now, isn't it? So why not enjoy it?"

Miriam Rothschild was stalking along with her hands clasped behind her back, leading the group into the center of what looked at first glance to be a perfectly ordinary green field. (It was too early for most of the wildflowers to be in bloom.) In her kerchief and brightly patterned dress among the dun-colored tweeds, she looked as exotic as the kangaroos and emus her Uncle Walter used to keep beyond the ha-ha at Tring Park. She stopped, and the rest stopped with her —little knots of people dwarfed in the expanse of land and sky, breathing deep, buzzing with a furious exchange of observations, bending over and pointing down at the green with excited cries.

"We changed the drill in here to put in oxeye daisies," she was saying. "We graze lightly between harvest and Christmas. Sheep or cattle. Not horses. They're particularly bad."

"Are there masses of meadow browns?" someone asked, referring to a kind of butterfly.

Miriam Rothschild was standing with her hands in the side pockets of her skirt, as if turning over imaginary change. She wore a big black watch on one wrist. "That's a very interesting question," she said, looking pleased. She is an expert on the relations between plants and insects, especially butterflies. Butterflies will feed on a variety of flower nectars during their short adult lives, but are extremely particular about which plants they lay their eggs on; if the right plant goes, the butterflies die out as well. "Interesting" is unquestionably Miriam Rothschild's favorite adjective. "My family has always been very *interested* in everything," she says.

Talk now turned to field plants that are undesirable, at least to gardeners and to cows: thistle, ragwort, and something that Miriam Rothschild referred to as "that awful brachypodium." "Daphne!" she called in a big, gruff voice across the field to the botanist from Oxford. "What's the germination rate for hay rattle?"

Fitzpatrick has a farm in the Home Counties, and, like a number of landowners, great and small (including the Prince of Wales), he is going in for wildflowers, at Miriam Rothschild's instigation. ("She's got 'em all tearing up their Inigo Jones parks and planting weeds!" someone said, in jesting admiration.) "I had this field, you see," Fitzpatrick said. "So I thought, May as well bung in some wildflowers! My farm manager thinks I've gone mad!"

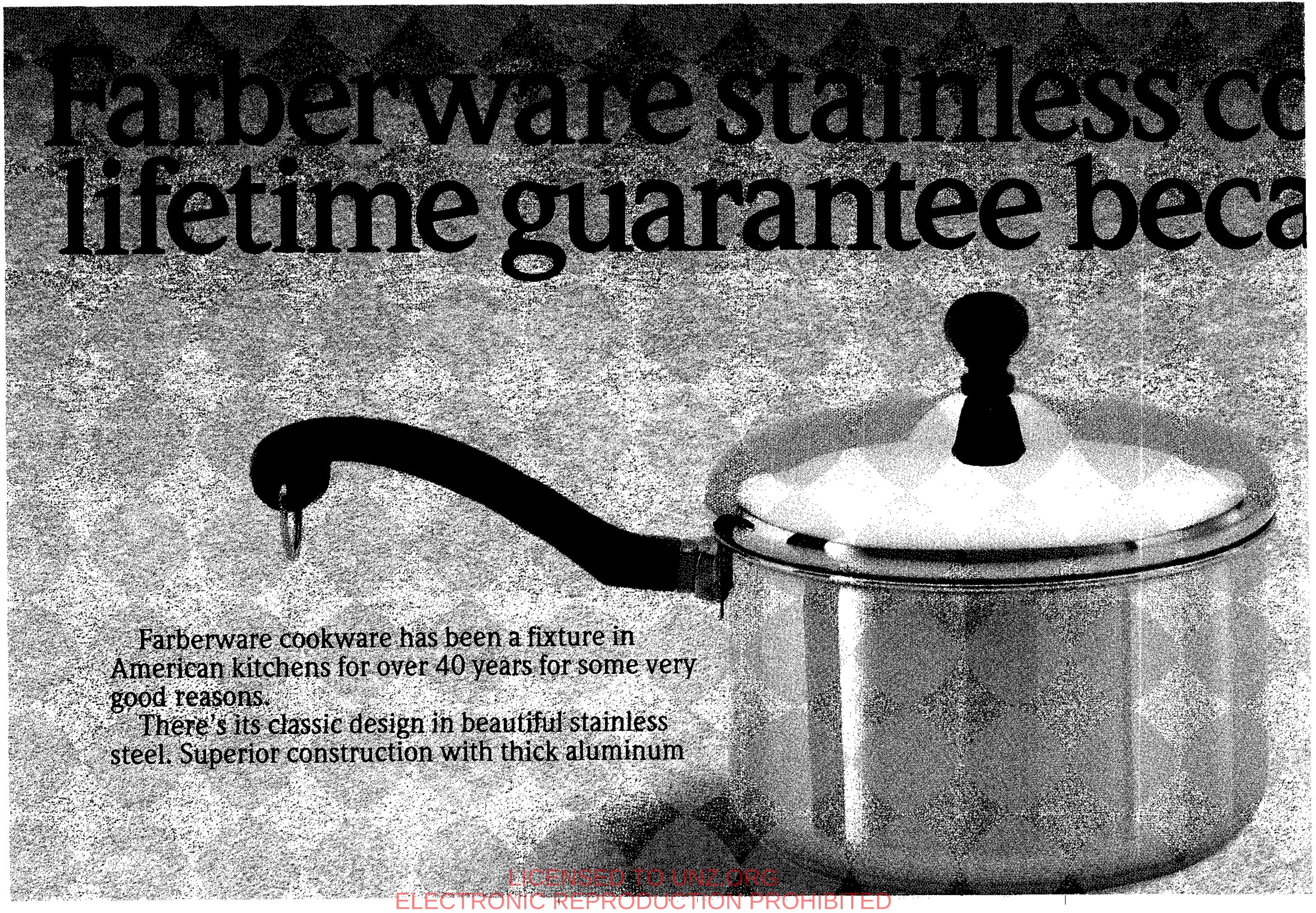
A man of science had been standing nearby and listening with half an ear. "I don't believe I know what your field is," he said to Fitzpatrick.

"No, no, I *own* a field," Fitzpatrick said, looking flustered. "I've just sown it, you see. With wildflowers."

Some of the conversations were neither scientific nor agricultural.

"I only have to look at a *photograph* of a Victoria sponge," one of the cardiganed ladies was saying as the party trailed into motion again.

"My father, now, he was the sort of



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chap who never put on an ounce until the day he died," said a second.

"Oh dear, I shouldn't have had all that coffee," a third lady said, looking plaintively in the direction of some shrubbery.

The naturalists were in seventh heaven, comparing notes on lepidoptera.

"It's a very good year for orange tips."

"The blues are magnificent here."

"I've introduced two different burnets and they're doing well."

"I know there used to be a colony of Duke of Burgundies in Rockingham Forest."

A gray-haired man of military bearing, with caterpillar-like brows, said he liked to keep an eye out for skippers while walking the North Downs. "I'm chasing newts at this time of year as well," he said, with a twinkle. "That always makes for fun and games."

"ALL good science is in a sense autobiographical," Miriam Rothschild once wrote in an article, quoting (rather freely) from Thoreau. Before the war, she did research on parasitic flukes and fleas. In the nineteen-fifties, she branched away from her father's obsession, the flea, to research various kinds of plant-insect relationships. Her book "Fleas, Flukes, and Cuckoos," published in 1952, pioneered a new kind of writing about natural history for the literate general reader. In the nineteen-sixties, she returned to flea studies for long enough to prove how the reproductive cycle of the rabbit flea is dependent on that of the rabbit on which it lives. She spent many sleepless nights watching for fleas to hop from the doe to the newborns at the instant of birth. Subsequently, she made an exact analysis of how a flea jumps. With an acceleration twenty times that of a moon rocket reëntering the earth's atmosphere, a flea can reach what would be on a human scale the height of the Empire State Building—and then repeat the feat thirty thousand times without stopping. And she showed how insects already possessed of warning coloration also store plant-derived poisons, to further discourage birds and other predators from gobbling them up. Perhaps in all this her role and perceived responsibilities as one of the wealthy English Rothschilds, her life as a brilliant woman scientist in a world of men, her motherhood (she reared six children, three of them adopted), and the story of her loves and sorrows may be discovered. But her autobiography is found in more than science or natural history.

"She is of inestimable value," a younger friend (one of many whom Miriam Rothschild has encouraged in their careers) once told me. "You won't find her kind of marriage of the arts and sciences except, perhaps, in the seventeenth century—in someone like Sir Kenelm Digby, a founder of the Royal Society."

Miriam Rothschild's autobiography has been written, for one thing, in a long lifetime's prolific correspondence, in a handwriting that remains sturdy and vital. Like the accoutrements of her sporting youth—she rode, skied, and played tennis, cricket, real racquets, and squash, the last to international standards—her handwriting is of uncompromisingly high quality, a well-maintained and constantly used extension of herself. "My friends used to say I was like a motorbicycle roaring through England and throwing out letters at every hand!" she told me once, with a laugh. "I didn't keep a diary for that reason." To her beloved

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cousin the late Alix de Rothschild (of the French banking house), she wrote every day for thirty-five years—some thirteen thousand letters in all. "We were like sisters. We'd grown up in the same way. We were both Rothschilds, we both had difficult marriages. She burned all my letters, because she thought they were so indiscreet. But ten years later that doesn't really matter, does it?" In accordance with the explicit testamentary instructions of her grandfather, her uncle, and her father, virtually all their correspondence with members of the family was destroyed by their executors. Miriam Rothschild had cause to regret this when she came to write "Dear Lord Rothschild," a biography of her Uncle Walter, which was published in 1983 and includes much of her parents' story and something of her own. (Walter Rothschild, who remained a bachelor, had also been a copious correspondent, although for a period in his late thirties he was unable—out of fear of his mother and of a blackmailer—to bring himself to open any personal post addressed to him, instead hiding it in enormous laundry baskets in his room on the nursery floor of Tring Park.)

In spite of the weight of her published books and scientific papers, Miriam Rothschild's story, like her letters, is something evanescent and written fresh each day. "I'm frightfully keen on doing my book on haiku," she said to me some days after the anniversary, when she and I were sitting alone.

"Haiku?" I said. I was trying to get things straight. "How many books are you writing at the moment, anyway?"

"Well, there's my book on butterflies and doves in art. Then, there's 'Farming for Profit and Conservation.' I've had to sink some capital in research surveys for that—medieval ditching systems, God knows what. Then, I'm doing my book on insects in haiku poetry, with a fantastic man called Kazuo Unno. There I feel I really *have* got something to say."

At this point, the telephone rang. It often does when Miriam Rothschild is in residence at Ashton Wold: allies on the fronts of her various causes; friends in Jerusalem (where she interests herself in wildflower conservation, a crafts center, and the Biblical Zoo), or in Zurich or America; friends to meet in town (this week, after the Chelsea Flower Show), or over luncheon back at home in the country. This particular call was a request, for

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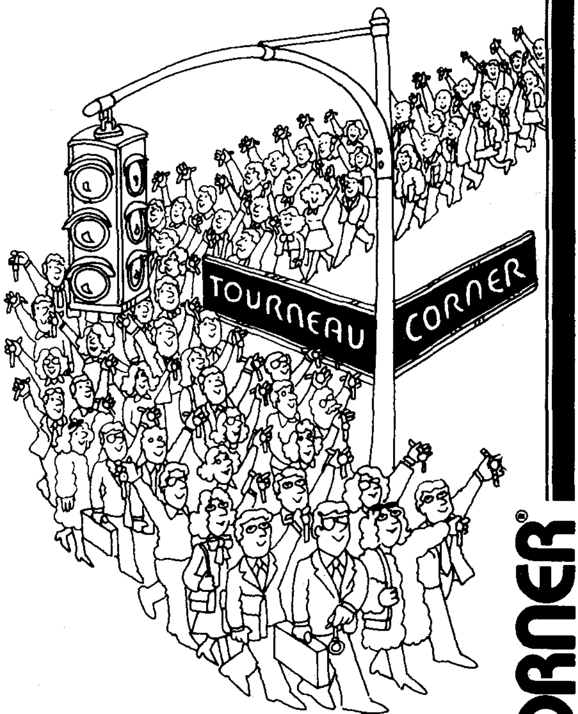

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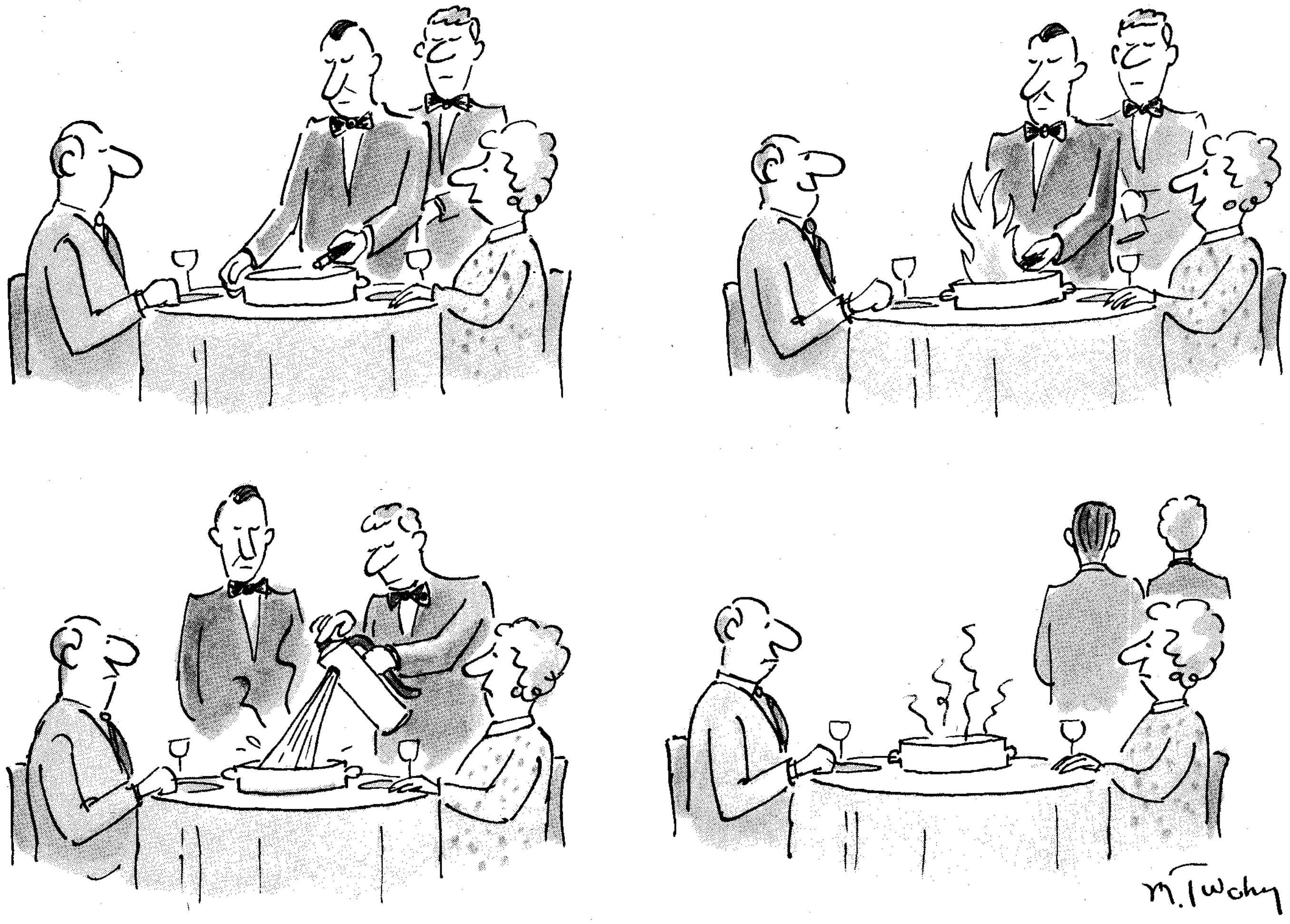

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the second time in two days, that she provide a home for a fox. She has eight foxes, and some of them like to come in and watch animal programs on television with her. People are known to call her Mother Fox.

"Tell me," she instructed the caller, firmly taking charge. "Is it tame? What age is it? Is it *very* nervous?"

She hung up and resumed the conversation about her work. "Oh, yes, I'm writing a book on Proust as a naturalist," she said. "I forgot!"

And day by day her story unreels in pictures as well as words—images constantly dissolving and re-forming with the light, the weather, and the seasons at Ashton Wold.

"The Rothschilds as a whole have high I.Q.s, but we're not really intellectual," she told me. "We are all doers. We don't just dig in the garden, you might say; we think what we're going to plant." If her grandfather pursued constant improvement on his estates—breeding champion shire horses and Jersey cows, and running for his tenant workers what she calls a "mini welfare state"—Miriam Rothschild is also, in the Rousseauesque surroundings that only on first glance seem carelessly run-down, indefatigably in pursuit of an ideal. The views from the leaded casements of her house were planned and are maintained with care. And she seeks to arrange the garden and the rest of the estate at Ashton (designated by the government a Site of Special Scientific Interest, because of its over-all health) as if she were herself a butterfly, seeing it from the air with ultraviolet vision, in search of nectar and a crèche.

LEAVING the naturalists to make their way to the seventy-fifth-anniversary lunch, I wandered down through the path in the cow parsley from which, in the early morning, I had watched Miriam Rothschild and the dogs emerge. I came to a gate in a high, sun-warmed wall and stepped through. Except for the scuffling of a blackbird in some dry leaves somewhere, everything was very still. A pigeon feather lay on a lichened path. There were plenty of nettles, which butterflies love. I pushed through unpruned branches of lilac and buddleia and stood at the rim of a huge, neglected stone-rimmed swimming pool. Curving steps descended into thick brown water, where a handful of cherry petals floated. A solitary water boatman sped about its beetle business at the center of concentric rings. I pushed open a second gate—this one of heavily ornamented wrought iron, somewhat rusty but perfectly balanced and swinging open with ease. I stood in another high-walled garden, larger than the first, and with a thatched dovecote, shaped like a tower and surrounded by an empty moat. On a sloping, bonnet-shaped roof of warm brown reed, pigeons—tan, snow-white, or dapple-gray—alighted, flew off, turned in circles on their perch, or tucked their heads into their necks and cooed. A second, ornamental pool glinted from a tangle of briar and meadow grass lower down. Loud in the peaceful place, a frog stretched out the hinges of its legs and jumped through the stalks near my feet. From somewhere beyond the far wall came the faint barking of a dog.

SINGLE-MINDED, in giant closeup, the wasp laid its eggs, dooming to a long, slow death the chubby butterfly grub that lay dozing in the cradle of a leaf.

"Ha!" said Miriam Rothschild. She was standing at the back of the darkened, cold squash court, watching the butterfly film over rows of silhouetted heads. She took an absent-minded bite from a piece of bread she was holding, with her eyes still glued to the screen. She has spent countless hours watching how butterflies (among other creatures) court, mate, feed, and die. "I never had much time for dolls," she told me once. "I was rearing caterpillars when I was quite small. I think naturalists are born, not made. Farming, gardening—anything to do with growing things is *grand*."

The party was going splendidly. During luncheon under the horse chestnuts on the village green, buxom women in straw hats and blue pinafores had performed old English clog dances, shaking hand bells and lifting their knees. "Nineteenth-century sentimentality," a titled lady at one of the white-draped tables said, with a sniff. She herself had eighteenth-century silver hair, and an eye patch like Lord Nelson's.

"I hope that man who walked to the North Pole wasn't offended," Miriam Rothschild said. "Perhaps we should have made rather more of a fuss over him."

Bernice Williams and Rosemary Mulcahy got into their car and headed back to the house. The Welshwoman rolled down her window and stopped to chaff with a man in another car. "I'll be sending you those fleas, then," she promised, laughing, in her singsong voice.

"Send them by first-class post," he said. "And be sure they don't arrive on a Friday."

"Met him at the International Flea Conference," she said, giving a nod, flinging her braid back over her shoulder, and starting off again. "Nice man."

Then the lengthened tree shadows were reaching out from the corners of the fields, and it was time to present the prizes at the ending of Sid Jackson's clay-pigeon shoot. Other landowning ladies had no doubt been opening church fêtes and gymkhanas and presenting all sorts of prizes all over England that afternoon. But the Honourable Mrs. Miriam Lane was assuredly the only such lady to have on the seat of her car, as she set off to perform her duty, books entitled "Endopolyploidy and Polyteny in Differentiation and Evolution" and "Genome Multiplication, Growth and Development." At the top end of a large, sloping field, a group of a dozen or more diehard competitors were standing around in their shooting vests under an oak. Others were leaving the finalists to fight it out and bouncing away over the grass in cars and Land-Rovers, headed for their evening meal. The air was echoing with shots as each fellow in his own good time steadied his nerves and—with a loud shout of "Pull!"—signalled another fellow to release from a trap a volley of flying disks. Beyond the semicircle of men, the gun barrel wheeling in an arc, and the disks whizzing and shattering over a field of wheat, the green countryside rolled along.

"The great thing about Northamptonshire is that everything here is very *slow*," Miriam Rothschild said indulgently as yet another round began. The men, some with hands in pockets, some with their shotguns resting broken in the crook of an arm, spoke among themselves in low, loamy voices, sounding not too different from the accents of Bottom and Master Quince. Miriam Rothschild is capable of great impatience—with what she

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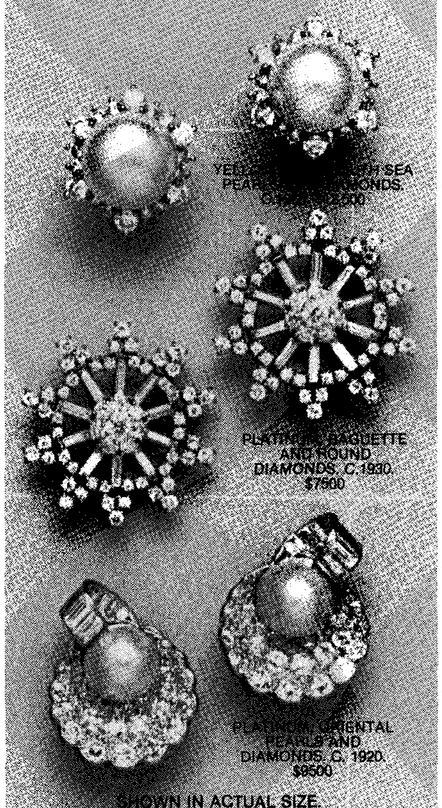

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deems foolish conversation or staff incompetence as well as with the callousness of some rabbis—but of infinite patience, too. She has an old country person's long memory and sense of unfolding time. "We'll never have a spring like this one, with the cherry and the blackthorn out together—not in a hundred years," she said this year. For all her international travelling and honorary doctorates, she is deeply rooted in her village and her country tales, and now she was recalling the time there was a double murder in Ashton village, and the time Eros, her Jersey bull, was separated from his cows and turned up in the road with the field gate on his horns.

"Was that the bull we put the cat fleas on that time?" asked Bernice Williams, under the oak.

"You couldn't put cat fleas on Eros," Miriam Rothschild said. "He's far too nasty."

The shots and cries of "Pull!" echoed on.

"I was a very good shot with a rifle once, but no good with a shotgun," Miriam Rothschild said. "One of my favorite companions during the war was Clark Gable. A pleasant companion for shooting rooks, but a very conceited man." Six thousand American servicemen were stationed at Ashton during the Second World War. She turned over the big house to the Red Cross for a military hospital. "Over there, that was all covered in Nissen huts," Miriam Rothschild said, with a wave. "The Army, the Air Corps, the Ordnance Corps. The Ordnance Corps were the worst. Every wild animal on the place was killed. They destroyed our fire engine—all the wonderful old things." It was a stick of practice bombs gone astray that had put paid to the moat. "I was very friendly with many of the men, especially a padre who had a chestful of medals but was very much against war." She met Captain Lane, her future husband, while he was recuperating in the hospital. A former Hungarian water-polo champion called Lanyi, he was a handsome man seven years younger than she was. ("I like good-looking people," she says.) Later, he became a prisoner of war in Germany, and after the war ended he was decorated with the Military Cross for his outstanding bravery in a famous do-or-die commando troop. "The war was unmitigated hell," Miriam Rothschild said. She suffered a terrifying attack of amnesia after living through the Bristol blitz. As a scientist, she had been in a re-

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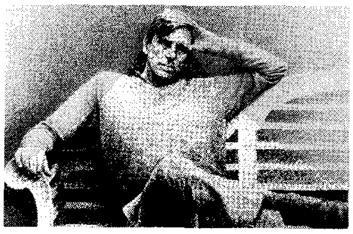

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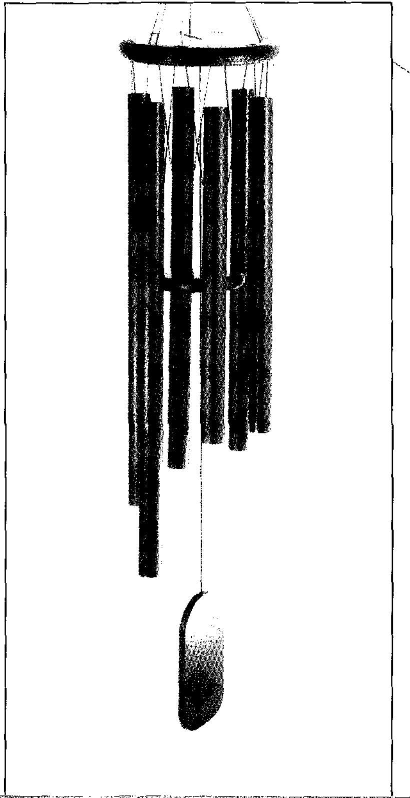

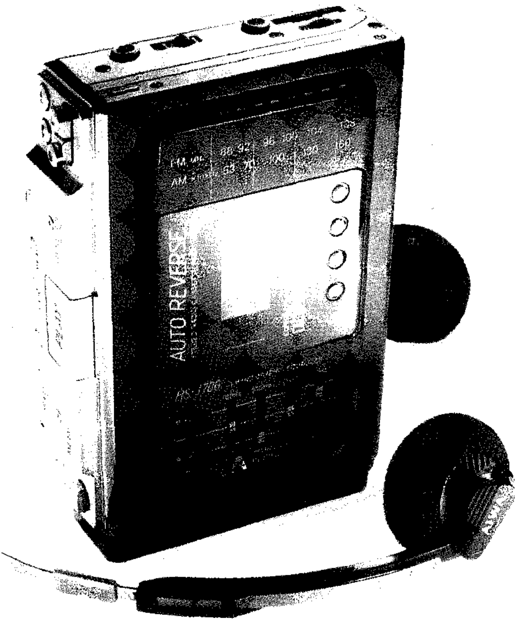

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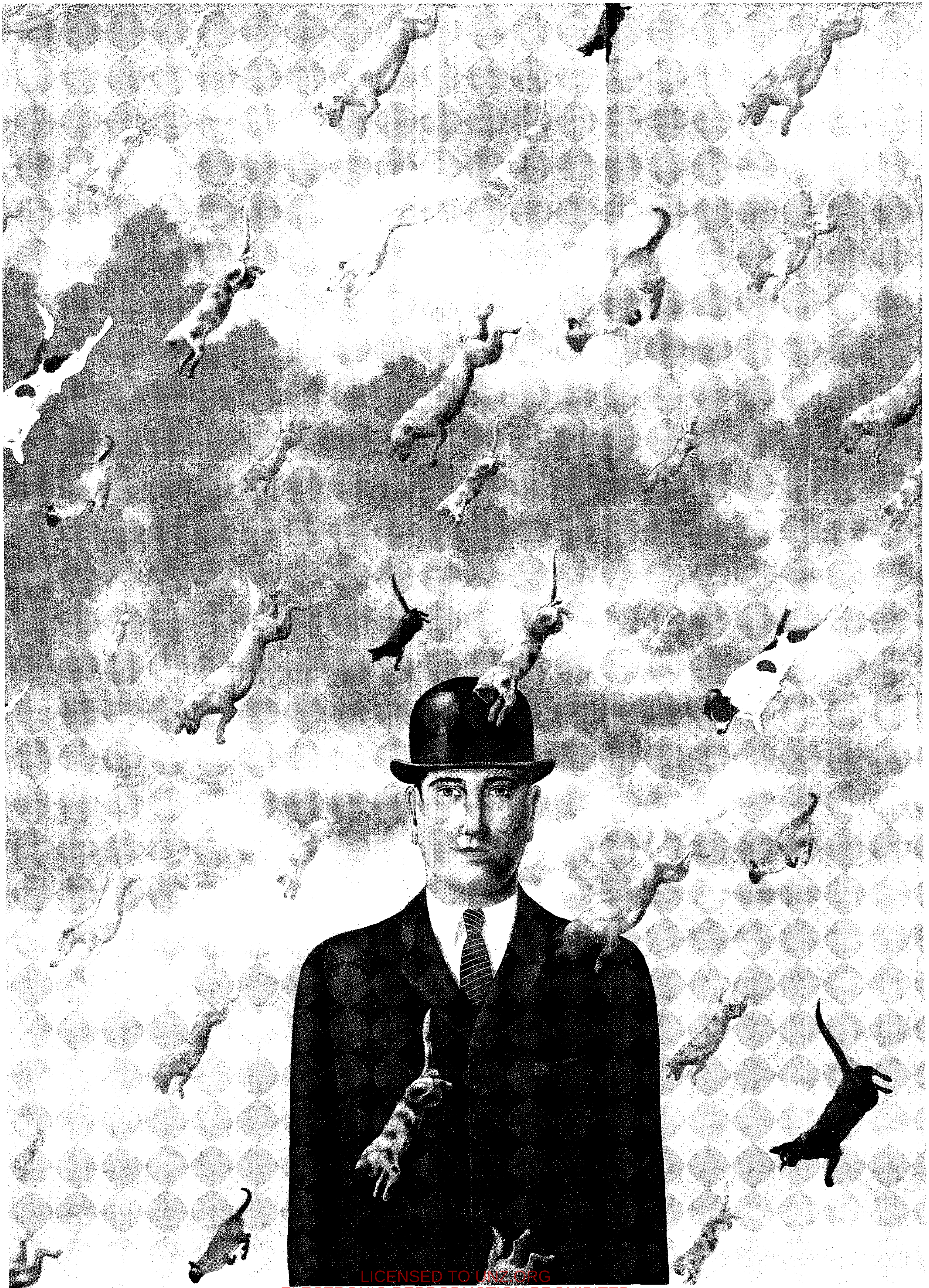

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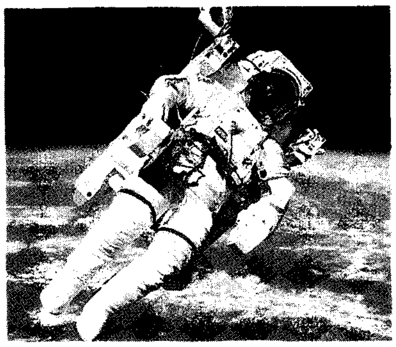

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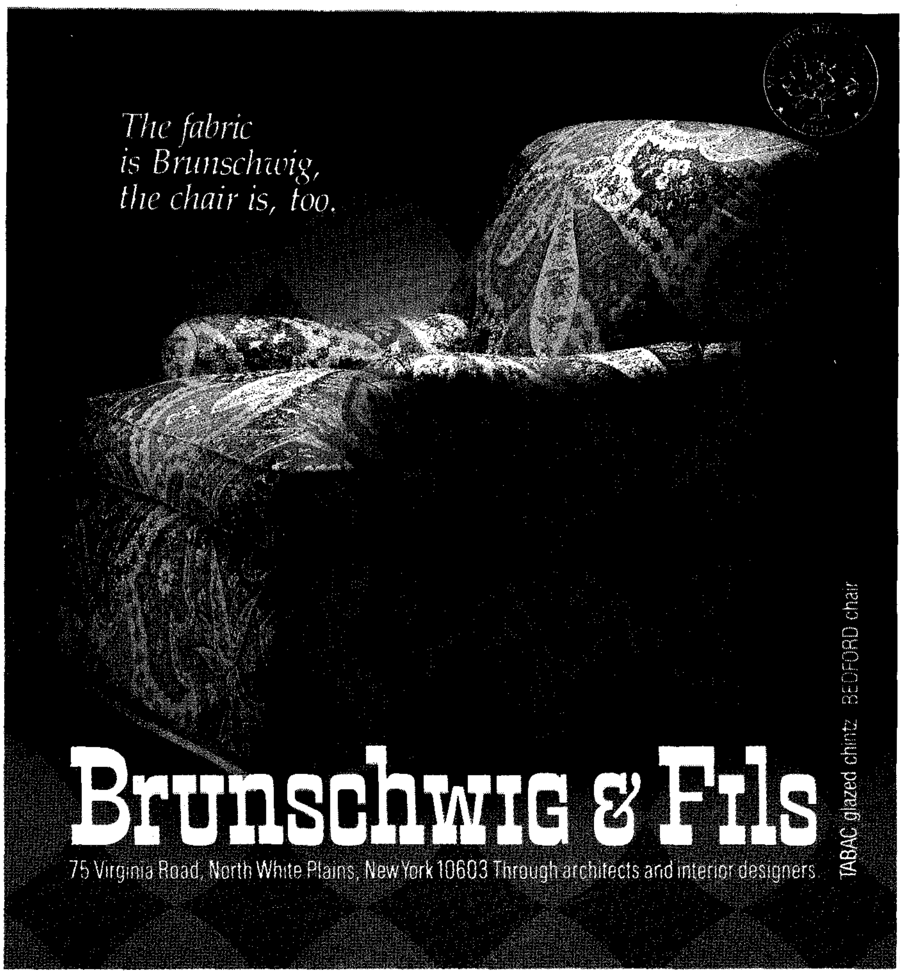
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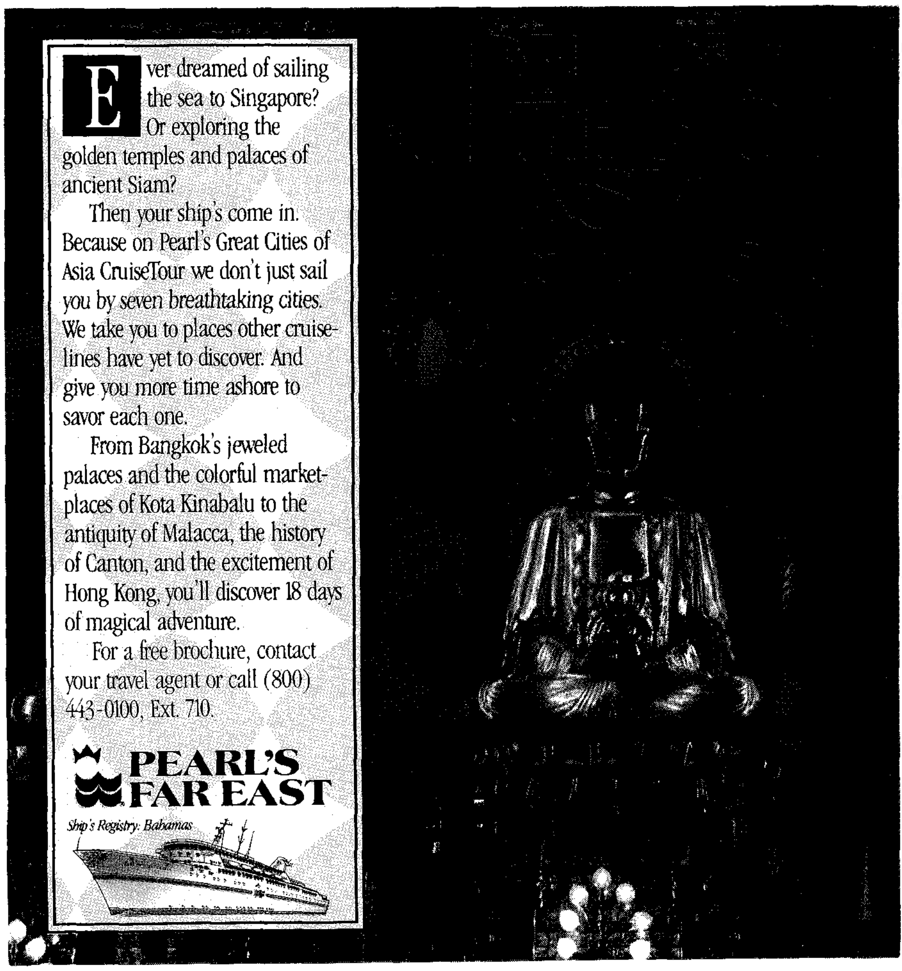
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served category at the outset of the war. "I worked as a dairymaid while they decided what to do with me. Then they sent me into a secret occupation: working side by side with Alan Turing at the decoding center at Bletchley. We worked from four in the afternoon until eight in the morning, with two days off every fortnight. I was comfortably housed at Lord Rosebery's, but I scarcely slept all that time."

The shots and cries had faded and the victor had emerged. Miriam Rothschild shook the hand of the winner. "Very good shooting," she said.

The bystanders took their own well-worn hands from their pockets and clapped, slow and loud. "Well done, lad," said one of the loamy voices, nearby.

Now that silence was creeping over the field at last, a bird began its evening song.

"Fourth prize is Mr. Brightwell," Sid Jackson announced.

"Well done, Steven," the voice said.

"Equal sixth is Mr. T. Wilson and Mr. P. Curtis," Jackson said.

" 'E's gone 'ome," someone said.

Sid Jackson wanted to thank those who had manned the traps, especially a chap who had been up in a tree working the high-board trap. " 'Cause 'e don't like 'ights." Bits of paper were drawn for a raffle. There was some slight confusion. ("That don't count. We'll say Bill Nall won that.")

"No. 28, Mr. Gerald Eastland."

"That's it, Gerald, well done."

Someone stepped up to say he'd like to thank Sid Jackson for running the day so well. The handclaps, like the hooves of shire horses, echoed big and slow across the land.

"Well done, Sid."

THE following morning was cold and gray with blustery winds. Michael Fitzpatrick carefully refolded the *Sunday Telegraph* and set off for church. Miriam Rothschild was champing at the bit, eager to show an old airfield to a young nature-conservancy officer, who had stayed in the village overnight. She said she wanted the young man to give up his present job and come to manage the place as a habitat preserve. "Of course, you'd have to move to Ashton," she said, jocular but firm. "I'm sure we can find you a house."

She parked the car in a lonely lay-by where there was a squashed soft-drink can and wrappers from Wimpy, the British fast-food chain. "Britain is frightfully dirty now—paper blowing about everywhere," she said. "The Dutch used to be a very tidy people, but now Holland is awful. Sweden's pretty clean still. But Singapore's the best." The airfield had a melancholy aspect, with squally rain blowing sidewise over crumbling concrete runways —once loud with fighter planes and Flying Fortresses—overgrown with nettle and briar. At a little distance stood ugly farm buildings converted from wartime hangars, and a farmhouse that would have looked abandoned if blackish coal smoke had not been emerging from a chimney and whipping here and there in the wind. Miriam Rothschild stalked off in her Wellingtons, then stopped to gesture with her whole arm.

"See? Look at this! Don't you think it's *good*? We've got *Lotus corniculatus*. Four subspecies of roses, including *Rothschildii*. Saint-John's-wort, and creeping cinquefoil, and a lot of cowslips, over there. It's the only nesting site of the hen harrier in the county. It's *just* the place for the dingy skipper. Oh, don't you think it's a *marvellous* place?" She believes in affirmative action for butterflies—transporting threatened species to hospitable terrain. "You see this area?" she said, pointing blissfully to a particularly unprepossessing corner of turf and scrub. "Not so long ago, we had the grizzled skipper, the dingy skipper, *and* the Mother Shipton."

Bernice Williams and her friend were standing around, their hands and noses turning blue.

"If someone were to send a colony of Lulworth skippers, there's enough of that awful brachypodium they like. And over here would be suitable for the Duke of Burgundy. Do fritillaries like hairy violets? What do you think?"

Kestrels hovered in the grayness overhead. Managers of the Ashton estate had tried to use this disused airfield for growing timber, Miriam Rothschild recalled. "The plantations failed completely," she said, with satisfaction. "There's an old rocket network under these runways, and the rabbits are in the tunnels for keeps. Ate all the baby conifers. In the end, everyone gave up and left the place to me. It makes a wonderful nature reserve." She stomped along, the rain spitting down and marking with teardrop splashes a green kerchief she was wearing that day, with the familiar dress style in a green-and-beige peacock-feather print. "The cinnabar has

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come, thank goodness, and so has the burnet," she went on. "This was a plowed field in 1940. In another forty years, it will be a wood." Butterflies avoid the shade of dense woods. Once again, she pressed the young man to come. "What bothers me is, when I'm dead there won't be anyone to manage the place."

"Isn't there anyone local?" he said.

"There *isn't* anyone."

Back in the car, she said, "Oh, do look at those two cock pheasants fighting!" She had cheered up again.

"I just want to show you this reed field I've planted. Twenty acres of phragmites. It's going to be a wonderful bird reserve in winter, and we'll get some thatch out of it as well." She pulled up at a brick building, very George Eliot-looking, by a stream. "Excuse my enthusiasm," she said, leading the little band round the side of the building and letting out a delighted laugh. The rain was heavy now—dropping into the dark waters of a millpond and, together with a chub that surfaced briefly, bouncing up and plopping back again. Willows dangled in the water. A fat mallard waddled out of the rushes like a country parson, turning right round in a circle, as if taking a bow.

"We've got kingfishers and great crested grebes, and the otter came back this week," our guide said. To the visible relief of the chillier members of the group, she led everyone indoors, to what turned out to be a little museum. There were relics of the Roman settlement in Ashton ("We organized a dig —it was great fun") and exhibits of fishing techniques, including the use of cormorants, in Japan. "The cormorants, when they perch, all face north —you can steer by them. I was fascinated," she said. There were old tools from the blacksmith's and the thatcher's trades. "My father was very keen on local crafts," she said. "Look, this is phragmites. These are the kneelers the thatchers wear for crawling on the roof. A thatcher is the rarest thing you can catch these days —rarer than a purple emperor. We had one apprentice used to come to Ashton, liked to work naked. Sat up there on the thatch, absolutely starkers. Ha!"

"IT'LL be rather a scrappy luncheon, I'm afraid," Miriam Rothschild had said to the nature-conservancy officer, inviting him and his wife back to the house. Several dozen of the human species (a motley party

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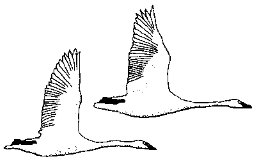

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of acquaintances entomological and natural-historical, together with some neighbors, members of a younger generation of the genus *Rothschildia*, and the eccentric poet) alighted around two large tables in the dining room to feed on roast lamb with mint sauce and red-currant jelly, roast and mashed potatoes, several other vegetables, and a choice of puddings, the whole washed down with either Rothschild claret or a homemade elder-flower cordial.

"Someone just asked me who all these people are," the hostess said happily. "I said, 'Don't ask me, I haven't the foggiest who half of 'em are!' "

She had seated the young conservancy man next to her in order to talk about what interested her most. "Last year, we introduced those marbled whites," she told him. "I should have let the females out earlier. The fritillaries were a washout."

Like veterans of the war between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers, the pair rehashed battles fought in poetic corners of the English countryside. "We lost the Aston Rowant case," she said. "A really dirty bit of business. But they're reopening the inquiry on the Winchester Bypass—did you hear? Wretched road, going through the best bit of downland. It's a scandal. I couldn't be in conservation all the time—I'd cut my throat."

Michael Fitzpatrick, who had been scrupulously attentive to his partners at table—offering to revisit the sideboard on their behalf, or pass the condiments—was exhibiting some behavior exquisite and rare as the guests lingered on over the cheese board. Sitting upright in his chair, with his napkin never slipping from his knee, and seeming to listen to the conversation—even uttering little humming-and-agreeing sounds from time to time, as if to say "Do please go on"—he contrived to refresh himself with a little nap. At length, the group rose flutteringly and came to rest once more in the drawing room, and almost immediately it was the hour for the housekeeper to arrive with the trays of afternoon tea. The wet gray Sunday damped down the garden beyond the window seats and cocooned the occupants of the room in early dusk. Big logs burned in the fireplace, warming the air until it filled with the scent from great bouquets of roses of old varieties, yellow and blood red. People perched on the arms of square old armchairs or sank into their depths; others lolled on the floor; and one

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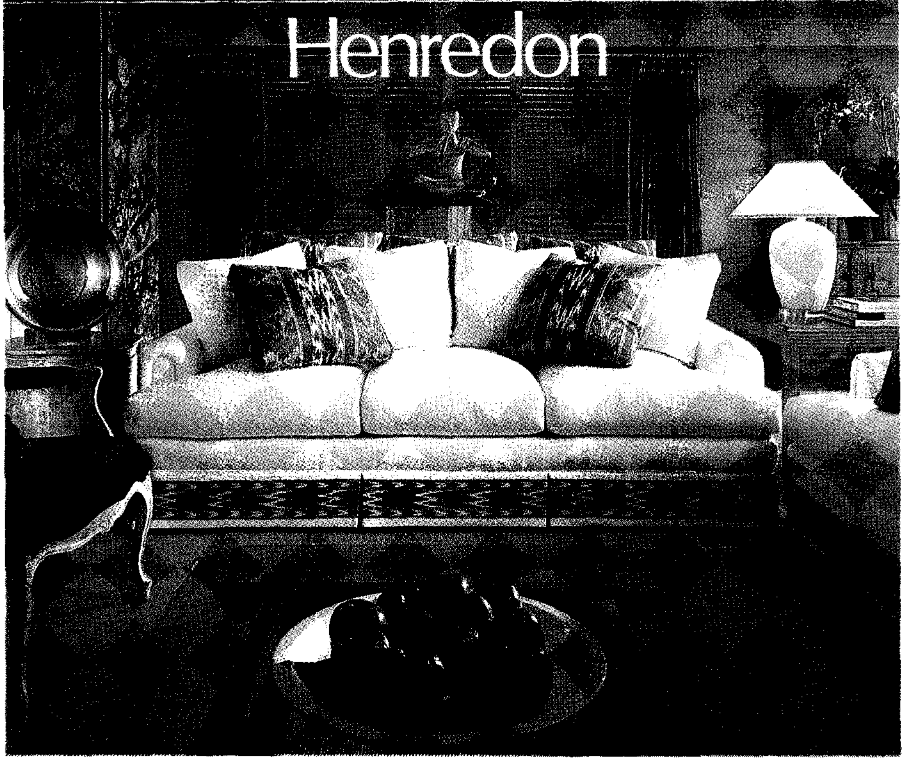

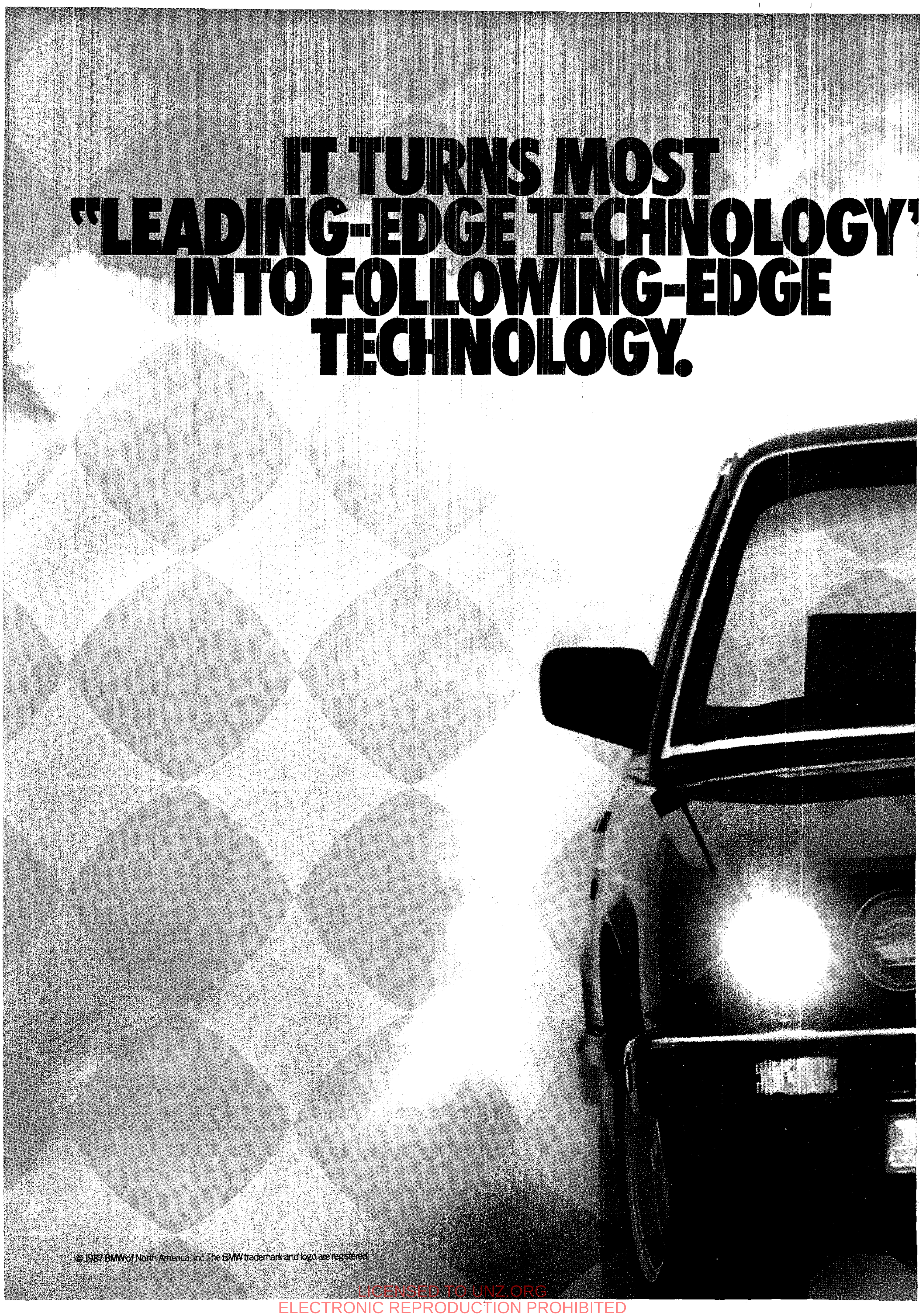
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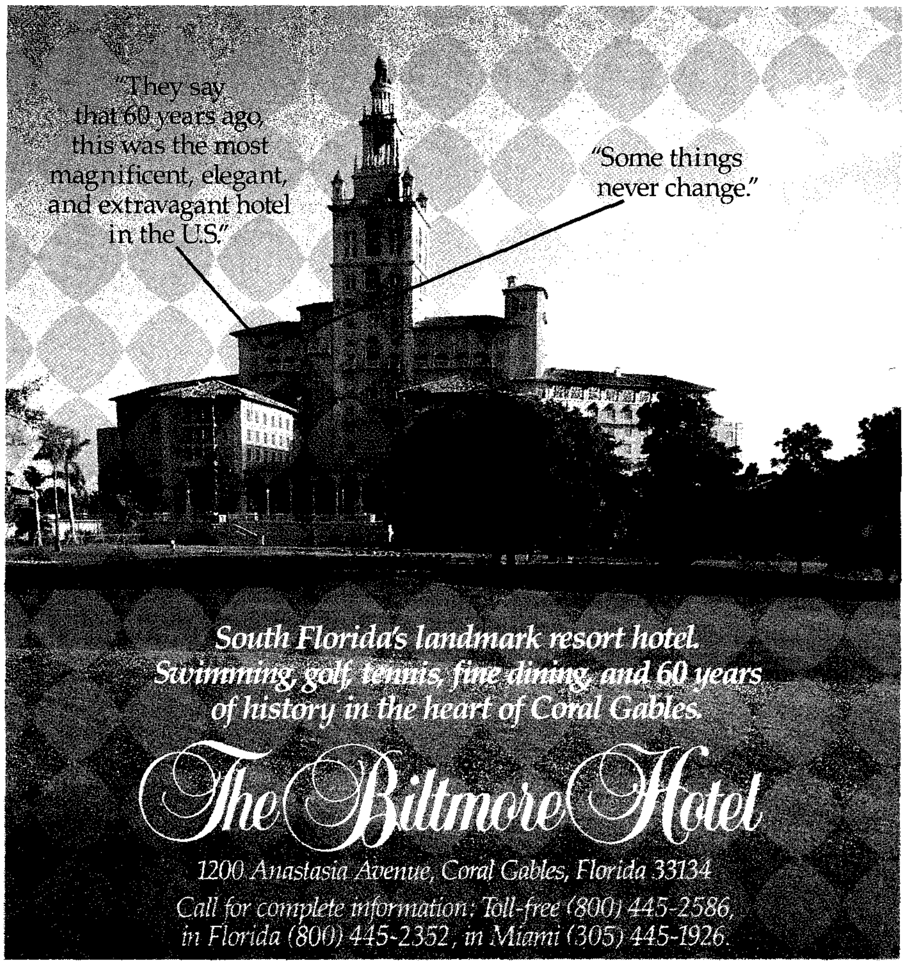
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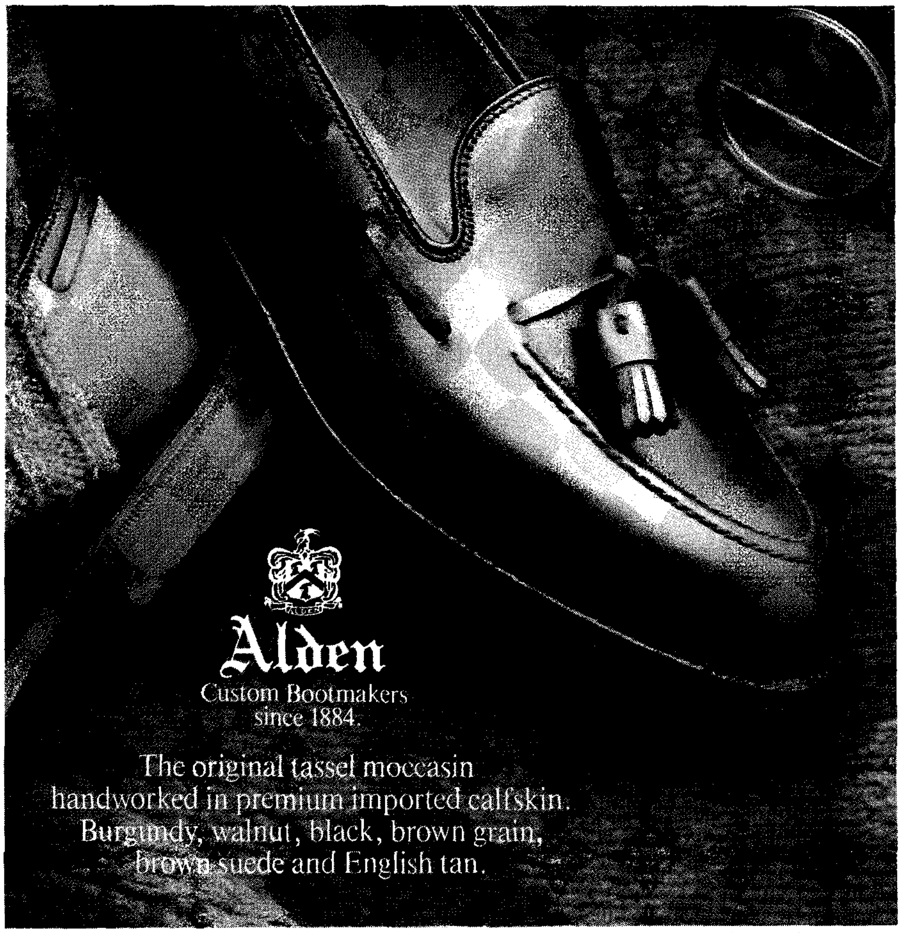
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guest sat down on the bench of the grand piano, then leaned forward to peer at the notes of Hungarian dances in a book of music open on the stand. Still others, chatting, holding cups and saucers, snoozing, or reading one of a stack of national newspapers, lined the cushions of big, pale sofas. Creaturely, organic objects, these sofas: hosts to clinging burrs brought in from outdoors; accented by muddy paw prints; and vaguely sagging about the undercarriage, like Jersey cows. One of the heads in the room was bent over a book of ichthyology—one of thousands of books (on insects, Rothschilds, horses, birds, and many other things) that covered two of the room's walls from ceiling to floor. "It's a *terrible thing to have a room with no* books," Miriam Rothschild said. "There are about fifteen thousand books in this house. I can't bear the thought of anyone fiddling with them. They're my friends." A pair of heads—one of them the eccentric poet's—were bent over a chessboard. Other guests played with a rosy baby or with the only one of the dogs to have been admitted, as being the most likely not to bite anyone.

Miriam Rothschild, still wearing the green kerchief, stood leaning back against the tea table with a piece of cake in one hand. She and Kate Garton were reminiscing about the International Flea Conference that had been held at Ashton Wold ten years before.

"Ninety flea people. With wives who had to be entertained with coach trips—that part was the worst," Miriam Rothschild said.

"Then we had tea for four hundred on the polo ground," Kate Garton said.

"And dinner for three hundred out here," Miriam Rothschild said, waving vaguely out at the mist beyond the window.

"Remember that pop group and your pot plants?"

Miriam Rothschild roared. "I was doing a very serious scientific experiment with some marijuana plants. Those chaps went straight to 'em. Noses like truffle hounds!"

A famous jazz musician—a keen polo player—was a house guest at Ashton Wold at the time of the Flea Conference; he would have performed for the assembly had he not got drunk. (Miriam Rothschild's youngest sister, the Baroness de Koenigswarter, is widely known as a jazz patron, and was a close friend of Thelonious Monk.)

"People were supposed to have breakfast at the pub, but the landlord overslept," Miriam Rothschild recalled. "We had a meal going in the marquee, perpetually. Cooked a whole sheep."

"There was the elevenses party on the green," Kate Garton said, looking dreamy. "Scones. Walnut cake. Shortbread. *Gâteau*. But I shall never forgive myself about that big copper pan that disappeared, as long as I live. I should never have used it to put those strawberries in."

"I had more energy in those days," Miriam Rothschild said, still laughing. "It was quite fun while it lasted."

Later, over a Sunday supper of soup and cold lamb, we were a much depleted group. Miriam Rothschild had doffed her kerchief, revealing white hair swept up in a neat but unpremeditated style. "I'm totally unselfconscious, always," she once said to me. "Even as a young woman, I was like that. When I was about eight, I remember going to my mother and saying, 'Nellie'—she was one of the maids—'says I'm pretty. I don't know what that means.' " This evening, she was hooting with laughter in the light of candles as she regaled Michael Fitzpatrick, Kate Garton, and me with old stories about her former husband, Captain Lane. (She remains on good terms with him, and he often visits her at Ashton Wold.) Recalling his unfortunate habit of knocking men down in night clubs, she was in the midst of a dramatic, blow-by-blow account of a contest between him and a chap at Mirabelle—a former prizefighter, at that—when the telephone rang.

"*Allô? Allô?*" she barked at the instrument. "*Qui est ça? Ah, Jacqueline! C'est toi! Tu as reçu ma lettre?*"

She speaks fluent French, but pronounces it with an uncompromisingly upper-class English accent, like Winston Churchill or the Queen. A table by the window of the drawing room held vases of wildflowers and an array of recently published books on art, science, and poetry, in English and in French. With the departure of most of the weekend's guests, the shelties had been set free from their annex and restored to pride of place. "I like my dogs rather better than my friends," Miriam Rothschild sometimes says. As she settled by the fireside after dinner—head back, legs comfortably apart, forearms stretched along the arms of a big old chair—the pack settled around her feet, looking like brown-and-white fur rugs, and squabbled and snapped at each other in a contest for her lap. In the next armchair, Kate Garton (who had had a very busy weekend) rubbed her eyes with a fist for a time, then curled up like a dormouse in another chair and fell sound asleep. Over on the sofa, Michael Fitzpatrick performed a small charade of interest in his newspaper, then let his lids fall, too, resuming his little humming-and-listening sounds. Some lilacs in a Stanley Spencer painting nodded from the chimney breast.

"I've never been a *collector*," Miriam Rothschild said when I asked her about the art in her house. "I've just bought things I liked. All the really good things I bought when I was young. You won't buy anything good after you're thirty."

I said I supposed one's tastes became more fixed.

"It isn't taste. It's hormones."

When I asked whether she had commissioned the flea, painted by Graham Sutherland, that was hanging in the downstairs loo, she said she had not. "But did you see the Stanley Spencer nettles in the dining room? I

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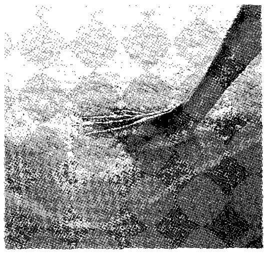

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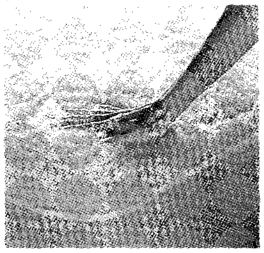

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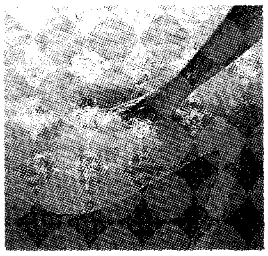

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commissioned those. The loaf of bread in there is Avigdor Arikha. The cheese is his as well. His father died in a Nazi death march. My cousin Alix helped Avigdor."

From the direction of the sofa the humming-and-listening could be heard to tilt toward snoring—polite but distinct.

"This new book I'm doing is all about butterflies and doves in art," she said. "The idea is that doves are a symbol of the spirit and butterflies of the soul. I've written a chapter on Nabokov. I'm a great admirer of his. I went to lunch at All Souls and sat next to a man who was a professor of comparative religion. He gave me a reading list. And I plowed through the works of Jung. I'm extremely interested in the concept of the soul. But I don't believe in God. Oh, no. I'm an atheist. I think it's immoral to believe in God."

"Michael!" she bellowed suddenly, abruptly silencing the snoring that had been quite like the cooing of a dove. On her knee, the dog whose flank she had been stroking snapped up its head and twitched its ears. "Wake up, Michael! I'm sure *you* think it's immoral to believe in God!"

He blinked in the lamplight and half pretended to have been listening all along. Then, like the parfit gentil knight, he set off in defense of Faith. "I don't mean an old man with a white beard and plus fours," he said. "Nothing like that, of course."

"Just think of wards stuffed full of babies with AIDS," Miriam Rothschild said indignantly.

A log burned through in the fireplace and fell away from its neighbor with a little crunch. Michael Fitzpatrick did his best to expound the problem of pain, using man-eating sharks as his example. Kate Garton slept obliviously on.

Miriam Rothschild let out a snort. "In a world that was properly managed, sharks *wouldn't* go about eating people. God does a lousy job, that's all I can say. No, within a short time I simply won't know anything. I don't think I have a soul. I don't think we understand natural history, but I don't think it's *divine*. What you can say is I believe implicitly in good will. I think everyone should be willing to help everyone else. Neither of my parents was religious, but no two people ever emanated more good will. My parents and my grandparents were motivated by very high ideals. It wasn't spoken of that way, but, looking back, I can see they had *very* high ideals. I can remember asking my mother 'Is it good to be ambitious?' and her saying 'The only thing worth having ambition about is moral standards.' These things were drummed into me as a child."

Sensing danger past, Michael Fitzpatrick was drifting back into the kingdom of dreams. (Like Kate Garton, he was to leave Ashton at the crack of dawn the next day.) "Poor Michael," Miriam Rothschild said affectionately. "He's had rather a difficult evening—George Lane's misbehavior and the immorality of God!"

She went on, "All my books were written as acts of service. The great thing is a life of contribution—to bring some grist to the mill." She is scrupulous in acknowledging collaborators on scientific projects, whether the collaborator is a Nobel laureate, a gardener, or her son as a boy of eight. But her most recent writing, whatever the ostensible subject, has been transfigured by bursts of the purely personal—remembered voices and visions from a childhood that was like a fairy tale: the palatial houses stuffed with mysteries and treasures; the grandfather who liked to shower gold half-sovereigns from his carriage; the brilliant, dotty uncle with his cassowaries and his white top hat; and the terrible darkening when she was fifteen and her father, who was subject to chronic depressions as a result of encephalitis, took his own life.

"How many times have you read Proust?" I asked her now, beside the embers of the fire.

"I'd hate to tell you!" she said. "My mother loved 'À La Recherche du Temps Perdu' as well. I can remember when I was a child seeing her come running down the corridor saying 'I have just finished the most marvellous book!' And I remember a French governess I had—a Mlle. Bize—reading Proust aloud to me while I was drawing some starfish, during the summer I was seventeen. We read it from cover

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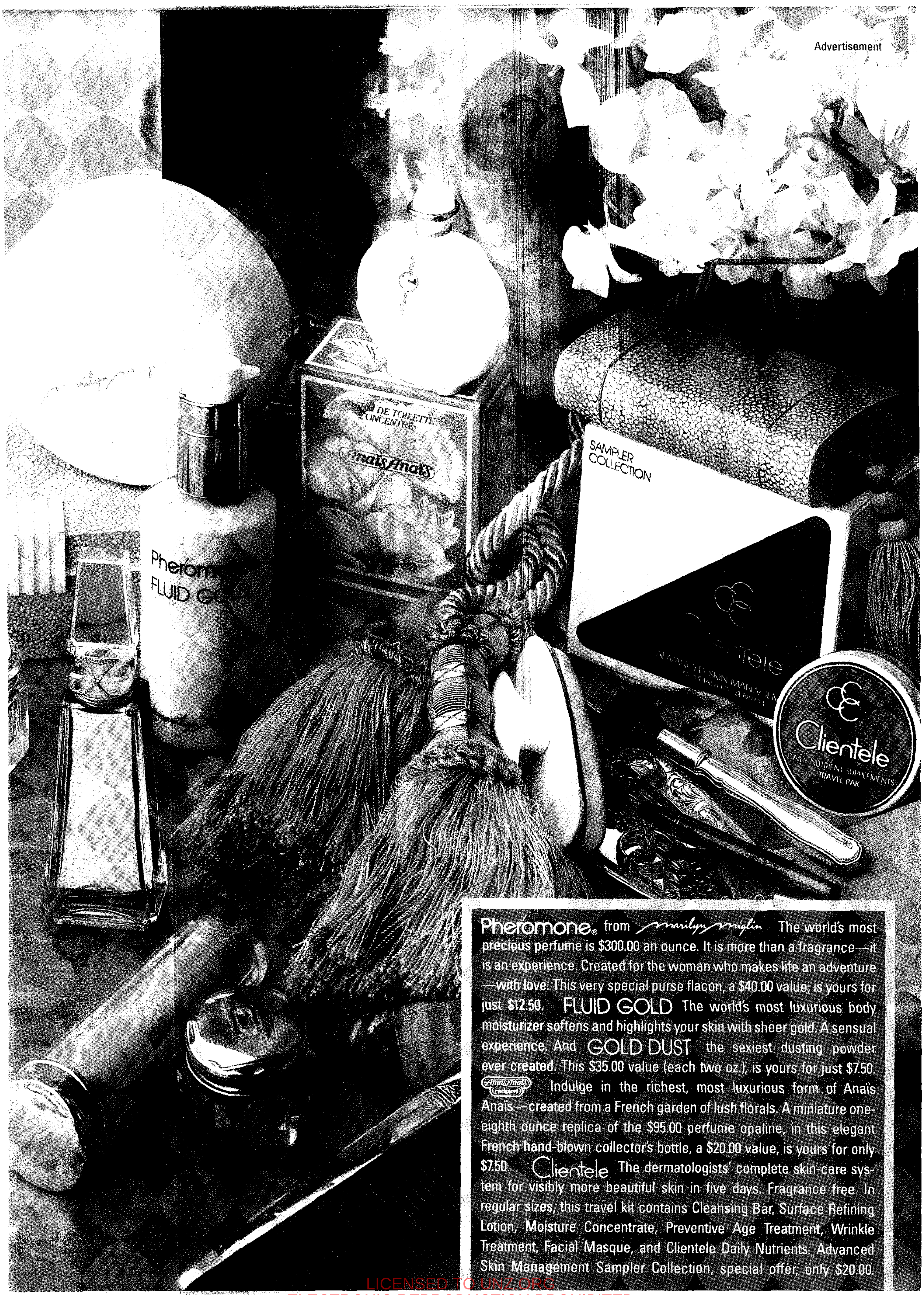

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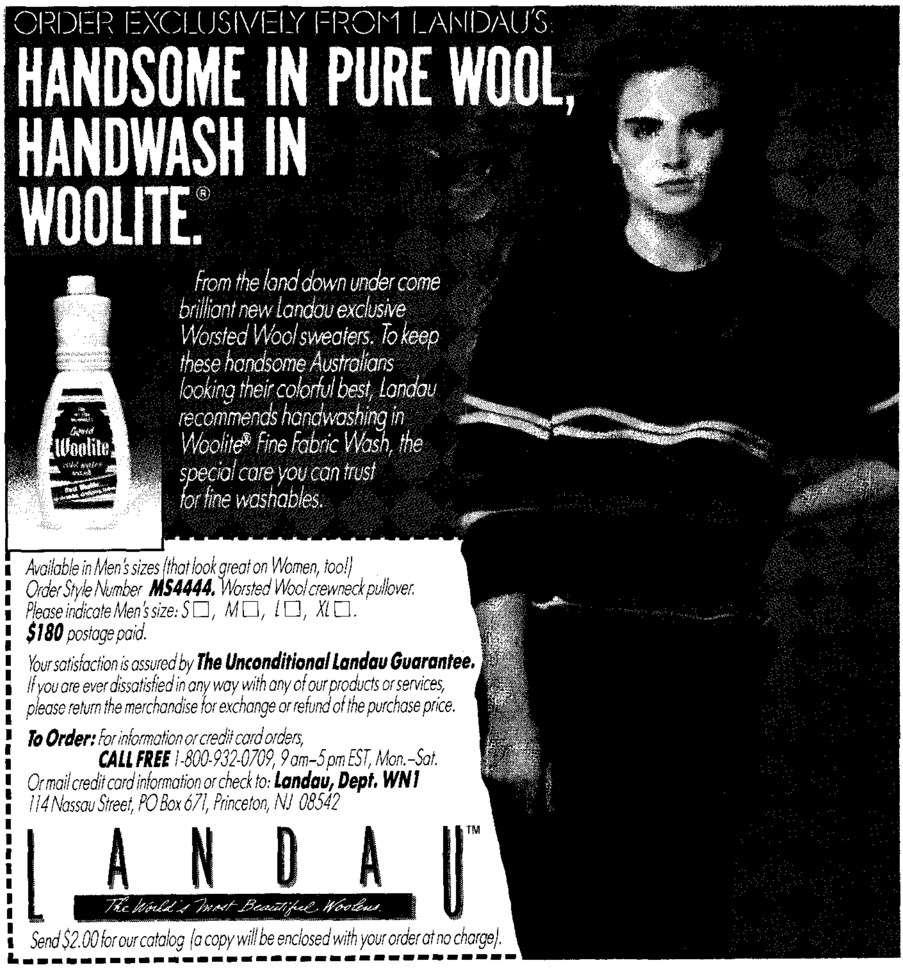

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to cover that year. I must have read it twenty times since then."

BY teatime the next day, the cabbage-white butterflies inside the old Edwardian greenhouse were in a dispirited mood: a hundred sets of white wings beat against the green netting of their cage or settled wearily on some orange and purple flowers in a jar. (Earlier, the chauffeur had fetched the colony in a shoebox from the house of a Cambridge professor, leaving in exchange a couple of bottles of Rothschild claret.) Miriam Rothschild folded her notebook and, closing the door carefully behind her, ambled off down the garden path. Long beds radiating from the sundial in the old vegetable gardens now held rows of campion, sweet rocket, forget-me-not, and self-heal. A vixen (infuriating to the gardeners) was raising her cubs within the protection of the gardens' sheltering walls. A greenhouse that once held orchids was now home to an extended family of tame palomino-colored rabbits, which rose on their haunches, woffling ears and whiskers at her as she passed by.

"Pamela?" she said, coming to the last in a row of greenhouses and stopping outside its door. "Where are you, Pamela? Ah, there you are!" From a branch high under a canopy of ivy, a tawny owl blinked down at her with enormous eyes.

"Toowit, toowit, chkk-chkk-chkk," the bird said, opening and closing its curved bill.

"Oh Pammie, Pammie, Pammie dear," Miriam Rothschild said in a low, melodic private chant, lifting a face full of love. "Pammie dear, have you been fed?"

The dogs had killed a wild baby rabbit and had laid its small, warm, bloody body under the table that was set with the tea things, back in the drawing room. Miriam Rothschild lifted a domed silver cover and looked down at the contents of a plate. "I absolutely love burned toast," she said. Wordlessly, her sister Liberty Rothschild came in, sat down and played some passages on the piano with great finesse, then picked up a cup of tea and drifted out. A schizophrenic, she lives in one of the wings of Ashton Wold together with a companion, who is a nun. "She was the most gifted of us all," Miriam Rothschild said. "I think lunatics should be allowed to live at home, as part of your community. She really doesn't bother me at all. Oh, sometimes she'll do frightfully annoying things, like letting my butterflies out. Says they should be free. Once, we were all at dinner and she was bored with the conversation. She didn't know that's what it was, but she was *bored*. So she got an orchid out of the middle of the table and ate it. Munched her way through it. *Very* slowly. Ha! That stopped us in our tracks!"

Miriam Rothschild had been talking all day, on and off, about the years up to and during the Second World War. "I don't believe in God," she had said that morning, plumping herself down on the sofa and resuming the previous evening's conversation as if no time had intervened. "But I believe very strongly in belonging to the Jewish community. I don't mind who I say I'm Jewish to. During the whole of the thirties, one was totally informed about the Nazi persecution of the Jews, and about thousands of people, some of whom one knew personally, who were being expelled from their country and not allowed into this. Prime Minister Baldwin did one thing for these refugees—he allowed children under eighteen to come, provided they had a sponsor. I formed a committee of my contemporaries—people under thirty—to place them and help them once they were here. I had forty-nine children at Ashton, and the whole family sponsored many more. I took first come, no discussion. A woman appeared with three children—they were evacuees from the London blitz—and it turned out she was the wife of the best viola player of the day, and the children were musical geniuses. That added greatly to the pleasure of those days. But, no matter what you did, you couldn't get over the tragic circumstances. Among these refugee kids we had three suicides. That'll give you an idea. I learned that my address was being touted in the Frankfurt ghetto as someone who would help. The man in the street in Britain was responsive to the Baldwin scheme, but the Foreign Office and the Home Office behaved extremely badly. The late Sir John Foster, the barrister—a great friend and adviser of mine, I miss him very much—did battle with the authorities when he took up the cause of the Jewish refugees. This was the most stressful time in my life. It permanently injured and scarred me. No one sane could have been close and not been scarred. From the Pope to the gutter press, it was the greatest failure of the human race, the greatest tragedy of our age. Nothing again could matter on that scale."

Her husband's whole family was annihilated; her aunts and uncles on the Continent suffered hideous deprivation or met brutal ends. "My cousin Alix was a refugee, and her mother-in-law took her own life when the Gestapo knocked on the door. But Alix was never as bitter about it all as I was." Miriam Rothschild and Foster initiated a movement, on behalf of the survivors of the extermination camps, to prevent the victorious Allied armies from liberating the "unfortunate remnants" without first giving them time to recover something of their physical strength and their dignity. "We were able to get Churchill on our side," she said. And the pair fought again to cut through the thicket of government red tape that prevented Jews from residing in Britain after the war or taking possession of any property there until they had satisfied the authorities that they had really been "deprived of their personal liberty." She was particularly incensed by the case of a certain count, whose hairdresser had saved him from the Gestapo by hiding him in a cupboard for two years but who was said not to have been deprived of his liberty, because he had hidden voluntarily. "I thought the whole thing was bloody-minded. The late Sir John Foster thought it was a disgrace," she said, heaving a great sigh. "The trouble, the difficulty, the heartbreak of that time, the incredible stresses and strains. Nothing can ever compare."

NOW dusk came rolling over land and garden at Ashton Wold to curl around the house. Mist pressed damply fragrant at the long mullioned windows and cast the room in shadows of gray-green.

"Sometimes one has to seek out people with power, but I've never been remotely interested in having it," Miriam Rothschild was saying. The day's stack of newspapers had gone untouched. "My mother read four newspapers every day, in different languages. But my mother was a political animal, which I never was. And the late Sir John Foster could get more out of a newspaper than anyone else I've ever known. I can just see him now, sitting reading in that armchair, with the papers all round him on the floor." In the same spirit of time management in which she took up her uniform of kerchief and dress, she gets her news chiefly from the BBC World Service, in the middle of the night. "Pro-

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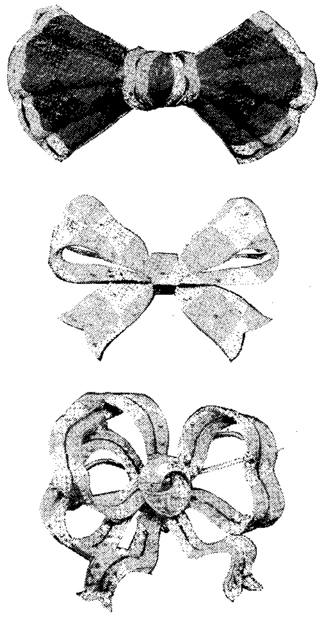

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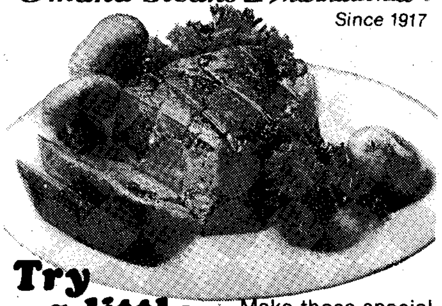

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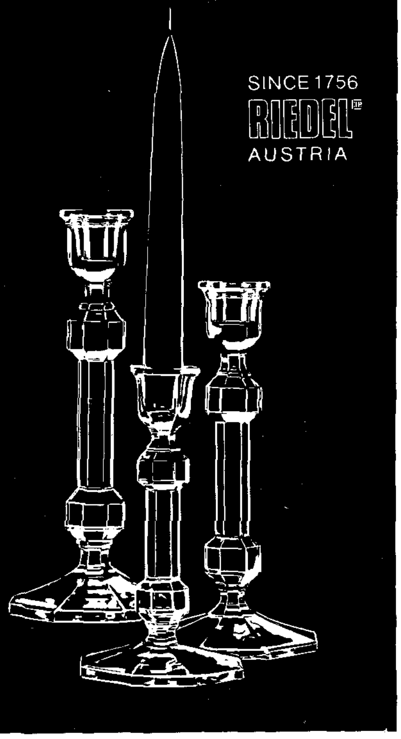

fessor Ford, one of the cleverest men at Oxford, *never* read the newspapers," she said. She has known a fair proportion of the century's cleverest men—what she calls "the Great Brains." "J. B. S. Haldane was one of those people with a terrific memory, unbelievably brilliant; I *adored* his company when I was young. Isaiah, of course—Sir Isaiah Berlin—is probably the best brain alive." Although she is by now opposed to marriage and is enough of a feminist to have been thrown out of a hotel in Devon for urging its chambermaids to strike, she still calls her children "by far my greatest achievement," and believes that the difference between men and women is that men tend to think big while women tend to think small.

"I'm a good example of thinking small," she said. "My scientific work is all bits and pieces that may or may not add up to something. I've never had a master plan. Proust, for example, was a person who thought big. I only saw the end of the drawing room. For a few minutes." She crossed the drawing room now to open the door to the garden and let out her dogs. From the topmost branch of a cherry tree a song thrush was sounding in the soft green semidark. "During the war, we used to say the thrushes sang the names of Allied battles in North Africa. 'Tobruk, Tobruk . . . Sidi Barrani, Sidi Barrani.' Can you hear?" She stood with her hand on the doorknob, listening and looking out. One of the dogs woof-woofed in the woods some way off.

Not long ago, Miriam Rothschild wrote a memoir of Foster and read it at a testimonial dinner. It touched on his great career, his love of food and laughter, his affection for Americans and women, and his sense, at the end of his life, that he might have failed. "That's the thing about being a Great Brain," she told me. "He wanted to alter the face of the world. He thought you could *force* people to have common sense, but you can't. That's just the difference, you see. He thought big."

—KENNEDY FRASER

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Bradford* (*Pa.*) *Era*]

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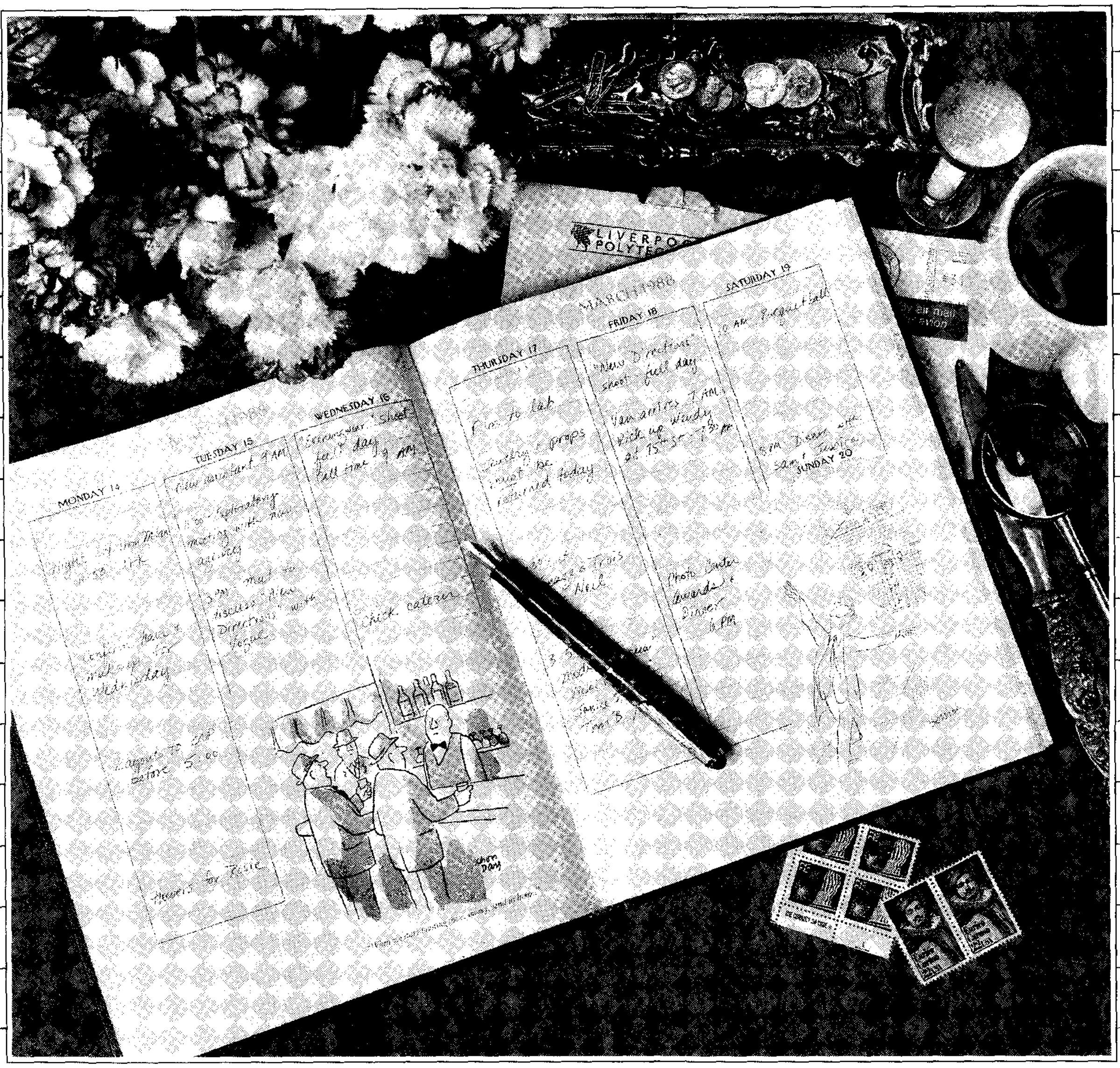

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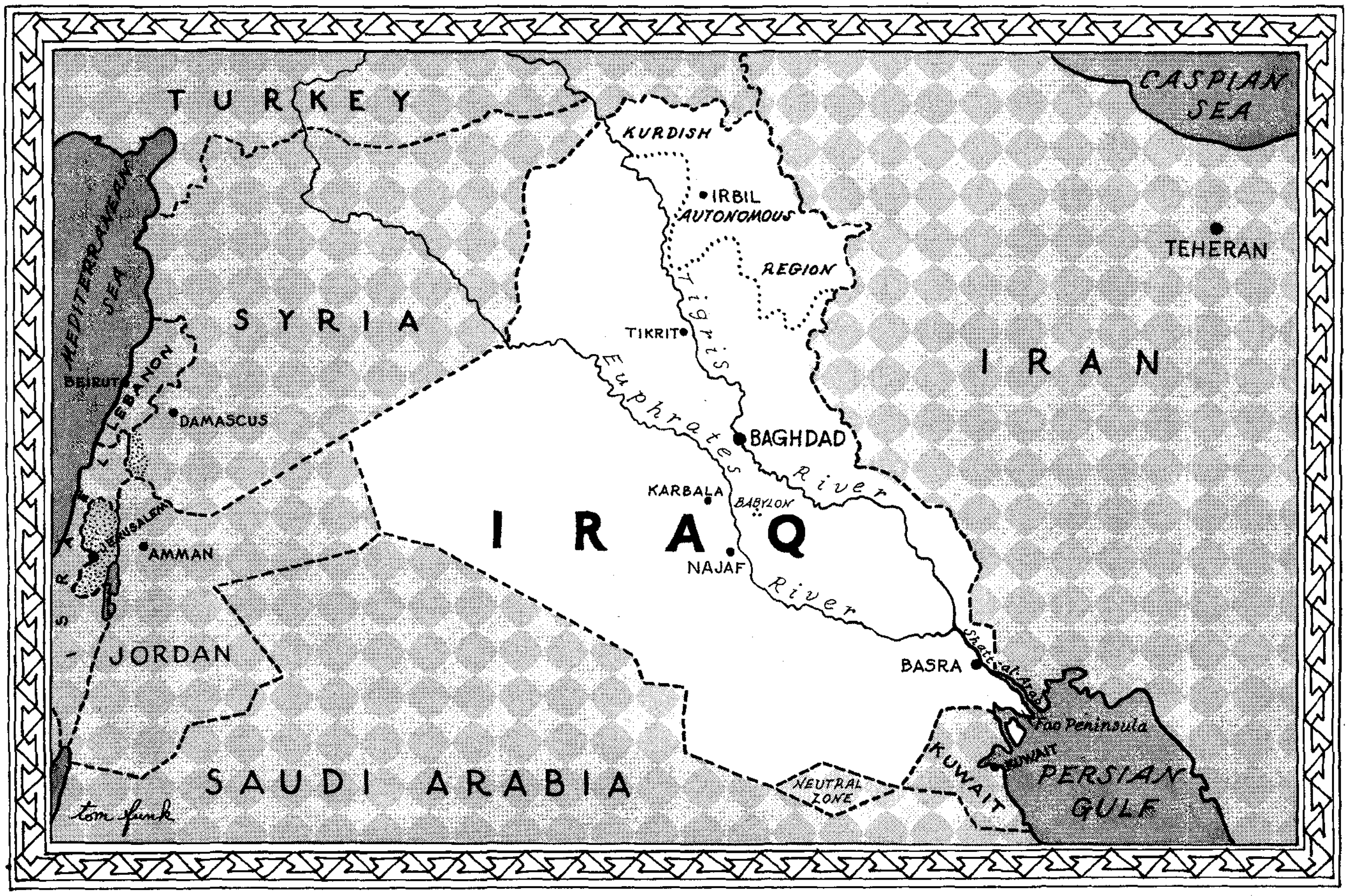


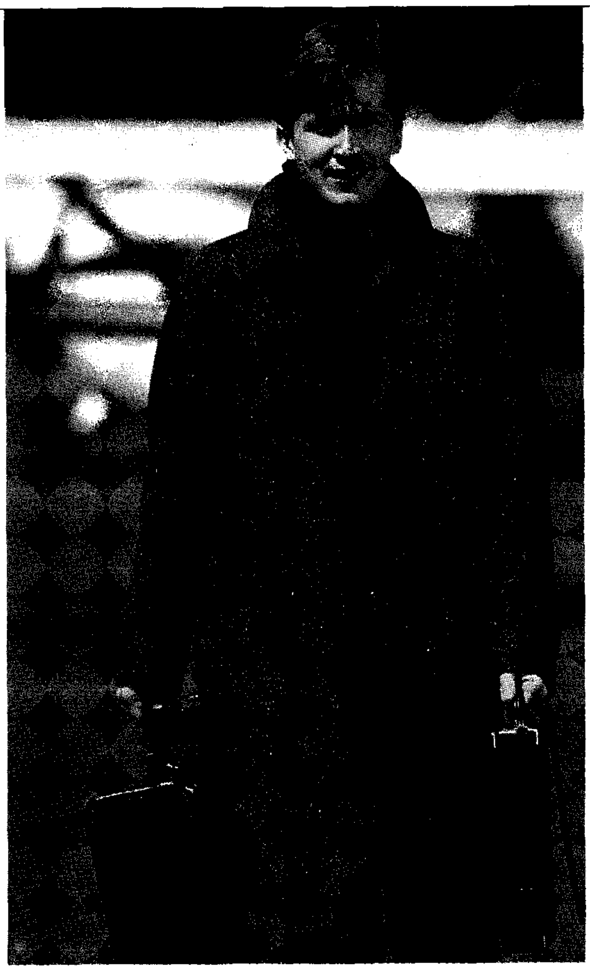
To travel south from Baghdad to the Shiite communities of Karbala and Najaf, as I did this summer, is to cross the heart of Mesopotamia, the rich land between the Tigris and the Euphrates which has been farmed for at least six millennia. The road, newly paved and four lanes wide, passes through the center of busy market towns and along the edge of mud-brick farming villages that wear halos of television antennas. The land is relentlessly flat, but much of it is green, even in the rainless summer, and groves of trees periodically interrupt one's view of the horizon. Children tend flocks of sheep or goats. Small herds of cattle and, occasionally, of water buffalo collect in and around the irrigation canals. Tractors, standing unused in the fields, announce the adoption of modern cultivation techniques, and anti-aircraft batteries on top of high mounds adjacent to bridges and overpasses announce the presence of war. Along with the guns, heaps of trash at the roadside (abandoned automobile carcasses, tires, oil drums, plastic bags: the detritus of industrial development) proclaim the intrusion upon ancient Mesopotamia of contemporary civilization.

Karbala and Najaf sit at the divide between farmland and desert, respectively fifty-five and a hundred miles from Baghdad. They are the sacred cities of the Shiites, nearly as holy to them as Mecca itself. Najaf is eternally linked to Ali, son-in-law of Muhammad, and—according to the Shiites—his rightful successor. Shiite tradition holds that Ali's dying wish, after he had been stabbed in 661, was to be placed on a camel and laid to rest wherever it knelt. Najaf became his burial place. His sons, Hussein and Abbas, are buried in separate shrines at Karbala. Since the beginning of the Iran-Iraq war, Ayatollah Khomeini, self-appointed champion of the claims of Ali's descendants, has been exhorting his troops to liberate Karbala and Najaf—to save their shrines from desecration by the Baathi infidels.

Compared with Baghdad, Karbala and Najaf are sombre cities, where the people seldom seem to smile. Most of the women I saw wore the traditional black *abayah*, and, hot as it was, they wrapped these garments more tightly around themselves than Baghdad women do. Many more women wore veils. The outer precincts of both cities are unattractive, and it is startling to see the huge and beautiful Shiite shrines loom suddenly ahead. Though they differ slightly architecturally, they follow, in style and scale, the design of the mosque in Kadhimiyah, the Shiite quarter of Baghdad. Each is surrounded by a wall, above which soar twin gold-leafed domes and slim, piercing minarets. Within the walls is a courtyard the size of a grand piazza. The sides of the shrine itself are covered with intricate, bright-colored mosaics in which blues predominate. Pillars support a front roof, which extends to shade a twelve-foot-high arched entrance, and above this entrance is a cupola-shaped recess with small mirrors deftly arranged to catch the sunlight. Not being a Muslim, I was forbidden to enter the shrines. But at Najaf I was allowed, after removing my shoes, to stand at the entryway of the Shrine of Ali and peer inside, where I could see Ali's tomb, approximately the size of a railroad car, with robed men and women crowding around to touch, even to kiss, its surface of hammered silver and gold.

The imam who permitted me to watch this scene wore a turban that resembled those of the Iranian mullahs—a style I saw nowhere else in Iraq. He was the guardian of the shrine, he told me, and added proudly that he was the ninth generation of his family to hold that post. I asked him to take me to see where Khomeini had lived for the fourteen years between his expulsion by the Shah and his brief residence in France, whence he returned in triumph to Iran in February of 1979. Claiming at first not to know where the house was, the imam finally led me about a hundred yards down a main street and into a network of alleys, to a large corner row house. The neighborhood was old but clearly well-to-do, and full of the handsome old balconies called *shanashils*. Large numbers of Persians once lived there, until the Iraqi government deported most of the Persian community to Iran at the start of the war. Khomeini, the imam told me, used to come every day to the shrine to pray but had gone largely unnoticed, and Iraqis knew little of his political activities, which were directed at Iran. He was apparently strongly disliked by his neighbors, however, having acquired a reputation for shouting at women and hitting children. The story is told that during a game one day a neighbor's child struck Khomeini's grandson, and, in Iraqi fashion, the father appeared at Khomeini's door to apologize. Spurning the apology, Khomeini demanded vengeance—the opportunity for his grandson to strike back. True or not, the story has spread far beyond Najaf, to serve Iraqis as a parable illustrating Khomeini's obstinacy and the blind hatred that stands as an obstacle to peace.

In Karbala, at the Shrine of Hussein, I saw a grim procession make its way through the main gate and into the courtyard, carrying the caskets of three soldiers killed in the war. The Iraqis refer to their war dead as *shahid*—the word translates as "martyr." I was told that unlike other dead a martyr is buried unwashed and with his clothes on, a symbol of his inherent purity as defender of the homeland, the family, the faith. The Iraqi Army sends its martyrs' bodies home to their families in flag-draped coffins, on the roofs of taxis; on any day, it is not unusual to see many such taxis headed away from the battlefields toward the major cities. In the courtyard of the shrine, the three bereaved families per-



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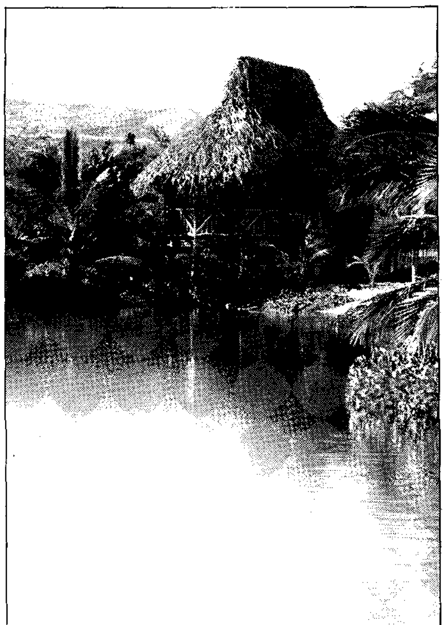
formed the funeral rites. The women gathered together shrieking, ululating, doing contorted dances, chanting dirges, tearing their hair. Standing not far away, the men slapped themselves sharply on the cheeks. (Shiite mourners no longer flagellate themselves—as they still do in Iran—chiefly because the government has banned the practice.) I found the scene almost too intimate and painful to watch. After a quarter hour of public display, the mourners disappeared into the sanctuary, where Hussein is buried and where the bodies were blessed. Within half an hour, the funeral procession emerged, each casket resting on the heads of two young pallbearers, and, accompanied by persistent moaning, made its way slowly out the main gate and on to the cemetery.

ON the day I visited Karbala and Najaf, I interrupted my return trip to Baghdad for a brief look at Babylon. I had been there on earlier trips to Iraq and, apart from the awe evoked by the name itself, had found it somewhat boring. The famous Lion of Babylon, a larger-than-life basalt carving resting on a pedestal, was undeniably an inspiring symbol of Babylon's power in the ancient world, but the rest seemed little more than a collection of mounds and holes, of meaning only to archeologists. I had decided to stop there again because I'd heard that restoration was taking place, but I was unprepared for what I saw. Though it was late on a steamy afternoon, teams of laborers—from their costume, it was clear that most of them were Egyptians and Sudanese—were frenetically pouring concrete and laying bricks. Streets had emerged from the rubble, and walls were rising everywhere. At first, I was appalled at what seemed like the transformation of the ruins into an archeological Disneyland, but I had to admit that for a tourist there was far more to look at than there had been before.

Back in Baghdad, I had a talk with Dr. Bahram Abu-Alsouf, a retired field archeologist of Iraq's Department of Antiquities. An Oxford Ph.D., Abu-Alsouf spoke first about the measures taken to give Iraqis control over the country's archeological excavations. Foreign archeologists began exploring the Middle East in the mid-nineteenth century, at the behest of Bible societies in Europe and America, who were looking for confirmation of the events recounted in the Old Testament. At the same time, interest in the study of hieroglyphics and ancient languages was growing—particularly at the British Museum and the Louvre. British and French teams were the first to dig in Iraq, and in 1899 a German expedition began excavating Babylon. The foreign expeditions were meticulous in preserving the ancient sites, Abu-Alsouf said, but they took home all the archeological treasures they could get their hands on, which in some measure explains why Iraq became involved in archeology as soon as its own government was installed, after the First World War. In 1926, the Department of Antiquities was established, and within a few years Iraqis were studying archeology abroad. The Iraqi Institute of Archeology was founded at the University of Baghdad in 1951, and Abu-Alsouf was one of its first students.

"Archeologists can get very emotional about their work," he told me. "I went into archeology because I was brought up in Mosul and played on the ruins of Nineveh. As a kid, I lived with its gods and heroes. When you live and work at a site for years—dealing with the dead, trying to recreate the past—you have a desire to show it off. As an archeologist I would like people to appreciate the heritage represented by the ruins that I have helped to uncover—to learn the lessons of history from them. Those who don't want to touch these ruins are romantics."

For decades, a fierce argument went on within the government and among archeologists over what to do about Babylon. Many meetings were held, to which international as well as Iraqi experts were invited. All recognized that the site presented special problems: the remains of the Hammurabi age, about 1800 B.C., were below the water table—probably because the Euphrates had altered its course—and thus inaccessible. Above them were the ruins of the Nebuchadnezzar era, which came twelve hundred years later. The Germans, who worked in Babylon until 1917, unearthed the foundations of Nebuchadnezzar's city and mapped it carefully. Still, whatever was above the foundations had, over the centuries, been largely pillaged and razed, so that Babylon, for all its ancient splendor, was inevitably—as I had found it—a disappointment to visitors. In the late nineteen-seventies, Abu-Alsouf said, the government reached a decision to restore Babylon along the lines of the work done by the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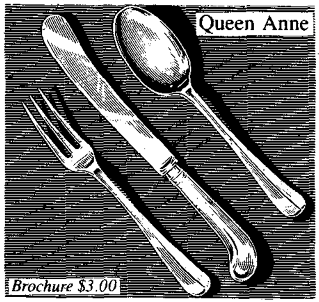
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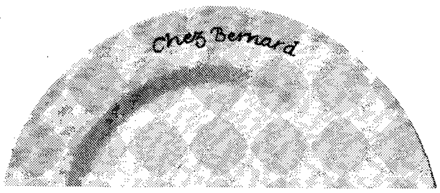
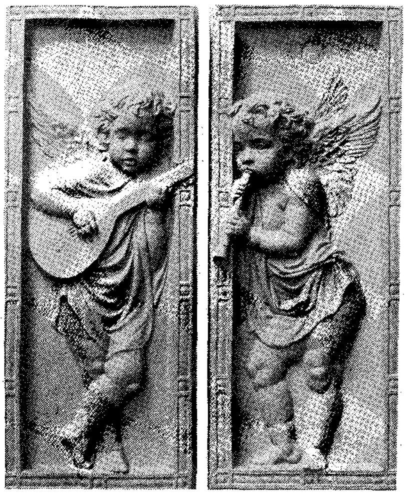


Germans, and Iraqi teams began preparing the site. In 1985, the government provided an extra infusion of funds to step up the pace of the restoration, and what I had observed a few days earlier was the approaching culmination of the project.

The force behind the acceleration of the work was not the Department of Antiquities, however; it was Munir Bashir, who is the director of the Department of Musical Affairs, in the Ministry of Culture, but is better known as Iraq's most highly acclaimed musician. Bashir, born in Mosul in 1930, is the acknowledged world master of the oud, a stringed instrument shaped like a half watermelon, which dates back to seventh-century Iraq and is considered mother of the lute and cousin to the guitar. He has been compared as a musician with the late Andrés Segovia, whom he physically resembles. Though he has toured the world with his oud, his influence is not solely the product of his playing. Iraqis know Bashir as a dynamo within the Ministry of Culture, who has taken charge of music education throughout Iraq. He has established a center for traditional music, organized a series of international conferences to encourage traditional music, and founded a journal devoted to traditional music. As a music promoter, Bashir wields nearly as much influence in the other capitals of the Arab world as in Baghdad. Only half jokingly, he is said to be the second most powerful man in Iraq. When he talks, the government listens, and when he suggested that Iraq sponsor an international festival of performing arts in a restored Babylon in the fall of 1987, the government got moving.

"I began thinking of this idea two years ago," Bashir told me when I visited him in his office in the Ministry. "Babylon, obviously, is the best place for an international festival. After all, it belongs not just to us but to all the world. Getting the reconstruction finished in time was a challenge. I agreed with the Department of Antiquities that authenticity was more important than speed, but I still had a lot of fights with them. Tampering with the nation's heritage is very sensitive and very dangerous. We did a lot of research, and I insisted on high standards. I needed to move a road to avoid traffic noise, and I had to figure out a way to quiet the dogs in the nearby villages. We undertook an anti-mosquito program. The big ho-



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tels in Baghdad will take most of the visitors, but for the artists we built a guesthouse on the Babylon grounds and a hotel in the next town. The French helped us with the lighting and sound technology; otherwise, we did all the planning and technical work ourselves. Believe me, we're not going to destroy Babylon."

After my talk with Bashir, I drove back to Babylon, where I met with Donnie George, the field director of the renovation project. (George, an Iraqi, is a Nestorian Christian, which accounts for his Western-sounding name.) He told me that after spending four years at the front in the Army he had gone on to earn a master's degree in archeology at the University of Baghdad, and that he had been working in Babylon since last December. The site, he explained, was divided into segments, with a group of workers, under the direction of an archeologist and an engineer, responsible for each segment. Frequently, the archeologists and the engineers found themselves in dispute over the issue of authenticity versus practicality, and as director of the project, he said, he usually resolved differences in favor of the archeologists. Insofar as was possible, the materials used in the renovation were prepared by the same process as the original materials, and a small factory had been established to produce bricks of the size and texture of Babylonian bricks. Because of the pressure of time, the working day ran from 6 A.M. to midnight. For the laborers, the day was split into two shifts, but the archeologists and engineers were expected to be on duty from the first shovel of dirt in the morning until the last worker went to bed.

In a temporary shack that George used for an office, he and I huddled over copies of the map and a number of drawings made by the German draftsmen some seventy-five years ago. The renovation depended on the map for the location of buildings, and on the imaginative sketches for their reconstruction. Superimposed on the map were the current projects, among them an artificial lake that was the expansion of a canal built by Alexander the Great; the Ishtar Temple and the Nabushkari Temple, which would be used for chamber-music performances and had been built not only on their original foundations but with many of the original bricks found in the debris; the Southern Palace of Nebuchadnezzar, left roofless so that it could be used for outdoor concerts; the

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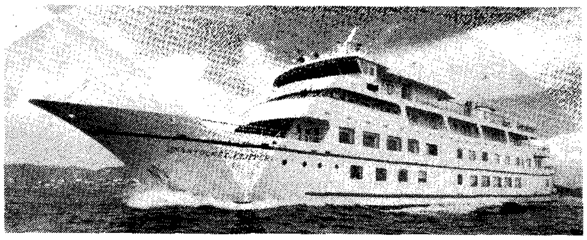

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Procession Street, where Babylonian legions had once paraded, whose original paving stones had been uncovered, cleaned, and repaired; the Lion of Babylon statue, on a rebuilt platform; and the Babylon amphitheatre, an excavation and renovation of the original structure, on the edge of the city. George then took me on an inspection tour of the working area, which is only a part of the total archeological site. The work was running ahead of schedule, he said, and would be finished well before the festival. (Indeed, the festival, a monthlong affair, did open as scheduled, on September 22nd. Invited as guests of the Iraqi government were some five hundred foreign archeologists, artists, musicologists, and art historians, in addition to the Baghdad diplomatic community. Citing the war, the government issued very few tourist visas for the festival, but during the first three weeks of the event about seventy-five thousand Iraqis attended. Dr. Philip Schuyler, an ethnomusicologist at Columbia University, told me that the opening ceremony, centered around Bashir's music and a French son-et-lumière show, was "glitzy but impressive," and that the keynote speech—delivered by the Minister of Culture, and expanding on the festival's theme, "From Nebuchadnezzar to Saddam Hussein"—was highly politicized. Music and theatre groups from fifty-six countries performed. Bashir, eager to present "indigenous" American music, had asked the United States to send Madonna, but, for financial and practical reasons, Washington instead sent Joe Lee Wilson & the Joy of Jazz, a four-piece ensemble that operates out of London.)

Shortly after my tour of Babylon, I called on Bashir again and asked how he and the government could justify the expenditures made on the festival at a time when Iraq was bearing the burden of an incredibly costly war.

"I admit that's a problem," he answered. "But this is not just a military war. It is also a cultural war. The enemy has his own idea of what culture is, and he is trying to destroy our culture—Arab culture. He believes that music is heresy—that it is an offense to God. This struggle is more a cultural war than a war over a piece of land. I believe that life is worthless without culture. The aim of the festival is to give balance to the war effort. The government is spending this money as part of the weaponry of war.

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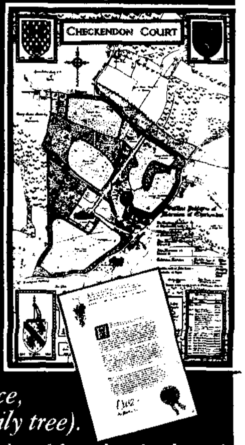

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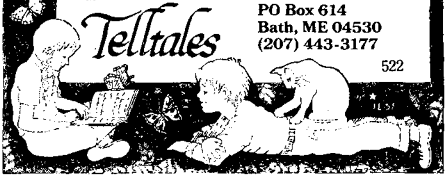

If we retreat on this question, it will be the end of Iraq's national life."

AMONG the diverse heroic poses that President Saddam Hussein assumes on painted billboards around the country, perhaps the most dramatic depict the battle of Qadisiyah in the background. Saddam usually wears an olive-drab uniform in these pictures, but often he is in traditional Bedouin costume. Sometimes he is mounted on a stallion; at other times he stands next to a tank or an artillery piece. The battle took place in 637 A.D., and was followed by the sack of Ctesiphon (called al-Madain by the Arabs), which today is a small town twenty miles south of Baghdad but which served for more than four hundred years as the capital of Persia. For four days, the upstart Arab armies from Medina and Mecca fought the defenders of a Persian empire that, at its peak, had hammered at the gates of Alexandria and Constantinople. The town still displays a marvellous vestige of Persian glory—a single-span brick arch more than a hundred feet high, built in the middle of the third century, presumably as the gateway to a royal palace of which only part of the façade remains. Near it is a contemporary brick building in which the Arab victory in the battle is commemorated in a circular panorama of oils and sand—some three hundred and fifty linear feet of clashing cavalry, archers, and elephants. Saddam Hussein commissioned the work. The message it is meant to convey is that Qadisiyah was the beginning of a war between Arabs and Persians that has lasted to the present day.

Debate still rages—at the United Nations, for instance—over which side started the current round of war between Arabs and Persians. Though Iraq, with some sixteen million people, is outnumbered three to one in population by Iran, its Army was the first to attack, crossing the Iranian frontier in late September, 1980. The unresolved question is whether the Iraqis were amply provoked. Ayatollah Khomeini, since his return to Iran, had made it clear that he regarded the Baathi regime of Saddam Hussein as not just anti-Shiite but anti-Islamic, heretical, illegitimate, satanic. He stated explicitly that, having disposed of the Shah, he considered Iraq his next target. As early as the summer of 1979, the Khomeini government was giving help to the Kurdish guerrillas fighting Iraqi troops in the north of the coun-

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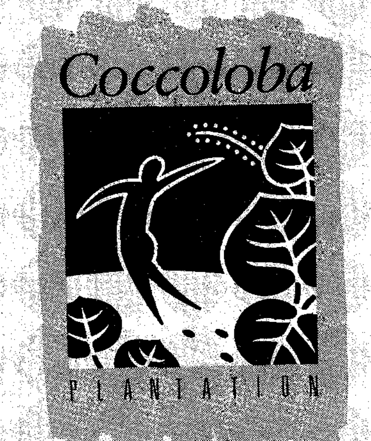

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try. In Najaf, the Iraqi Shiite leader Ayatollah Muhammad Baqir al-Sadr roused his followers to mass demonstrations in support of Khomeini, as part of a campaign to undermine the Baath. When the Iraqi government arrested Sadr, Khomeini backers retaliated by attempting to assassinate Tariq Aziz, then the Iraqi Information Minister. Iraq subsequently executed Sadr, confirming a pattern of reciprocal violence.

Unquestionably, differences over the border were among the issues contested by the two countries. In 1975, Saddam Hussein had agreed to transfer to Iran a segment of disputed territory along the frontier in return for the Shah's promise to stop supporting Iraq's rebellious Kurds and Shiites. Once in power, the Khomeini regime broke this pledge, and in response Saddam Hussein declared the 1975 border agreement no longer in force. By late summer of 1980, the two sides were exchanging artillery bombardments at several places along the border, and a war was clearly under way. In advancing its Army into Iran, the Saddam government announced that its intention was merely to restore the pre-1975 frontier, although its incursion reached well beyond that point. It was surprised, the government has said, when the world interpreted the move as a territorial grab. In any case, it is safe to say that territory is the least of the differences between Iraq and Iran. More significant is the cataclysmic divergence in world view between the Baathism of Saddam Hussein and the Shiite fundamentalism that Ayatollah Khomeini is determined to impose upon Islam.

The Iraqi offensive went well for only a few months, during which Iraq occupied several hundred square miles of Iranian territory but gained little of strategic importance. Some Iraqis say that the leadership, influenced by Israel's lightning victory in the Sinai in 1967, thought of the invasion as a "preëmptive strike." If so, it miscalculated badly. By the end of 1980, Iraq's forces had been stopped dead, and seemed at a loss over how to proceed. Some Iraqi apologists claim that the halt was a deliberate one, meant to minimize human costs, to prevent overextension of lines of communication and supply, to avoid any gamble with the loyalty of Shiite troops, and to demonstrate to the world that Iraq was interested in only a limited war, without territorial gain. But whatever Iraq's intentions, by the spring of 1981

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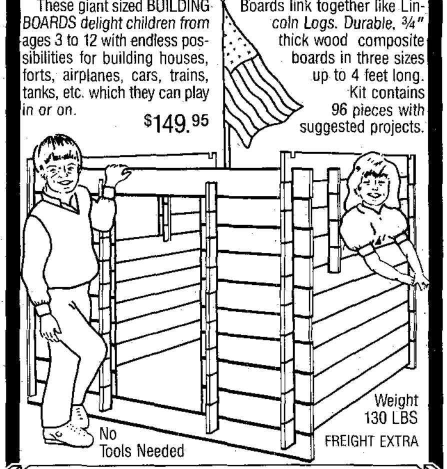

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the Iranian Army was counterattacking energetically.

In their first offensive, the Iranians —without air cover, and employing waves of young zealots seemingly indifferent to their lives—nearly trapped much of the Iraqi force. To save the regular Army during weeks of retreat, the Iraqis sacrificed a great part of their militia, an undertrained force whole units of which were taken prisoner. (It is a matter of concern in Iraq today what the attitude of some fifty thousand men—particularly the Shiites among them—subjected to Khomeini's indoctrination in P.O.W. camps will be when they finally return home.) At the time, however, there seemed to be no strategic choice. The Army was saved, but within weeks after the counterattack had begun virtually no Iraqi forces remained on Iranian soil. Since then, the two Armies, strung out more or less along the old international border, have barely changed their positions.

Every year since 1981, the Iranians have launched one or two major ground offensives, the immediate objective of which has been the capture of the southern Iraqi city of Basra. Each has been proclaimed "the final offensive," certain to destroy Iraq's power to resist. But the Iraqis, though they have hesitated to attack on the ground themselves, have proved tenacious defenders, making excellent use of their superior firepower and their edge in the air in both planes and helicopters. Apart from the capture of the Fao Peninsula, in 1986—by which time it was without strategic value—the Iranians have made very little progress on the ground; and the cost to them in manpower has been huge. Although neither side releases casualty reports, reliable estimates have it that Iran has lost at least three hundred thousand men since the war started, Iraq less than half that number. Early this year, in an offensive that lasted four months, Iran tried once again to seize Basra, and was repulsed with seventy thousand or more dead—a casualty figure thought to be several times that of Iraq.

Basra is a six- or seven-hour drive from Baghdad and looks, these days, as immersed in war as Baghdad looks untouched. The feel of wartime begins half an hour north of the city, in traffic congested with Army trucks, tents pitched in neat rows at the side of the road, checkpoints manned by military police, hitchhiking soldiers. I had last seen Basra on a visit to Iraq in mid-

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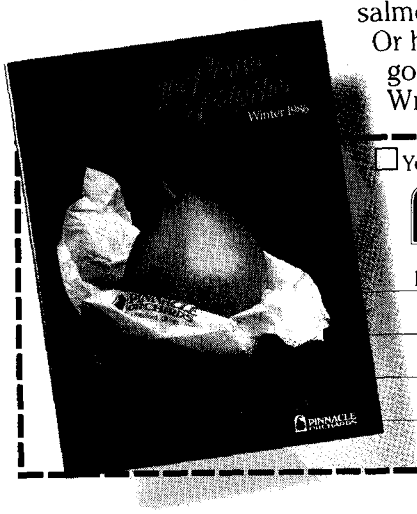

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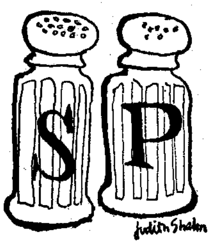
1986, when the world press was speculating on a serious crisis in morale in the Iraqi armed forces. During that visit, I was allowed to travel south of the city to inspect military installations on two key islands in the Shatt-al-Arab. This was only a few months after the fall of Fao, but I saw no signs whatever of disintegration. At the approach to the battle area, reserve units of tanks were concealed within palm groves along the bank. The pontoon bridges linking the two islands with each other and with the Iraqi mainland were positioned behind high, well-maintained levees, and hidden from the Iranian lines. The officers were vigilant, the soldiers alert. Shaven and neatly dressed, the men saluted smartly as the jeep in which I was riding with a colonel as my escort made its way along dirt roads linking their positions. The bivouacs were clean, and food appeared to be ample; the sandbag walls of the sentry posts were in excellent repair. The Iranians were threatening another end-the-war offensive for the coming fall, but I saw no reason to believe that this one had a greater chance to succeed than any of the earlier attacks. The offensive actually started late in December, and it battered the Iraqis until April. The Iraqi lines bent, but they did not break, increasing the self-confidence of both the government and the armed forces. Since then, in an atmosphere of growing tension between the Khomeini regime and the West, naval forces from the United States and Europe have been dispatched to the Persian Gulf to defend shipping from Iranian attack—a development that has contributed further to a sense among Iraqis that the war has unmistakably turned in their favor.



This summer, to my disappointment, I was refused permission to visit the front. The functionaries in the Ministry of Information, who requested the authorization on my behalf, speculated that the government might be wary of exposing an American correspondent to danger so soon after thirty-seven American sailors aboard the U.S.S. Stark had been killed by an Iraqi missile. The Iraqi government had apologized for that incident, but the matter was still sensitive. I was allowed to go only as far south as Basra, which, heavily shelled during last winter's offensive, was much more damaged than when I had last seen it. The military governor, whom I called on at the start of my visit, told me that eleven hundred shells a day had hit the city during the peak weeks of the attack, and that, for no apparent reason, the Iranians had fired a hundred and ninety-one more on May 18th. The scars of battle were visible on almost every wall, and many of the larger buildings were gutted. Residential quarters near the center of town were destroyed, and the governor told me that a decision had been made not to rebuild any housing. Instead, the homeless were given money. Many went off to live with relatives in distant cities, but there was still serious overcrowding in the buildings that survived. The Sheraton, a handsome hotel on the corniche where I once stayed, had taken direct hits and was closed, though a sign on the façade promised that it would reopen in a few weeks.

Egyptian workmen were still clearing debris throughout the town. Military policemen in red berets patrolled the streets, with weapons slung casually over their shoulders, and there were many more young men in bandages and on crutches than I had seen in all the rest of Iraq. There was plenty of food, including meat, in the stalls of the souk, and countrywomen in *abayahs* sat silently on the sidewalk selling vegetables; but more than half the shops were shuttered—including much of the doctors' souk, where Basra's private medical practice is conducted. Oddly, the restoration of two fine *shanashils* was taking place in the Old Basra quarter, as if, for whatever reason, it had been assigned a high priority. And a Museum of the Martyrs had been established in a former movie house downtown, featuring photographs, clothing, schoolbooks, and jewelry of victims of the bombardments.

RASHID IBRAHIM, a lieutenant in the Iraqi Army, was killed this year on the Basra front. Twenty-six years old and unmarried, he had been in the Army since his graduation, in 1982, as a geologist from the College of Science at the University of Baghdad. His brother and sister are still university students. They and the brother's wife and baby live with Rashid's parents, an arrangement that is conventional among Iraqi families. Rashid's father is the manager of an airline office in downtown Baghdad. His mother, a heavy woman who described herself as a housewife, received me in the living room of their small house, in a lower-middle-class neighborhood on the city's eastern edge. Rashid's sister served soft drinks from a refrigerator, which stood against a living-room wall. A primitive air-conditioner whirred in the window as we spoke. Wearing a plain black dress, her face without makeup, Rashid's mother told me that it was a great honor for her to have a son who had been martyred.

Menal Yunis, the head of the General Federation of Iraqi Women, a quasi-official organization, had invited me to visit families of the war dead. She told me I could choose rich or poor, Sunni or Shiite, city or country. Over the course of a few weeks, I called on several families in Baghdad and Karbala and the countryside in between. In every case, a delegation of four or five federation women accompanied me, all of them extremely pleasant but by their numbers alone intimidating to a bereaved family. It is reasonable to assume that family members told me what was expected of them as good Iraqis. An American family would have done the same, I suspect—at least, during a popular war. Nonetheless, I am persuaded that these families had not been visited by a journalist before nor rehearsed in their responses.

Rashid's mother described to me the substantial sums of money that the government had bestowed on the family in appreciation of his sacrifice. The parents received, as a lump payment, enough for a car, a piece of land, and a new house. She said that the family planned to move to the new house in about a month and rent out the current house, which was much smaller. In addition, Rashid's brother had been assigned a monthly pension of five hundred dinars—which is equivalent in purchasing power to somewhat less than the same amount in U.S. dollars, and is quite a good salary in Iraq—and his sister, in keeping with "Iraqi tradition," a pension of half that amount. Had Rashid been married, his mother explained, his wife and children would also have received pensions, in addition to a guarantee of free university education. Later, I checked these assertions and found them substantially correct. The government, it seems, established early in the war a policy of being generous to survivors. It had not, however, anticipated such a long conflict or so many "martyrs," and eventually it had to make some cutbacks in the level of benefits. By the time Rashid was killed, the reduced schedule was already in effect, but it did not seem to diminish his family's patriotic sentiments.

"We are very happy that Rashid was able to give his life to the country," his mother said. "Khomeini is not a Muslim, and he is not a good man. If he were a real Muslim, he would not be killing so many people. He does it to stay in power. You know, Khomeini gives keys to his soldiers to go to Heaven. But that's witchcraft. Our Army believes in what it is doing without keys."

From the Ibrahims' house, we drove to the home of the Jumailis, whose son Shakir, a forty-four-year-old colonel in the infantry, had been killed three months earlier, in the mountains of the north, near Sulaimaniyah. His widow, her face half concealed behind a thin black veil, wore a long black dress and black mesh stockings. She was seated on a couch with her two sisters and her three-year-old daughter. Two other children, aged eleven and thirteen, moved restlessly about the room. Shakir's father, a *kufiyah* on his head, sat impassively in an armchair near the door. His mother, dressed in an *abayah*, her face and hands decorated with blue tattoos, squatted on a mat. On the wall was a picture of Saddam Hussein in a marshal's uniform. Below were photographs of Shakir and another young man in uniform, who, I was told, was his cousin, killed at the front two years earlier. One of the sisters served tea while we spoke. Shakir, his widow said, had been a career officer—a graduate of the Iraqi Military College. She told me he had also been a member of the Baath Party since 1963, when he finished his studies at the University of Baghdad. "He was home on leave and received a phone call to return to the front," she told me. "I asked him if he was afraid. He said that when God's time comes we all die, and a few days later we received the notice. He was ready to die for his country if he had to. He didn't want Iran to take over. He was a religious Muslim, who said his prayers five times a day. I'm very proud of him."

The families I visited in Karbala, all Shiite, were noticeably poorer than the Sunni families I saw in and around Baghdad, but I cannot say whether it was the Sunni-Shiite factor that accounted for the difference. I also found rich Shiites and poor Sunnis, which indicates that, at least, the issue is complex. The federation women with me, who were otherwise good-humored, were irritated by my insistence on asking the families I saw whether they were Sunni or Shiite, as if it struck a nerve—though in Karbala a drawing of the fabled Imam Ali hanging on a wall often made the question superfluous. Still, when asked, the question was always answered, and to it was invariably appended the remark "We don't pay any attention to that anymore." The remark suggests that the regime has won its battle to persuade Sunnis and Shiites that it is time to bury old grievances, at least rhetorically—that the two are now, above all, Iraqis. Certainly I could not distinguish in my interviews a Sunni from a Shiite reaction to the regime and to the war.

The first house I visited in Karbala had no furniture. We all sat on mats in a tiny front room, which also contained a large color television set and a sink with toothbrushes. Exposed electric wires ran to an air-conditioner in the window. There were the standard pictures of Saddam Hussein in uniform and of the Imam Ali. The family's name was Hasnawi, and they had lost three sons in the war: Amram in 1981, Sugub in 1983, and Michi in 1986. Two other sons, Ali and Makki, were still in the Army. At the time of my visit, Ali was home on leave, and his young wife and baby, who lived in the house, sat with us. Ali served us orange drinks, and after fifteen minutes of talk he got up and turned on the television set. It was not an act of discourtesy. On the contrary, some Arabs treat television as background entertainment during conversation. The patriotic program that appeared on the screen seemed fitting: martial music played, flags waved, a succession of mosques were shown, and the announcer voiced the Baathi slogan of "unity, freedom, and socialism."

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Finally, Ali's mother, for whom we had been waiting, returned from the market, carrying fruit in a net bag. She was a deeply weathered old woman, heavily tattooed and wrapped snugly in an *abayah*, but when she had lowered herself gracefully to the mat she spoke easily and with good humor. She said that the government had given her the house, to which the family had moved from the countryside three years before. It was larger and more comfortable than their old house, she said, and she liked living in the city. She told me with pride that she was a *hajjiyah*—that is, she had made a pilgrimage to Mecca—and that although she herself did not read or write, all of her seven grandchildren were enrolled in school. When I asked how she felt about losing her sons, she answered, "I feel sad, but I have given my sons in order to defend their land. My religion helps me, by God I swear." Pointing to Ali, her face took on a kind of gritty smile, and she said, "I have two more sons, and I will be very happy if they are martyred for the sake of the land."

We drove along unpaved, dusty roads to the other side of Karbala, to visit the Abd al-Hussein family. This family, who lived in one of a row of new middle-class houses behind a low stucco wall on a street at the edge of the desert, had no fewer than nine sons at the front. In defiance of the odds, none had been killed, although Hamid had recently been wounded and Bashir had been a prisoner of war since Iraq's unsuccessful attack on the Iranian city of Abadan, early in the war. The family received letters from him, in packets of four or five, at intervals of six months. Hamid, at home recuperating from his wound, insisted that, as guest of honor, I sit in front of the air-conditioner. His mother, in her *abayah*, sat on the rug. Her sons were on all the fronts, from north to south, she said, and each came home on leave every few months. Seven of them were married, and she had twenty-two grandchildren. The Army, she said, provided enough money to support them all. "Thanks be to God, everyone is living in good conditions," she added.

While his mother and I talked,

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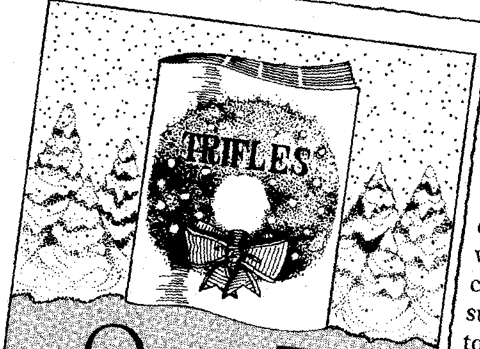

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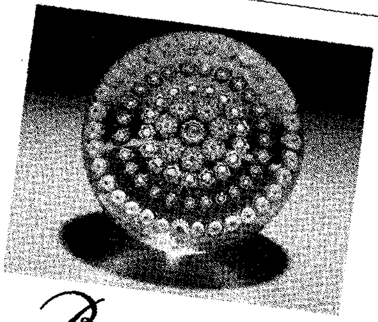
Hamid brought out a green plastic pitcher from the kitchen, from which he served ice water to the roomful of people, one after another, in a single glass. "All my brothers are good fighters," he said proudly as he made his way around. "We are fighting to end the war, and the end is getting near. Our soldiers are now more determined. So many Iranians have been killed that they are getting tired of fighting. I can tell it." Iraq could retake Fao any time it wanted to, he boasted. He told me that his brother Hussein had recently been awarded a medal for bravery for rescuing wounded Iraqis under enemy fire. He had also received a car from the government in recognition of this achievement, Hamid said, but, more important, during a tour of the front Saddam Hussein had personally congratulated him and shaken his hand.

Yagub Farhadi, a slim, long-legged kid of eighteen, reminded me of my sons and their friends, except that he is an Iranian prisoner of war in Camp No. 7, in Ramadi, Iraq. Yagub was captured four years ago, in the furious battle of the marshes, near Amara, in which the Iranian Army tried vainly to break through the Iraqi lines on the central front. He took a shell fragment in the arm, and ended up in an Iraqi military hospital.

"We had two thousand soldiers in our unit," Yagub told me, "and we were ordered by our commander to cross the marshes. We were told to be sure to carry our keys with us. They told us that Karbala was just on the other side. They took us across the water by boat, and as soon as we were put ashore the boats left. It was 4 A.M., and the only way we could go was forward, but we were right in the heart of the main Iraqi forces. The fire was very heavy, from tanks and helicopter gunships, and there was no way we could advance. We were surrounded from the moment we landed. Before we left, we were ordered to fight until we died. We were told that if we were captured the Iraqis would kill us. About a thousand of us were killed in the fighting, and seven hundred were wounded. The rest were captured. I was one of the lucky ones." Yagub was transferred to Camp No. 7 after he recovered, and, if one can judge from his unfavorable opinion of Khomeini, it was clear that he had since been de-programmed. In the



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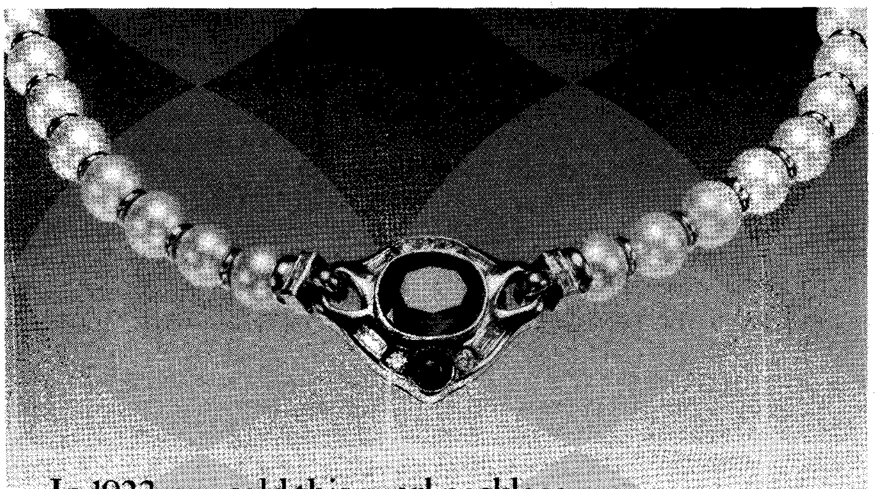
camp school, run by a Swiss organization called Terre des Hommes, he had also learned some English. There was nothing in his demeanor to suggest that he had been compelled in any way to talk to me, and I hypothesized that he had volunteered for the interview simply because he enjoyed practicing his new language skills.

Camp No. 7 is on the right bank of the Euphrates, about seventy miles due west of Baghdad on the Damascus road. It is inside a large Army base, at the entrance to which a military policeman entered my hired car. He rode with me until we reached the camp, whose barbed-wire fence was interrupted every ten yards or so by a guard post equipped with cameras and guns and mounted on a tall platform. Through the barbed wire I could see groups of young men, all of them dressed in bright-yellow coveralls. After being admitted at a gate, I was directed to the office of the camp commander, a vigorous-looking man in his forties, who said that it was against the rules for him to reveal his name to journalists. While we talked, he glanced repeatedly at a television monitor on his desk which was receiving pictures from the guard posts. He told me that he was responsible for a thousand prisoners, some of whom were as young as ten when they were captured, and whose current age averaged about fifteen. Their treatment, he said, followed the terms of the Geneva Convention, and compliance was monitored by regular visits from the International Committee of the Red Cross. The prisoners were not fanatics, he said, and they had established no resistance organizations. None of them had ever tried to escape.

The commander introduced me to the camp's physician, Dr. Taha Jazzah Ali, who took me on a tour of the installation. After a look at the kitchen, where a dozen prisoners saluted us and then returned to stirring the stewed chicken with tomatoes and rice that they were preparing for lunch, we walked through another gate and toward a pair of long brick buildings, two stories high, in which the prisoners were housed. Between the buildings was a soccer field, and a game was under way, with about a hundred spectators. Towels and shirts were hanging to dry from the buildings' balconies. The young men watched us with more curiosity than hostility as we entered their compound and climbed the stairs of the nearer building. In a sunlit dormitory on the



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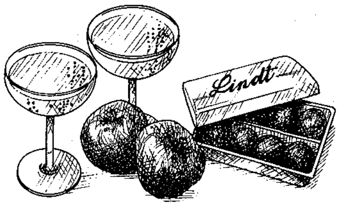
second floor, bedrolls were laid side by side the hundred-foot length of the room, at the end of which was a color television set. Overhead were fluorescent lights and revolving fans. Next to the dormitory was a recreation room, with Ping-Pong tables, books and newspapers, and backgammon sets. Down the hall was a small library, where I found paperbacks in Arabic, Persian, and several Western languages. Next to the library was a canteen that sold cookies, soap, yogurt, toothbrushes, and cigarettes. Dr. Ali told me that, as required by the Geneva Convention, prisoners receive clothing, shoes, blankets, towels, shaving cream, and other essential items from their captors, and a daily stipend, which they can spend as they like in the canteen.

My talk with Yagub Farhadi took place in the library, and while we were there several other prisoners wandered in, among them Anoush Tayman, who had been a medic with an evacuation helicopter when he was shot down and captured, in 1981. At Camp No. 7, he was assigned to Dr. Ali as a medical assistant. Now, he said, he hoped that the war would soon end, because he wanted to return home and study to be a doctor. Yagub and the others were younger than Tayman, had less concrete plans for the future, and expressed themselves with greater bitterness. "Anyone Iranian who wanted to be a martyr probably is one by now," Ruhollah Lahzai, nineteen, said. "I volunteered to go into the Army, but now I understand that what I believed in then was all propaganda. I can tell you that everyone in this camp is glad to be alive. If Khomeini is in power after the war, I will not go back. He wanted us to be martyrs, not prisoners, and if we go back he will make sure that we become martyrs."

When I returned to Baghdad, I asked Jean-Jacques Gacond, the representative of the International Red Cross in Iraq, whether Camp No. 7 was a typical camp or whether the decent treatment it appeared to provide was a model that had been set up for the benefit of foreign journalists. Though he had not seen every camp, he answered, the Iraqis treated their P.O.W.s rather well, and he thought that Camp No. 7 was not significantly different from the others. As for Iran's treatment of its P.O.W.s, Red Cross officials in Geneva later expressed reservations. During a visit to a camp in northern Iran in 1984, Red Cross



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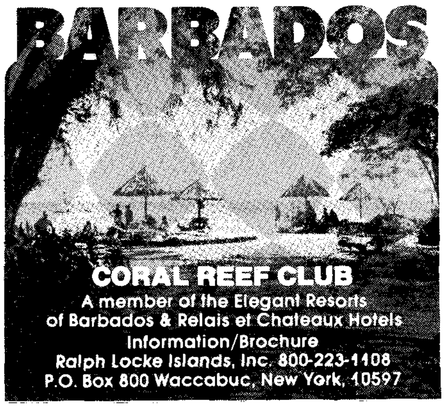

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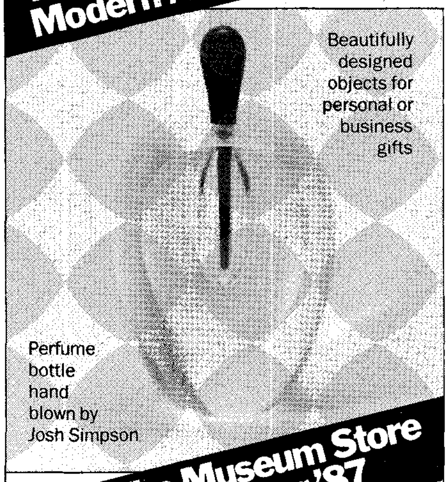

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representatives witnessed an anti-Khomeini riot in which guards shot and killed six Iraqi prisoners and wounded thirty-five others. In response to a formal protest lodged from Geneva, the Iranian government simply prohibited any more Red Cross inspections. The prohibition remained in effect until December of 1986, when Iran reinstated the program, though with some restrictions on the frequency of visits.

I FIRST interviewed Tariq Aziz, who in 1982 became Iraq's Foreign Minister, in the early summer of 1986, and I recall being dubious about his contention that American arms in substantial quantities were flowing to Iran through Israel. He had protested on a number of occasions to Secretary of State George Shultz, he told me, and had been assured that, at America's request, Israel had stopped shipping arms to Iran long before. On my return to Washington in the fall of 1986, I inquired further at the State Department and the Pentagon, and received the stock reply that, despite the allegations, Israel was sending Iran no arms. It took the Iran-Contra scandal to demonstrate not only that Aziz had been correct but that some weapons were arriving directly from the United States.

"Unfortunately, Israel thinks Iran is an objective ally, and the Israelis are very supportive of Iranian expansionism," Aziz said when I saw him again this summer. "They began sending arms to Iran at the start of the war, and Alexander Haig, who was the American Secretary of State at the time, did not discourage them. Neither Secretary Shultz nor Defense Secretary Weinberger wanted the arms shipments to continue, so the Israelis found John Poindexter. Israel uses the jungle of the American political system to get consent for what it wants to do, and it seems that your ability to influence Israel is very limited. Though Shultz contends otherwise, American weapons are *still* going to Iran—mostly spare parts for aircraft and for missiles. Israel takes whatever it likes from American stores, and what it doesn't need it sends to Iran. The evidence of this practice is that Iran's Air Force and anti-aircraft weapons still function. Without these parts, they would simply break down."

I asked Aziz whether the revelation that Israel was supplying Iran with arms had changed Iraq's oft-stated position that it would accept any settle-

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ment of the Arab-Israeli conflict to which all the involved parties agreed.

"Definitely not," he answered. "We long ago stopped giving lectures to the Palestinians, Jordanians, and Syrians about what to do regarding the conflict with Israel. If the Palestinians accept an accommodation, why should we object? In the nineteen-seventies, that was not true—we had a much harder line, and, as Minister of Information, I often delivered it. We will not go back to that. We are more mature than we were then. We are not optimistic about Israel's interest in peace, or about the prospects of any effort by the United States to promote a settlement, but we will not, for tactical or any other reasons, retreat from our position."

What really shocked the Iraqi government, Aziz said, was not so much Israel's involvement in the war as the fact that the United States itself was sending arms to Iran. "Until Irangate, we thought we had a full understanding with the United States," he told me. "Secretary Shultz had assured me many times that America's policy was to discourage arms sales to Iran. We then had to ask ourselves what the policy really was. Were the arms sales an isolated phenomenon, or was that the *real* policy of the United States government? Fortunately, the reply came from the American public. When we learned that the American people, the American press, and, finally, the American Administration considered the sales a terrible mistake, we decided to take it that way. I have since explained to the American Administration that the damage it did was much greater than the equipment it sent. Iran cannot defeat us on the battlefield. It cannot conquer us. But the Khomeini government still has expansionist ideas. It toppled the Shah and humiliated President Carter. And, with America's arms sales, it could say to itself, 'Look, our policies are working. Even the Americans are coming to us to reach an accommodation.' God has not yet created a country—except Israel, that is—fool enough to want Iran to win the war. But America raised Iranian arrogance to new extremes, while demoralizing the Arabs, Turkey, Pakistan, and others who relied on its word. We told the Americans that we thought what they had done was very bad, but if they were prepared to resume the policy of trying to bring the war to a just and honorable end healthy relations would be restored. And that is what has happened. Still, the *political* damage of the

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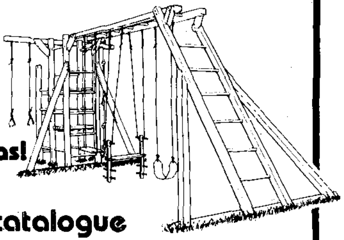

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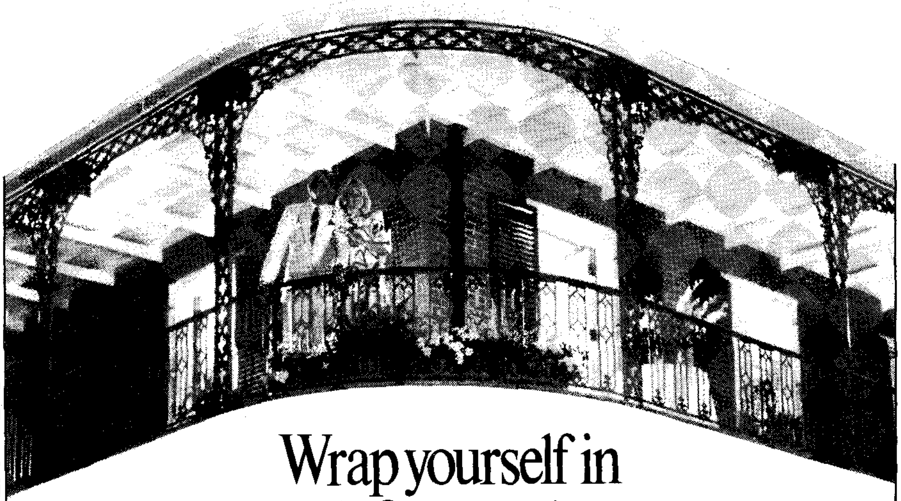
arms sales was very serious, and it could well be blamed for a prolongation of the war."

ADNAN KHAIRALLAH is Saddam Hussein's brother-in-law—the brother of his wife, Sajidah. He is a fellow Tikriti and holds a high post in the Baath. He is also the Minister of Defense, with effective control over the military establishment and direct responsibility for the conduct of the war. Some critics have suggested that excessive nepotism, particularly in the area of state security, constitutes a weakness in the Saddam regime. But in 1983 Saddam dismissed Barzan Ibrahim al-Tikriti, his half brother, as chief of Intelligence, and though he never disclosed his reasons, the action seemed to say that even a close relative would not be guaranteed a post if his performance was deficient. Khairallah, by contrast, is well regarded in Iraq, both as a popular leader of men and as a military thinker. He notified me on the eve of my projected departure from Iraq that he was willing to see me, and I hurriedly changed my airline tickets. The next morning, at the appointed hour, I arrived at the Defense Ministry, a many-winged palace with large formal gardens near the Mustansiriyah, overlooking the Tigris. Built in the era of the British mandate, it had been used as the Presidential residence by General Abd al-Karim Qasim during his brief term of office, in the late nineteen-fifties and early sixties. At the main gate, I was subjected to the most rigorous security check I had yet encountered in Iraq, after which I was driven by a military policeman to the building's main entrance. Inside, I was joined by a uniformed escort, and together we climbed a marble staircase to the second floor, passing a saluting soldier at each landing and, in the hall, a selection of paintings and sculpture, all heavy on patriotic themes. When I entered his cavernous office, Khairallah greeted me with surprising warmth. He is a round-faced man with a soft voice, and the first words he spoke were a gracious apology for having caused me to change my travel plans.

After the usual amenities, I asked him to discuss the reasons for Iraq's stubborn adherence to a defensive strategy in the ground war against Iran. Western military experts seem to agree, I said, that no war can be won without taking the fight to the enemy on his own terrain. Iraq's generals are said to be impatient for orders to



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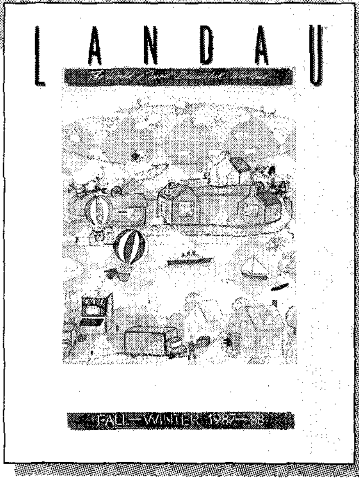

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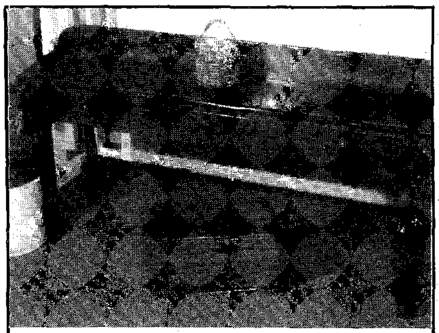

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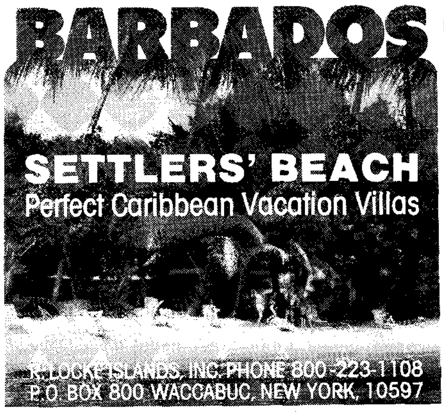

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launch a major ground offensive. I said that though I might understand the political reason for a cautious approach, I wondered whether there was any military justification for it. Could such a strategy win the war, or would it simply prolong the fighting indefinitely? Khairallah acknowledged the validity of the question. Many of Iraq's friends were concerned and wanted to know the answer, he said. He pointed out that Iran, with its vastly greater population, had an advantage in fighting a war of attrition. Iran was also favored by geography, he said, in that its capital and the key elements of the economic structure on which its war machine depended were, unlike Iraq's, at great distances from the fighting front and also extremely spread out, and thus difficult targets for a strategic offensive whether in the air or on the ground. Because of Iraq's technological advantages in aviation, he said, the Air Force would continue to strike at economic targets, including Iranian oil installations and the tankers that load there. But the deployment of the ground forces posed a different problem.

"Iran is known for attacking in human waves," he continued. "The military philosophy that currently guides us is based, first, on obstructing the enemy forces before they attack, to reduce their strength before they reach the battlefield. It is, next, imperative to reduce the power of their offensives once they begin, until the attack exhausts itself and we can counterattack to get the land back. To do that, we must inflict as many casualties as possible. We have taken advantage of a psychological factor: Iranians are known for obstinacy. When they hate, they reach the point of blind hatred, and when they reach that point they lose their reason. We try to make use of this hatred. We have found that it is consistently a weak spot in their attack plans. Take, for instance, their offensive this year against Basra. To attack, they chose a place where the front, limited by obstacles to the left and right, is barely two miles wide and about three miles deep. For this offensive, they announced, they had deployed two hundred thousand men. In that small area, we were able to concentrate the firepower of three Army corps, as well as planes and helicopters. Despite this firepower, the Iranians persisted, continually pouring in reinforcements, and from December 24th to April 17th they advanced only about two miles toward Basra. In do-

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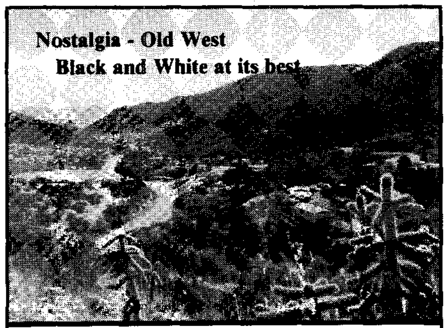

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ing so, they suffered enormous casualties. If we decided to undertake a limited offensive operation within Iran, we could not hope to get such positive results. We had a similar experience in the north this spring, where we had two divisions defending a mountainous area near Sulaimaniyah. The Iranians ordered eighty regiments into the advance, and two divisions of *passdaran*, the élite Revolutionary Guards. It is true that they captured a small foothold in the area—two or three square miles. But, by our estimates, from sixty-five to seventy-five of their regiments were destroyed—the equivalent of more than nine divisions. I can understand their trying to get Basra. It is a strategic point, and if they took it they would have an important card for negotiations. But the territory in the north is not strategic. It is uninhabited terrain, and its complexity gives the defense a major advantage. What can they tell their people after losing seventy-five regiments there? Yet our experience indicates that they will keep pressing. They have proclaimed that this is 'the final year' of the war. But where are the forty-eight brigades they sent against Basra? We had four thousand weapons—mortars, cannon, tanks, guns—pouring fire into this area, not including the planes and the helicopter gunships. My information is that the Air Force dropped a total of eleven thousand tons of explosives. Unbelievable killing!

"So you see why the defensive phase of this war is so important to us. By any measure, it is far more effective than any offense. If our calculations are correct, the elements on which Iran relies to wage war cannot be sustained at this rate much longer. For the first time, we are finding Iranian troops surrendering without fighting, sometimes holding up the white flag without a battle. The soldiers we are capturing insult Khomeini without any prompting from us. The Iranian people are not as willing as before. We are in the seventh year of the war, and nowhere are they more than a few miles inside our borders. When do they expect to reach Baghdad? They could not achieve their objectives when they were at top strength. They surely cannot do it now, after seven years. When our field calculations indicate we are ready to go on the offensive, we will do it."

SADUN HAMMADI is the president of the National Assembly, a former Foreign Minister, and the most prom-

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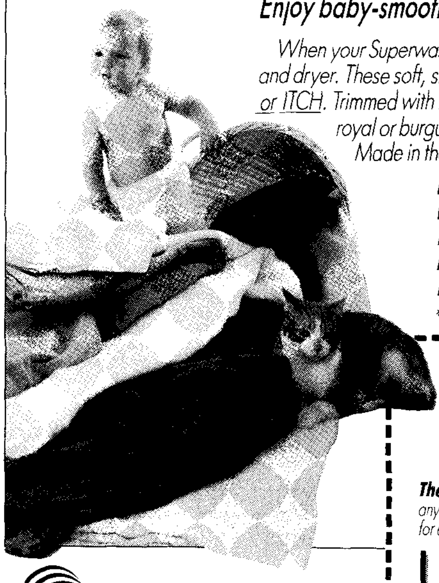

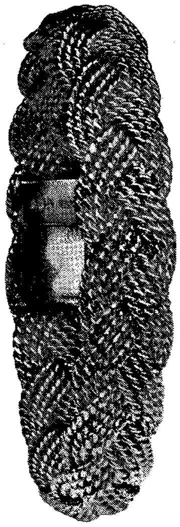

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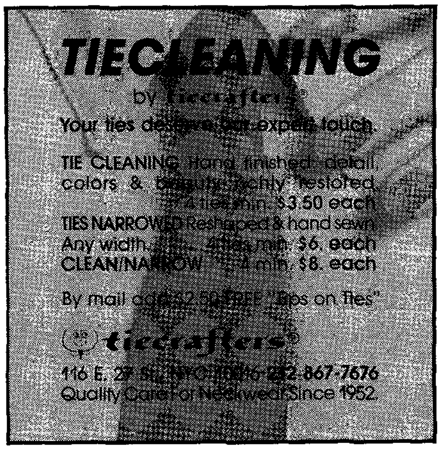

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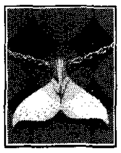

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inent Shiite within the ruling circle of the Baath. He is known as a cautious, sensible man, not at all flamboyant. In fact, Iraqis joke that he never smiles. When I saw him this summer, he conceded that the Iraqis are tired of war, but he said there is no doubt that they will persevere, and he appeared to be convinced that what lay behind was much worse than what lay ahead. While making no predictions, he told me he believes that the war is now in its final stage, and that Iraqis have a duty to begin postwar planning.

"Heavy as the costs have been, Iraq will have reaped major psychological benefits from the war," he said, when I interviewed him in his office at the National Assembly. "It will be self-confident, self-assured. Our resources will be relatively plentiful, and we don't have huge gaps in class or wealth, so we will be in a strong position to contribute to international discussions on the future of Arab society and of the region. The question is: What will we do with what we have? We don't have a ready theory for all the problems of the Arab world. We will have to be careful about excesses, because we are human beings. I think we will use our influence constructively. Some governments have ignored us while we were at war"—I assumed that he was referring to Syria, Iraq's long-standing rival in the Arab world—"but now they will have to pay attention to us. Still, there is nothing in our thinking that is pushing us toward expansionism or interference in the affairs of others. We know now what war means.

"Fortunately, our ideology as Baathists will serve as a control. We are Arab nationalists, but our concept of nationalism does not call upon us to demand one sovereign state, and certainly not a single Arab nation subject to our rule. Our interest, rather, is in an Arab federation, in which local characteristics would remain. We don't believe that one country or one leader should dominate the Arab world. It has been tried, and it has failed. We have too much to do right here in Iraq to think about expanding our power outside our frontiers. I believe we will play a stabilizing role in the region after the war, but if you ask me when that will be I must answer that nothing is clear. I think the worst is over, but I cannot tell you that the war will finish soon."

—MILTON VIORST

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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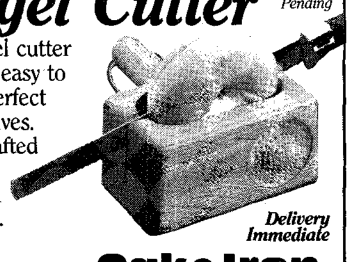

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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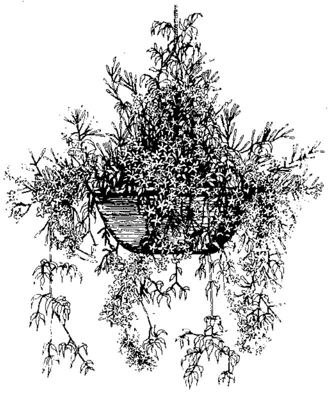
IN the nineteen-thirties, famous European composers—among them Schoenberg, Kurt Weill, Krenek, and Stravinsky—came to live and work in America. Hindemith, Bartók, and Milhaud followed in 1940, Martinů in 1941. Of all these, Weill made the most determined and emphatic break with his past. In Europe, he had composed operas, symphonies, chamber music, songs, music for plays. In America, he composed for Broadway: the musical plays "Johnny Johnson" and "Knickerbocker Holiday," the play with music "Lady in the Dark," the musical comedy "One Touch of Venus," the operetta "The Firebrand of Florence," the "American opera" "Street Scene," the musical tragedy "Lost in the Stars," the vaudeville "Love Life." He composed the folk opera "Down in the Valley," film scores, music for pageants, a kiddush for Cantor David Putterman and the Park Avenue Synagogue, a few songs. He did not compose for America's orchestras and chamber-music ensembles. In Germany, his chief rival had been Hindemith; here it was Richard Rodgers. As David Drew puts it in New Grove, Weill did not, after 1940, seriously interest himself in musical developments outside Broadway and the Hollywood film studios. To have done so would indeed have been altogether inconsistent with his various pronouncements during the 1940s, which tended to imply that the entire European tradition of composed music had reached its historically appointed end, and was now so isolated from the realities and needs of society that it was doomed to extinction, despite and because of the strenuous efforts of the conservationists and the increasingly cerebral experiments of the avant garde.

He died in 1950, at work on the musical play "Huckleberry Finn."

There have been many endeavors, on the one hand, to trace continuities between the German Weill and the American Weill (who called "Street Scene" the goal toward which his theatre pieces from the twenties onward had been leading) and, on the other hand, to determine why and how the composer of the Second Symphony and "The Seven Deadly Sins"—both written in 1933, when he was at the height of his powers—became the composer of "Lady in the Dark" and "One Touch of Venus." Assessment of the American music has been hampered by the unavailability of much of it. The postwar Weill revival began with the theatre pieces to Brecht texts—"The Threepenny Opera," "Mahagonny," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Happy End"—and continued with investigation of his concert music and his other operas. "Lost in the Stars" and "Street Scene" have been prominently revived, but the other Broadway pieces survive, for the most part, as isolated songs, published in piano-vocal arrangements, and recorded with other men's instrumentation. Weill, uniquely among his Broadway contemporaries and—as Drew points out—predecessors since Victor Herbert, orchestrated his own scores, in masterly fashion. The tunes aren't everything. Yet the first song album to use Weill's own instrumentation appeared only last year: Nonesuch's "Stratas Sings Weill." (Miss Stratas's performances are curiously mannered.) The few original-cast al-

"You misquoted St. Thomas Aquinas, Albert Camus, and me."



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bums are abridged. In any case, one can't judge musicals only by their music. Broadway shows—even more than operas the collaborative work of composer, librettist, director, producer, and interpreters—are tailored for a particular success. For all the shows, more music survives than was ever used. Virgil Thomson in his obituary of Weill wrote, "Every new work was a new model, a new shape, a new solution of dramatic problems." He called "Lost in the Stars" "a masterpiece of musical application to dramatic narrative" and its score "Weill's finest work of orchestral craft." Drew calls "Love Life" "much the most ambitious of Weill's Broadway shows," one that challenges the composer's claims for "Street Scene" not least in its relationship—indeed, its intimate relationship—to his European experience; but also, paradoxically, in its Americanness, which in thought and feeling is as far removed from what Weill was seeking in "Street Scene" as it was from the ethos of Maxwell Anderson or, for that matter, Moss Hart.

(Anderson was the librettist of "Knickerbocker Holiday," "Lost in the Stars," and the unfinished "Ulysses Africanus" and "Huckleberry Finn;" Hart, with Ira Gershwin, of "Lady in the Dark." The librettist of "Love Life" was Alan Jay Lerner.) "Love Life" since its 1948-1949 run has remained unheard, except at a University of Michigan revival, in Ann Arbor earlier this year.

DAVID DREW has been the key figure in the Weill revival. In 1956, after three years' attendance at the Darmstadt Summer School, he decided to write a book on Weill; in 1958, the Berlin Academy of Arts invited him to undertake a Weill catalogue, on the lines of Josef Rufer's Schoenberg catalogue. We still wait eagerly for the book, but the catalogue has now appeared: "Kurt Weill: A Handbook" (California; $42). In a long introduction—which embodies a short, trenchant history of Weill rediscovery and reappraisal across three decades—Drew explains the delays. Those caused by others' obstructions are dealt with in courteous but incisive fashion, as the author puts the record straight. There were also new discoveries that prompted revisions, additions, and new thought. "Recordare" (1923), an elaborate choral piece, turned up only in 1970. The Kurt Weill Foundation opened its Weill-Lenya Research Center in 1983, and acquired photostats of sev-

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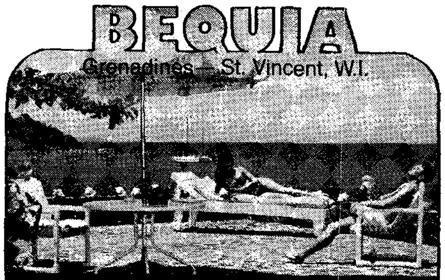

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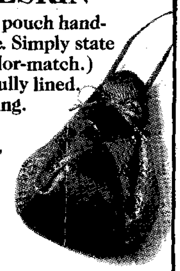

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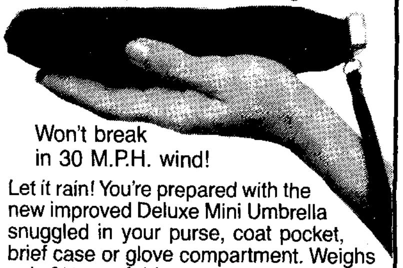
eral early works—most of them unknown—that had been in the possession of Weill's sister-in-law. In 1985, the Library of Congress acquired the autograph of "Ofrah's Lieder" (1916), composed when Weill was sixteen. In one of the songs occurs—at the same pitch, with the same harmonies—Pirate Jenny's 1928 phrase "And a ship with eight sails," which some Brechtians have claimed as Brecht's invention, thereby bolstering an assertion that Brecht wrote some or all of the "Threepenny Opera" tunes. In the Ofrah song,

> the piano, in bar 6, suddenly glimpses Seeräuberjenny's eight-sailed ship as it emerges from the chromatic mists with Wagner's Flying Dutchman still aboard.

Work on the catalogue and the critical biography was also delayed—but enriched—by practical matters: Drew edited Weill scores for performance and publication (the two symphonies, the Berlin Requiem, the "Mahagonny" songspiel and the "Mahagonny" opera); prepared a performing edition of the operetta "Der Kuhhandel;" retrieved, for concert performance, incidental music for plays (Strindberg's "Gustav III," Leo Lania's "Konjunktur"); devised practicable versions, for concert or semi-staged performance, of "Der Silbersee," "Happy End," and "Johnny Johnson;" and advised on performances (the Sadler's Wells, Scala, and Met productions of "Mahagonny," the London Sinfonietta's Weill celebrations in Berlin and in London).

The book that results from all this is far more than a straightforward catalogue. Its main purpose, the author says, is "to present a view of Weill's *work*—in the sense of handicraft, labour, and industry—which concentrates on essential data and is relatively undisturbed by the aesthetic categories *his achievement* so often calls in question." It catalogues in detail whatever Weill got down onto paper (including what sort of paper it was) and what is lost but survives in copies or is known to have existed; provides a wonderful picture of what Weill planned and what he achieved; plots the thickets of self-borrowings; orders the sheaves of sketches and revised or rejected numbers in the Broadway scores; tells us what is available, where. But it is also far more than that. Drew talks of "a certain objectivity implicit in the whole undertaking." He's scrupulously objective about facts. Around the facts—not confused with them—plays a dazzle of opinions, observa-



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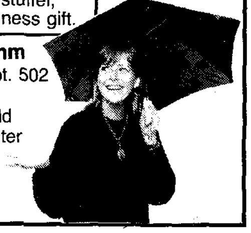

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ions, judgments, speculations from ne of the keenest, most stimulating, east conventional musical minds of ur day. The "Mahagonny" entry nds with a page of apothegms:

> What fascinates is the collision of two ongenial yet incompatible minds [Weill nd Brecht]; what is hard to deal with are ie unwelded fragments they left beind. . . . Those who choose to stage Mahagonny" in the spirit of Brecht's Anmerkungen" of 1930 . . . may safely be ft to their Brechtian devices, which will ither punish them with a disaster or reard them with a theatrical success. The ork itself is beyond their reach. . . . nprovements are always possible, but selom transferable from one production to ie next. . . . The very nature of the work ompels us to continue searching for ideal olutions long after we have recognized iat there are none to be found.

here is practical advice about what o do, what to try. Drew understands ie music business—he is director of ontemporary music for Boosey & lawkes (which is not Weill's pubsher)—so there is no ivory-tower ireality about his perceptions. But they emain uncorrupted, clear-eyed. The Seven Deadly Sins" entry ends with warning:

> Even in those literary and theatrical rcles where arguments based on the laims of the composer's own score would e regarded as the merest pedantry—espeally if the box-office is making strong ounter-claims—there may be some agreeent that the high-voice version obviates angerous comparisons with Lenya's maure interpretation. . . . Technically and usically, the role is, however, beyond the each of most present-day diseuses, chanonnières, and rock stars. The notion that odern microphone techniques will come o the rescue . . . has by now been proved lse on countless painful occasions.

he City Opera's adaptation of "Der ilbersee" is, in passing, called "welligh indefensible." It is tempting to o on quoting. Two more passages, to ndicate the deeper concerns beneath ie scholarly detail. From the concluion:

> Although Weill was never in any sense n ideologue, any writer about him is illy-nilly embroiled in fundamental polital and moral issues. Thus a catalogue of Veill's work becomes among other things catalogue of some representative fragents of our own riven culture. To pubsh such a catalogue today would be imrudent without recognition of the fact iat ours is a time when the eternal forces f reaction are parading themselves at evry political, social and artistic level more onfidently, and on a far wider front, than i any era since the 1930s.

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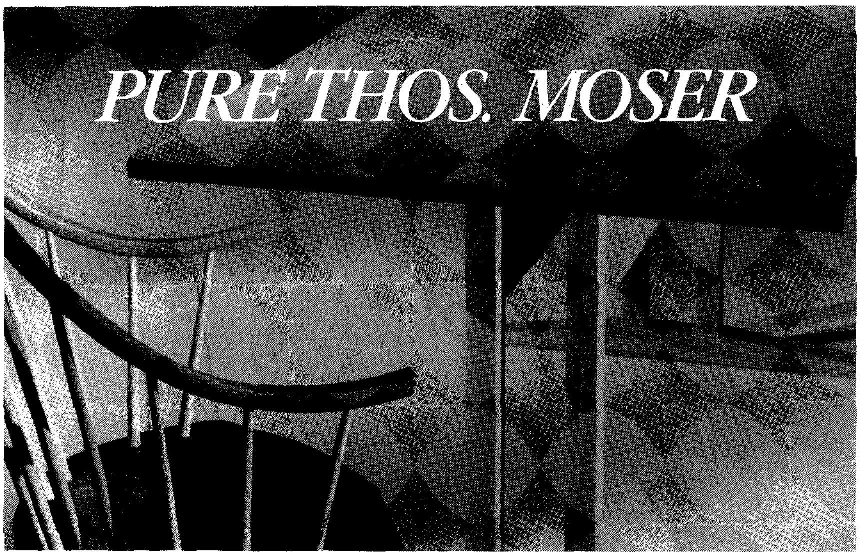

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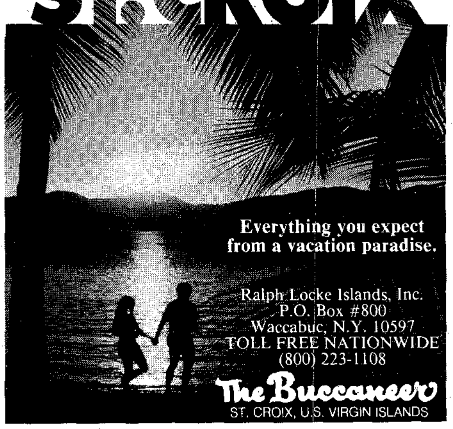

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the fundamental theme of all [Weill's] major works and many of his lesser ones.

THE scores and documents that Weill and Lotte Lenya left are now in the Yale University Music Library. In 1983, the openings of Yale's Weill-Lenya archive and of the Weill Foundation's Research Center were celebrated at a Yale conference. Fifteen of the papers, revised and expanded, and two new ones are collected in "A New Orpheus: Essays on Kurt Weill," edited by Kim Kowalke, the president of the foundation (Yale; $35). Most of them deal with the German Weill. The transitional works "Der Kuhhandel" (composed in Paris) and "The Eternal Road" (begun in Paris, completed in New York) are treated by, respectively, Drew and Guy Stern. Matthew Scott considers the problems of reviving the Broadway shows, and Larry Stempel addresses "Street Scene" and "the enigma of Broadway opera." John Graziano traces metamorphoses of the title song in "Down in the Valley." In a preface, Kowalke, without hyperbole, greets "the beginning of a new era in Weill scholarship." Incidentally, any Weill admirer not receiving the foundation's twice-yearly *Kurt Weill Newsletter*, edited by David Farneth, should make good the omission; it's a lively compound of information, essays, reviews, reports, chronicles, and documents. The foundation's address is 7 East 20th Street, New York 10003.

THE Hebrew Arts School and the foundation got together to present a small Weill festival in Merkin Hall last month: three concerts, a day of papers, a "cabaret," and a tribute to Lenya. Many of the performances were not up to scratch, and that was disappointing. But the "Gustav III" suite and a suite of ten numbers from "Marie Galante" had their American premières. "Ofrah's Lieder" had what was billed as its world première. (Did the soprano Elisabeth Feuge, who once owned the autograph, never sing the piece?) Franz Mazura was a powerful soloist in the dark, powerful scena for bass and winds "Vom Tod im Wald." At the Lenya tribute, Jo Sullivan's singing was fresh and clear, and Fred Ebb and John Kander gave an endearing account of Lenya numbers from their "Cabaret." At the Weill cabaret, Ute Lemper, singing or belting into a microphone, traversed many songs and illustrated the last

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sentences of Drew's remarks about "The Seven Deadly Sins."

The revelation was provided by glimpses of the Biblical pageant "The Eternal Road," conceived by Meyer Weisgal, written by Franz Werfel, and staged by Max Reinhardt. Weill composed it in German, as "Der Weg der Verheissung," but it was eventually presented in English—with some interpolations, but with cruel cuts—in the Manhattan Opera House, in 1937. Norman Bel Geddes had reconstructed the auditorium to hold it. The huge, expensive pageant was initially planned to raise money for victims of Nazi persecution. It was an artistic triumph, and was very well attended, but closed after a hundred and fifty-three performances, heavily in debt.

At an afternoon meeting, Drew placed "Der Weg der Verheissung" in the line of Weill's major statements—after "Mahagonny," "Die Bürgschaft," "Der Silbersee"—and presented, in two-piano transcription, some of the music. Elements of Mendelssohn, Gounod, and Saint-Saëns, and also synagogue music, are reforged in a modern popular oratorio. Atay Citron placed the piece in a context of earlier Jewish pageants in which Weisgal was involved and the later Weill pageants, "We Will Never Die" and "A Flag Is Born" (which drew on music from "The Eternal Road"). Mel Gordon showed newsreel excerpts from the 1937 production, and Benjamin Zemach, its choreographer, recalled some of the high moments. That evening, four stirring "Weg der Verheissung" excerpts were sung, two-piano-accompanied, by the Musica Sacra Chorus, conducted by Richard Westenburg.

Glimpses, only! But of a work that seems to be wonderfully rich, powerful, inspired, and affecting. Enough to suggest that of all Weill's unrevived or unperformed scores "Der Weg der Verheissung" most urgently calls for performance. In his "New Orpheus" essay Stern says, "Epigonic works may have paved the way for the reëmergence of the earlier, far more daring and pioneering forerunner." In Drew's catalogue we find the heartening news that an edition of "Der Weg der Verheissung" is in preparation.

—ANDREW PORTER

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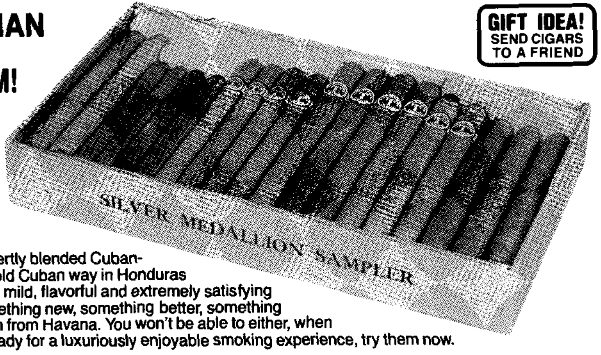

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

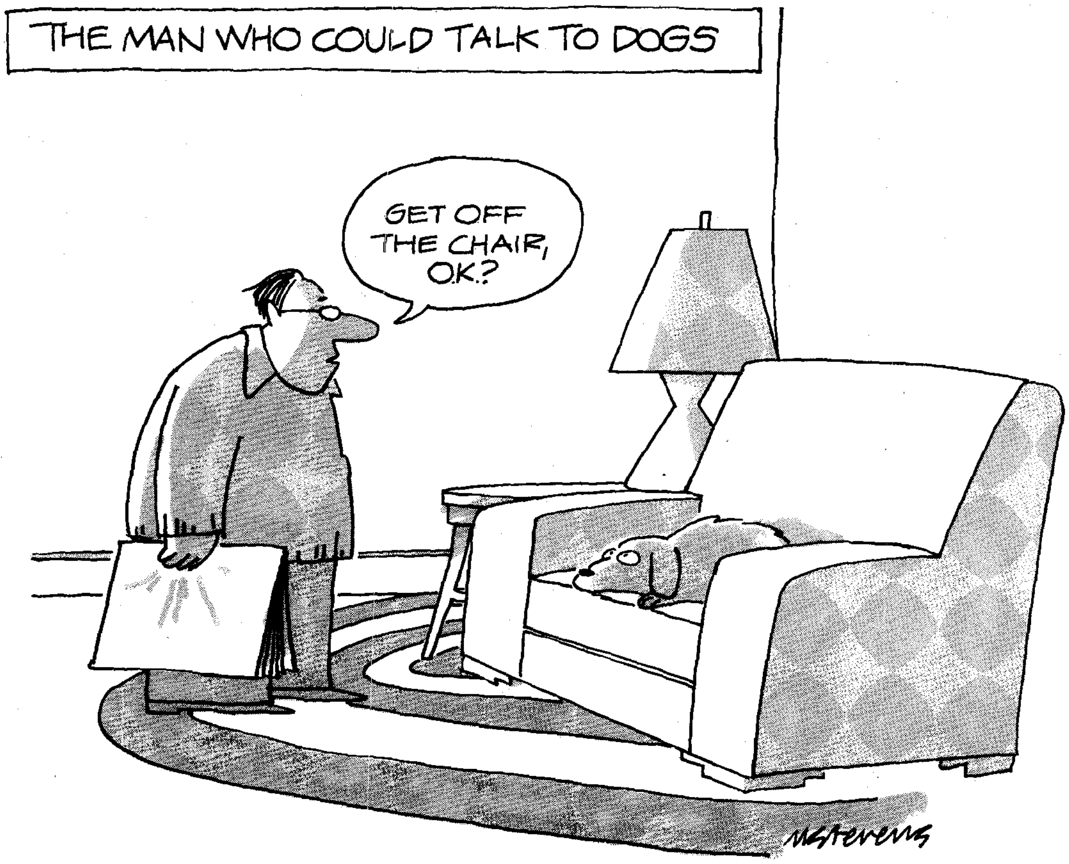
The Feminine Mystique

“Fatal Attraction” is just about the worst dating movie imaginable—a movie almost guaranteed to start sour, unresolvable arguments—but long lines of people curl around the block waiting to see it. At a New York publishing party, a dull but presentable corporate lawyer (Michael Douglas), a settled married man, exchanges glances with a bold-eyed, flirtatious woman (Glenn Close), a book editor. She's wearing a Medusa hairdo—a mess of blond tendrils is brushed high off her forehead and floats around her face. She's made up to get attention, yet she resents it: the lawyer's plump pal (Stuart Pankin) tries a pleasantry on her, and she gives him a drop-dead stare. We see all the warning signals that the lawyer doesn't, and when he runs into her again, on a weekend when his wife and six-year-old daughter are out of town, we sense the hysteria behind her insinuating repartee and the hot looks she fastens on him. She makes all the overtures; he's not particularly eager, but she semi-transforms her frighteningness to sexiness, and he, being frightened, finds it sexy. She makes spending the night together seem casual and grown up—makes him feel he'd be a total wimp to say no—and he goes with her to her loft.

Like a femme fatale in a Cecil B. De Mille picture, she comes from hell: her loft is in the wholesale-meat district, where fires burn in the street. The director, Adrian (“Flashdance”) Lyne, puts on bravura demonstrations of frenetic passion. The two have sex, with her seated on the kitchen sink, and when she reaches for the faucet and splashes her hot face Lyne shoots it as if the water were wildly erotic. After more sex, they go to a Latin club for some (comically) supercharged dancing, then have sex in the elevator to the loft. By morning, the lawyer has had enough, but she pressures him, and he doesn't find it easy to get clear of her. When the weekend is over and he's determined to say goodbye and go back uptown, she stops him, temporarily, by slashing her wrists. In the weeks that follow, she hounds him at his office and his home, insisting that he can't use her and then discard her. The picture is a skillfully made version of an old-fashioned cautionary movie: it's a primer on the bad things that can happen if a man cheats on his wife.

Once the woman begins behaving as if she had a right to a share in the lawyer's life, she becomes the dreaded lunatic of horror movies. But with a difference: she parrots the aggressively angry, self-righteous statements that have become commonplaces of feminist fiction, and they're so inappropriate to the circumstances that they're the proof she's loco. They're also Lyne's and the scriptwriter James Dearden's hostile version of feminism. (Dearden's script is an expansion of the forty-two-minute film “Diversion,” which he wrote and directed in England in 1979.) Glenn Close expresses the feelings of many despairing people; she plays the woman as pitiable and deprived and biologically driven. But in the movie's terms this doesn't make the character sympathetic—it makes her more effectively scary, because the story is told from a repelled man's point of view. Lyne and Dearden see her as mouthing a modern career woman's jargon about wanting sex without responsibilities, and then turning into a vengeful hellion, all in the name of love. They see the man as ordinary, sane, hardworking—a man who loves his beautiful homebody wife (Anne Archer) and bright little daughter (Ellen Hamilton Latzen). He's the opposite of a lech; he was a little tickled at being seduced. Yet the woman plays the “Madama Butterfly” music and doesn't regard it ironically; alone in her stark loft, she really sees herself as having been mistreated. When she seeks revenge, she might be taking revenge on all men.

The horror subtext is the lawyer's developing dread of the crazy feminist who attacks his masculine role as protector of his property and his family. It's about men seeing feminists as witches, and, the way the facts are presented here, the woman *is* a witch. She terrorizes the lawyer and explains his fear of her by calling him a faggot. This shrewd film also touches on something deeper than men's fear of feminism: their fear of women, their fear of women's emotions, of women's hanging on to them. “Fatal Attraction” doesn't treat the dreaded passionate woman as a theme; she's merely a monster in a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monster flick. It's directed so that by the time she's wielding a knife (from that erotic kitchen) you're ready to shriek at the sight of her. But the undercurrents of sexual antagonism—of a woman's fury at a man who doesn't value her passion, doesn't honor it, and a man's rage at a woman who won't hold to the rules she has agreed to, a man's rage against "female" irrationality—give the movie a controversial, morbid power that it doesn't really earn.

It's made with swank and precision, yet it's gripping in an unpleasant, mechanical way. When we first hear that the little daughter wants a bunny rabbit, an alarm goes off in our heads. And after the lawyer buys the rabbit we wait to see what obscene thing the demon lady will do to it. Educated people may want to read more into "Fatal Attraction," but basically it's a gross-out slasher movie in a glossy format. (It has special touches, such as a copy of Oliver Sacks' "The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat" next to the bed in the loft.) The violence that breaks loose doesn't have anything to do with the characters who have been set up; it has to do with the formula they're shoved into.

The picture has De Mille's unbeatable box-office combination—an aura of sexiness and a moral message. We know that the lawyer isn't going to chase after the blonde, because Lyne softens Anne Archer's features and sexualizes every detail of the cozy marriage. And the movie is edited so that the audience is breathing right along with the husband as he watches his wife put on her extra-moist lipstick. There are also bits of contrast, like the pal's making fun of himself, or the husband's experiencing a surreal embarrassment, trying to carry the blonde from her sink to her bed and being hobbled by his pants and shorts, which are caught around his ankles. Lyne uses these moments to break into the dreamlike tension of the male erotic reveries of the soft nest at home and of the tempestuous, kinky sex in the loft. The husband loves his wife and prefers her in every way to the interloper, whose rapacity scares him even before she threatens his way of life, even before she sends him porno tapes full of hate. The movie has its sex in the dirty sink, but it's pushing the deeper erotic satisfaction of the warm, sweet life at home. The key to its point of view is that dull, scared everyman husband. The woman was

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ready to go nuts; if it hadn't been this ordinary guy she tried to destroy, it could have been another. She carries madness, disease, the unknown. This is a horror film based on the sanctity of the family—the dream family. It enforces conventional morality (in the era of AIDS) by piling on paranoiac fear. The family that kills together stays together, and the audience is hyped up to cheer the killing.

WITH "Baby Boom," the writer-producer Nancy Meyers and the writer-director Charles Shyer prove themselves the monarchs of Yup. This movie is about the feminist as darling, and it rattles along cheerily and empty-headedly. Entrusted with the care of a baby girl, the career woman J.C. (Diane Keaton) loses the single-minded concentration that has made her a Manhattan management-consulting firm's Tiger Lady. Her status diminished, she quits, moves to a farmhouse in Vermont, meets a calm, steadying Gary Cooperish veterinarian helpfully named Cooper (Sam Shepard), and starts a venture that turns her into the biggest employer in town. Soon she's a tycoon, rejecting astronomic offers to sell out. She, her child, her lover, and her business are all booming. Meyers and Shyer aren't moviemakers—they're glorified sitcom writers. They yank laughs by having J.C. (Yale B.A., Harvard M.B.A.) struggle helplessly with the tabs on disposable diapers, and they keep cutting to the child for clever reactions, the way movies used to cut to the family dog.

If there were justice in the world of entertainment, "Baby Boom" would be unwatchable. But Diane Keaton gives a smashing, glamorous performance that rides over many of the inanities. As soon as you see J.C. striding through the corridors of power, her suit cinched in by a broad belt, her body swinging and lurching forward, as if she were diving into the challenges of the day, you know that she finds success sexy. Her having all this drive is played for farce, and Keaton keeps you alert to every shade of pride and panic J.C. feels. J.C. is an ultra-feminine executive, a wide-eyed charmer, with a breathless ditziness that may remind you of Jean Arthur in "The More the Merrier." She does funny, flighty things, and Keaton shows you the core of confusion that they come out of. She's funniest when J.C. loses control, as in her scene with a Vermont plumber (Britt Leach) who

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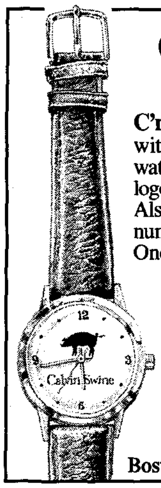

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tells her the well has gone dry: she expostulates, then collapses. Keaton is acting in a different range from the frequently inspired work she did in "Shoot the Moon," "The Little Drummer Girl," "Mrs. Soffel," and "Crimes of the Heart." Her J.C. is star acting, but she doesn't treat it as hack work. J.C. gets a kick out of business success; it's a form of conquest, and it satisfies her vanity—it's like being the best student at school. But she also knows that it's time to graduate and find out what else is out there.

THE director Rob Reiner doesn't have the craft to bring off the kinetic daredeviltry he tries for in "The Princess Bride," and the movie is ungainly—you can almost see the chalk marks it's not hitting. But it has a loose, likable slobbiness; it suggests a story that's being made up as it goes along. The script, written in 1973 by William Goldman, and based on the 1973 novel that he wrote for his children (one daughter wanted it to be about princesses, the other wanted it to be about brides, hence the title), is set in the late Middle Ages, in the mythical kingdom of Florin. But it's really set in the mythical past as we know it from the swashbuckling movies of the thirties, where people talk in a jumble of accents—the royalty in stage British, the poor people in Americanese, the clowns in vaudeville-Yiddish rhythms. Reiner doesn't make a point of the anachronistic tone; he treats it lackadaisically, as if the characters just happened to be modern people in a fantasy world. Although the material was conceived for Goldman's daughters, it seems to have turned into an affectionate composite parody of what he, as a boy, found exhilarating in adventure movies: the duels, the feats of strength, the rope climbing, the black-masked heroes, the swamps, the dungeons with medieval Rube Goldberg torture machines.

Photographed partly on locations in England and Ireland (Florin Castle is actually Haddon Hall, parts of which date back to the twelfth century), the movie has initial vistas so lovely they seem slightly unreal—sunnier than life. It begins with blond Buttercup (Robin Wright), said to be the most beautiful woman in the world, and her true love and near-twin, the blond farm boy Westley (Cary Elwes). He goes out to seek his fortune, pledging to return, and is captured by pirates. The handsome, supercilious Crown

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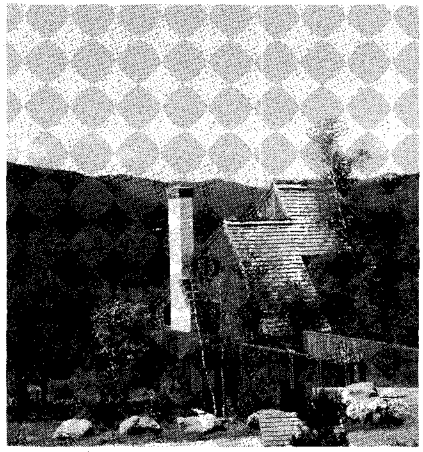

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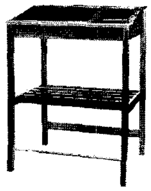

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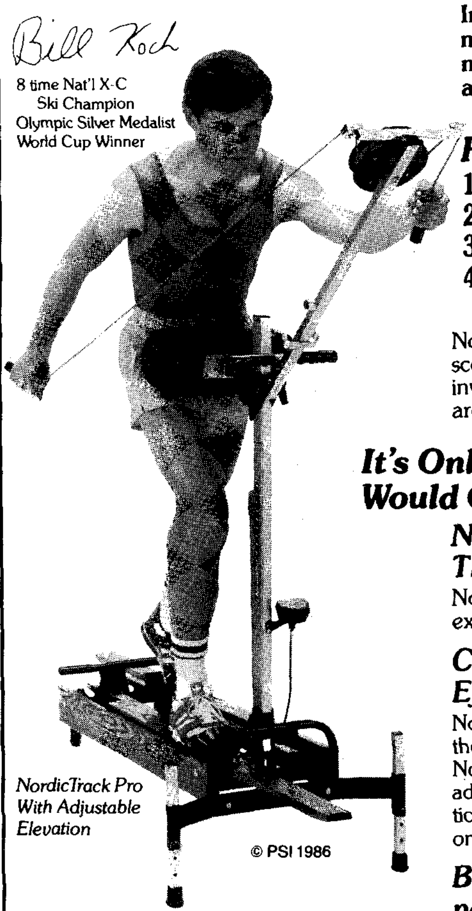
Prince Humperdinck (Chris Sarandon, a fine, regal villain, wry and mordant) selects her to be his bride, but before the ceremony she is abducted and taken to a ship by a trio of ruffians: Wallace Shawn as the Sicilian mastermind Vizzini, a little guy trying to act tough; and his two hirelings—Mandy Patinkin as the Spanish swordsman Inigo Montoya, and all seven feet five and five hundred and twenty-five pounds of the French-born wrestler André the Giant as the amiable Fezzik. These are the principal players, along with Christopher Guest in one of his peerless specialty acts, with his face clenched, as Humperdinck's helper, the smarmy six-fingered sadist Count Rugen; the English comedian Mel Smith as the Albino; Margery Mason as the ancient woman who boos the royal family; and Billy Crystal and Carol Kane, in makeup that adds centuries to them, as the retired wizard Miracle Max and his nagging crone, Valerie. Offscreen, Crystal has explained that he wanted to "look like a cross between Casey Stengel and Dopey—a very old Dopey—and my grandmother." He *does* look like a very old Dopey, and it's an inspired way to look while doing a Mel Brooks turn. Carol Kane's accent is soul-satisfyingly berserk (like the accent she used when she was partnering Andy Kaufman in "Taxi"); she suggests Madeline Kahn as Mrs. Dopey. The Crystal-Kane scenes are show-biz bliss, and they give the movie a lift that puts it all into perspective. It's shtick softened by childlike infatuation. That's not bad—it's just gentler than what you're used to. (It's only bad when a tired routine from the past—like Peter Cook's clergyman with a speech impediment—is lingered over sentimentally.)

"The Princess Bride" gets less lumpy as it moves along, partly because you adjust to André the Giant's smiley, slow-spoken non-acting, and you get used to Patinkin's mock-Spanish accent and can pick up more of what he's saying. Patinkin is always on the verge of showing wit and finesse, but he doesn't get there. (He did in "Yentl.") Still, his duels, with their simulation of drawing-room badinage, have some of the best gags in the movie—particularly his match with Guest, in which he's wounded and keeps regaining consciousness and saying the same lines over, like a busted phonograph. Reiner doesn't waste his performers—he gives them enough chances to do what they can do. Robin



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Wright's Buttercup isn't a whole lot of fun (and the camera angles on her aren't always flattering), but her timing is neat when she deliberately tumbles down a hill in pursuit of Westley, who by then is worth pursuing. With his rakish little sliver of a mustache, Cary Elwes is preposterously pretty, like Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in the thirties, and he has a flair for self-parody. When Westley (a perfect sappy name for a hero) is robbed of his strength and his head flops around on his neck, Elwes is a slapstick version of all the silly-ass Britishers you've ever tittered at. He's funniest when he's playing "mostly dead." He lightens the movie, gives it a featherweight giddiness.

The story is set within a (too hearty and self-satisfied) framing device: Peter Falk, as a grandfather, has brought the heavily illustrated fairy-tale book "The Princess Bride," which he remembers from his boyhood, to read to his ten-year-old grandson, who's bedridden with flu. The grandfather plunks himself down in a chair facing the boy and starts to read. (At first, the boy, a child of the TV age, is reluctant to listen, but gradually he is caught up in the story, and by the end his bond with the grandfather is strengthened. That's the moral of the movie.) If only it were that easy to read to a child. When you sit in a chair in comfort, the child can't see the pictures (and follow the lines of print). So you prop yourself up on the bed, trying to see the words over and around the child's bobbing head. (You have to turn the pages with the hand wound around his neck.) You also find yourself pepping things up: you transpose archaic or unfamiliar language into modern American, and into whatever innocuous slang phrases come to mind. It might have added to the fun if Falk, with his raucous, streetwise inflections, had been tied in with the characters' vaudeville accents and incongruous remarks. The grandfather could have been the key to the flip-flops in tone. —Pauline Kael

• •

THE WHELK

Turned up by our son's
Toy trowel in the backyard
Garden one afternoon
After we'd just moved in:

A chipped, hand-sized
Lightning whelk carried
At least 1,000 miles
To outlast this chunk

Of just converted Mid-
West farmland where
Aeons ago fishes swam
Through a coral sea.

And yet, vague as such
Things are to us, we date
Its arrival to the first
Prairie-schooner days

And imagine it was
Smuggled this far en-
Earthed in a trunk
With the flannel night-

Clothes and under-
Things, and treasured
No doubt for its
Ridged, opalescent

Slant across the salt-
Scoured surface of
Its nacreous skin.
But then, in the face

Of God knows what geo-
Logic calamity, it's
Lost one day, thrown
Out in the rush

Of a highway robber's
Search for rings,
Or buried perhaps
In a simple wake for

Its landlocked owner
(Who was a little bit
Like, so we've come
To think, Eudora Welty's

Stella-Rondo, though
Not as chatty, and, for
Some reason neither
Of us can quite explain,

Taller by a head, and
Plumper). And all
Of this only to find
Its way eventually

Above the sink on our
Kitchen-window ledge,
A big face grinning
Like crazy, a tempered

Sweetness straining
Out through the open
Screen, calling us back
In from the evening.

—Sherod Santos

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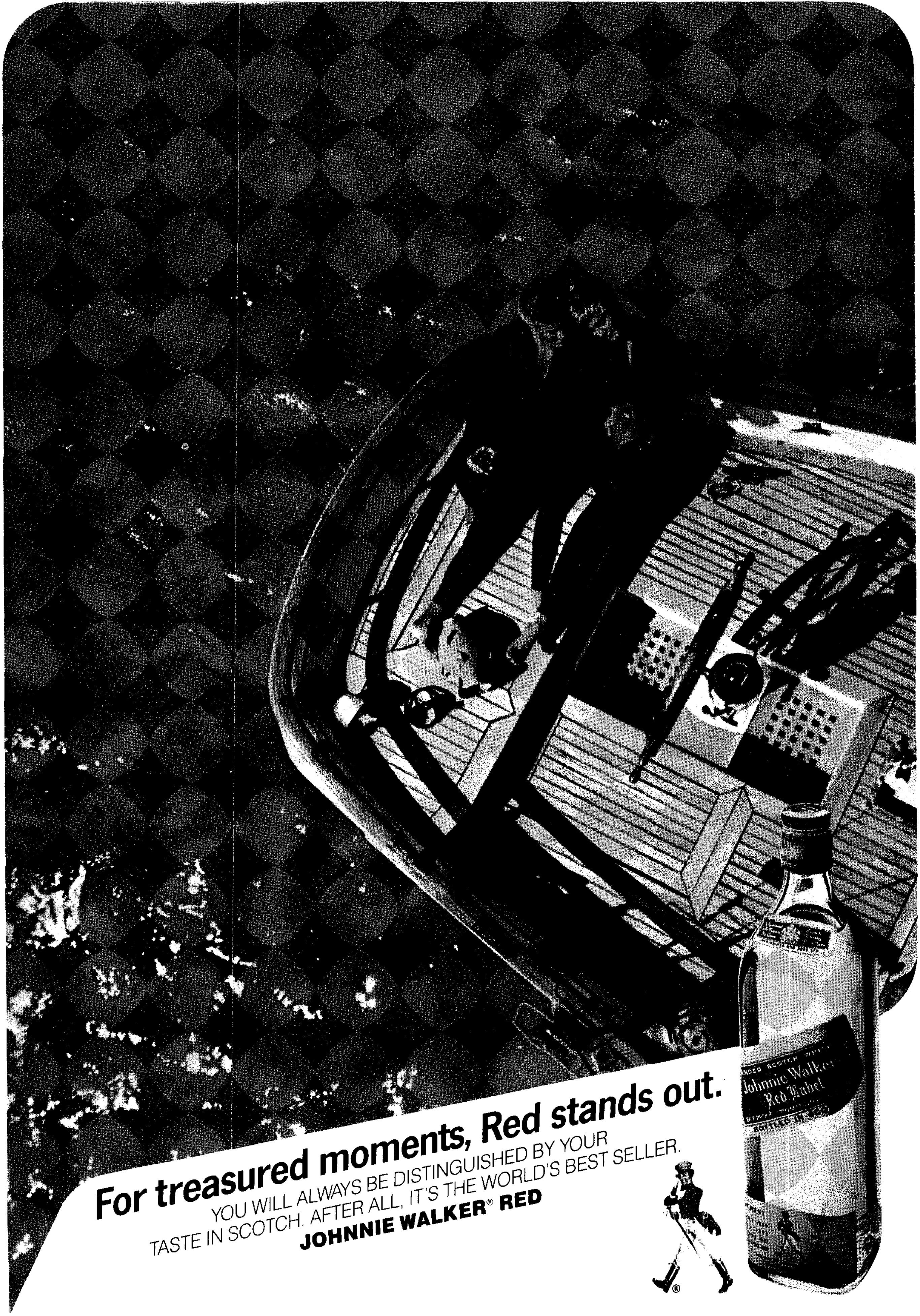
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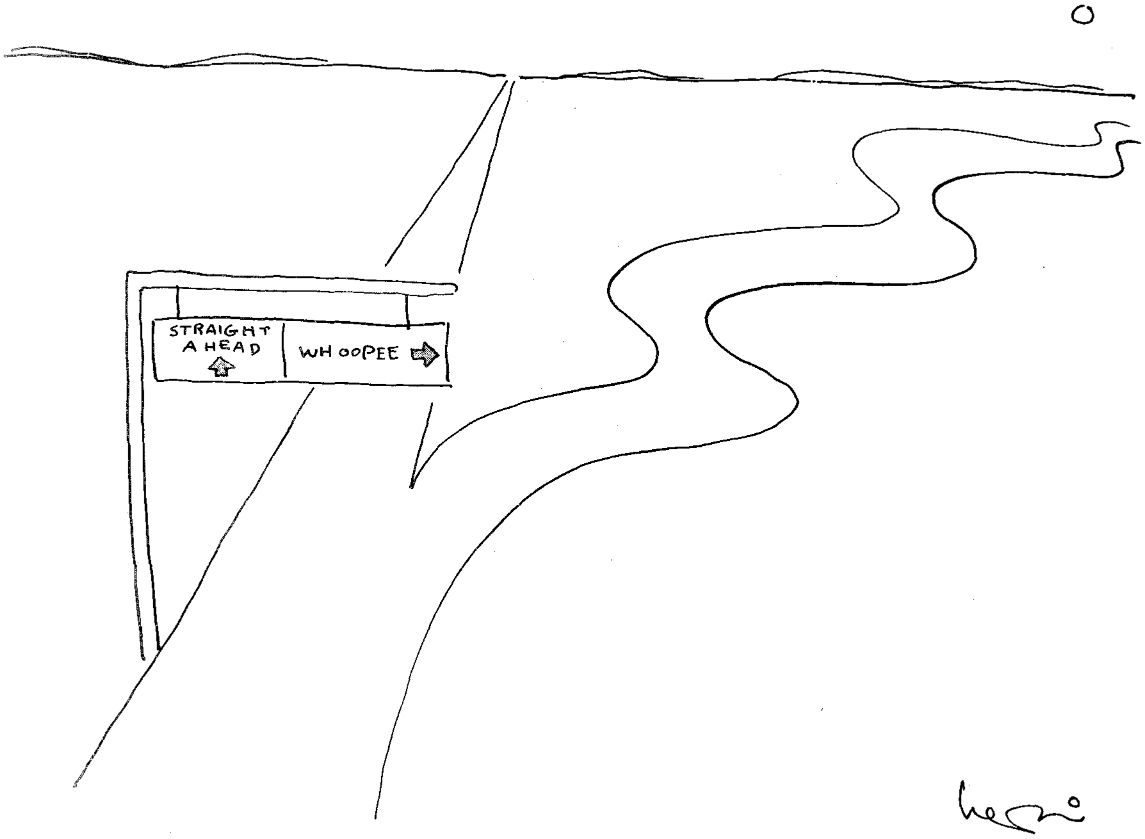
UNDER the white, leathery heat, the rock hills of Sardinia are like the spine of an antediluvian lizard. In the first sun, the air shimmers and smokes off the dead shale. By noon, it is motionless but cuts like a barb. Even the sea is silent. Inland, the light hammers at the sudden gaps of black shadow between the shuttered, tightfisted houses. The heat seeps into the shadows. Where one of the spines is sharpest perches the town of Nuoro. Still higher, up a cindery and twisting road, lies Orgosolo, known to this day for its merciless banditry and the serpentine interminability of its blood feuds. My wife and I never made it to that famed aerie. When we stepped out of the rented car in Nuoro, we choked on the heat, in the still furnace of noontime. And it was only June.

There is a bookstore in Nuoro. Most of its stock is current pulp and vaguely garish magazines. But there is at the back a wistful corner of older books, among them early editions of Grazia Deledda, whose stately, romanticized fictions of Sardinian life won the Nobel Prize in 1926. What I had come for was a rarer item. On May 18, 1979, there took place in a café in Nuoro a *dibattito*, a round-table discussion of a book: Salvatore Satta's "Il Giorno del Giudizio." Leonardo Sole, Maria Giacobbe, and Father Giovanni Marchesi, S.J., presented their readings of different aspects of the work. From the floor, Natalion Piras expounded *una lettura altra*, "a different reading." These several texts were published in a brochure of twenty-nine pages for the local library, named in honor of another member of the Satta family. Surprised at my inquiry, the owner of the bookstore produced, dusted off, and sold me what seemed to be about the last remaining copy.

Waiting for the heat to lose at least something of its rank, deadening edge, my wife and I went to see the café (called Tettamanzi in the book), and the Corso, and the cemetery, on its twisted spur of bleached rock. We stood in the Piazza S. Satta, with its assemblage of prehistoric cairns. The breath that comes out of the furnace door of day is that of silence. When late afternoon releases the shadows, these move, Satta wrote, "as does a dream in that burnt land." The trip there is a blank and parching one; Nuoro is a shut place. But there is truly no way of visualizing fully except by visiting Nuoro one of the masterpieces of solitude in modern literature, perhaps in all literature, and of sensing its bone structure. Patrick Creagh's translation, "The Day of Judgment" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $19.95), does not to my mind and ear altogether capture the genius of Satta's prose—its marmoreal ferocity, the slow fire inside the stone. Tacitus' Latin and the style of Hobbes come nearest. The availability in English of "Il Giorno del Giudizio" is nonetheless ground for celebration and thanks. A major chord is added to the register of our recognitions.

The resemblance to Tacitus and to Hobbes is no accident. Salvatore Satta (1902-75) spent most of his life teaching law and jurisprudence in Rome, and his sensibility was schooled in the harsh, lapidary Latinity of Roman historians and Roman law. His "Commentario al Codice di Procedura Civile" is a monumental work, and a standard one in Italian legal teaching. His "De Profundis," a laconic, harrowing recollection of wartime experiences, which Satta published in 1948, is instinct with Latinity and with the high sorrow of Tacitus' image of human political folly. Satta appears to have carried inside himself for half a century the material for and the design of a book about his native Nuoro and a sclerotic, somnambular epilogue to its ancient ways. Time and again, he put the work to one side and pursued his academic career. "Il Giorno" was published only in 1979. It is posthumous not only in that it appeared after Satta's death but also in that it is in many respects a book of and for the dead. For a Sardinian, for a Nuorese, only one lodging can admit to its own wealth: the cemetery.

"Il Giorno" is a difficult book to describe. The stoic voice of the chronicler intervenes, and inquires of itself whether the incidents, gestures, dramatis personae of pre- and post-First World War Nuoro ought to be sum-



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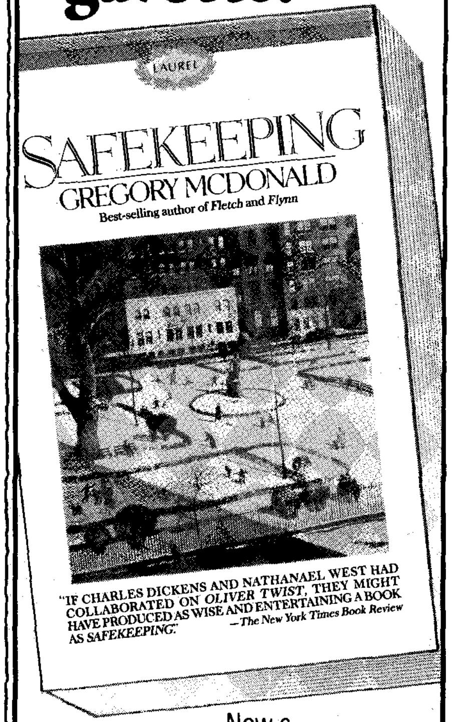
moned back to spectral presence—whether the dead should not, as Christ has it in one of the most enigmatic, dismissive of his biddings, be charged with burying the dead. Satta mocks the vanity of his enterprise, its pretense of resurrection. At the same time, he acknowledges the claims upon remembrance—the gentle but insistent calling of the departed on the recollection of the living. No remembrancer save Walter Benjamin conveys more poignantly than Salvatore Satta (note the omen in his first name) the right of the defeated, the ridiculous, and the outwardly insignificant to be precisely recalled. In northern climes, the leaf-blown murmur of their coming is allowed once a year, on All Hallows' Eve. In Nuoro, that night stretches through the year. The departed are perennially in reach, begging, soliciting the alms of memory. Satta's responses are teasing: "I am writing these pages that no one will read, because I hope to be lucid enough to destroy them before I die." For whom, then, is he writing them? For the dead, the palpable density of whose audience gives to Satta an at-homeness in time and in the charred land which no individual in a traditional *communitas* can, or would seek to, attain for himself.

The composition of the text, at once episodic and internally close-woven, recalls, distantly, that of the "Spoon River Anthology;" there are moments of vivid social satire, voices in pomp or tumult, of the kind heard in "Under Milk Wood." But neither Edgar Lee Masters nor Dylan Thomas has the philosophical intelligence, the patience of feeling which enable Satta to produce a well-nigh flawless form. Painters afford a better analogy. The effects achieved in "Il Giorno" possess the mysterious authority that inhabits the grain of things in a Chardin, the opaque luminosity that comes at us from the human bodies in La Tour.

The house and family of Don Sebastiano Sanna Carboni provide the axis of Satta's "*romanzo antropologico*" (the classification of the book offered by Italian critics, but accurate only if we take "anthropology" to include a fundamental and philosophical account of the condition of naked man). The family, or clan, is a large one: we hear of seven sons. But a loud, acrid silence obtains between Don Sebastiano and his wife, Donna Vincenza. Family dinners cause the master of the house to suffer dizzy spells. He eats alone, in the upstairs

"A witty Wodehousian gavotte." —*Time*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room where he pursues the tenacious, spidery arts of legal consultation and advocacy. His sons' unending studies, the immemorial Nuorese inertia that seems to lie in their bones infuriate Don Sebastiano. Do the children of millionaires in distant, phantasmagoric America not earn a youthful living selling newspapers? Donna Vincenza, goaded past martyrdom by her husband's cold anger, by the pressures upon her sere frame of housework, cloistered monotony, and carnal disappointments as numbing as old dreams, protests. People in America "have every comfort," she says. "They're not like us." Her husband's reply is one of the most savage sentences in literature—it is, literally, a death sentence: "*Tu stai al mondo soltanto perchè c'è posto*." Creagh's translation—"You're only in this world because there's room for you"—is more or less exact, but falls short. The Italian connotes an obscure, predestined niche in which insignificant, captive lives are inserted and from which there is no escape. And it is just this lack of escape that gives to such lives their utterly humiliating contingent rationale.

There is a sense in which the entirety of the work spirals out of this chilling verdict. In Nuoro, it can be said of almost all men, women, and beasts that they are on this incinerated native ground solely because there was some passing entry for them in the Doomsday Book of works and days. Maestro Fadda, with the dolorous features of an Etruscan king, is there to teach the fourth and fifth grades in the Nuoro school and to amuse the idlers at the café. Chischeddu "was one of those wrecks who for some unknown reason drift into churches, and are allowed by God or the vicar to take part in the life of the spirit as vergers or sacristans." Fileddu, the half-wit, is the licensed jester when the winds blow like banked fires out of Africa. Do any of these bespoken lives have reality? Take Pietro Catte:

> There is not the least doubt that Pietro Catte in the abstract has no reality, any more than any other man on the face of the earth. But the fact remains that he was born and that he died, as those irrefutable certificates prove. And this endows him with reality in actual fact, because birth and death are the two moments at which the infinite becomes finite; and the infinite can have no being except through the finite. Pietro Catte attempted to escape from reality by hanging himself on that tree at Biscollai, but his was a vain hope, because one cannot erase one's own birth. This is why I say that Pietro Catte, like all the hapless characters in this story, is im-

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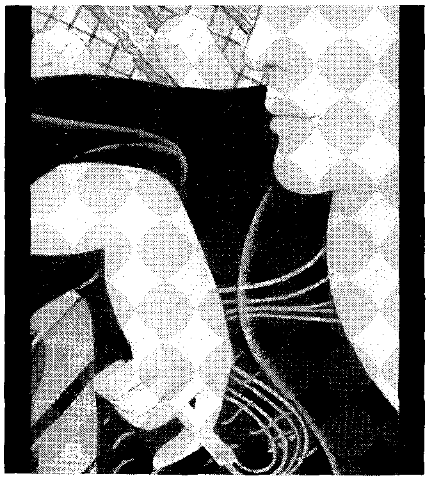

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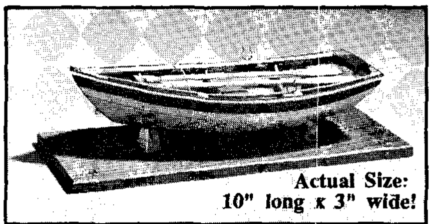

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portant, and ought to be interesting to everyone: if he does not exist, then none of us exist.

The unbidden imperative of existence is borne, certainly in the world before 1914, almost timelessly. For the hill shepherds and sharecroppers, there is neither past nor future, only the coercion of custom. Insights and joys have the depthless patience of an order of things before literacy. Satta is innovative and convincing in his implicit analysis of the ways in which illiteracy and preliteracy relate to timelessness:

> Donna Vincenza was highly intelligent, even though she scarcely knew how to read and write, and for this reason she overflowed with love, without knowing it. She loved the humble furniture in her house, the embroidery on the pillowcases, which she used to work on with her mother all day. . . . She loved the *cortita* of the house, with figs and tomatoes laid out on boards to dry amid the eager buzzing of bees and wasps. And above all, she loved the garden, where she still went to pick flowers and fruit, even though her swollen legs bore her up less and less well. And she had loved Don Sebastiano, the man who had come to ask for her hand and was destined to take her to live in another house.

Even for the highly literate, such as Don Sebastiano's boys and the canons or lawyers, texts do not, as for us, entail a forward motion. Old books, obsolete pandects, wormholed commentaries retain their authority in a dusty present. The bells, which play a fascinating role in the architecture of "Il Giorno," chime an unchangingness. The engagement between Ludovico and Celestina lasts twelve years. It ends in parting. Chastity modulates, imperceptibly, into the plenitude and comforts of bereavement.

Yet the narrative teems with actions: stately, comical, and violent. There is suicide and murder. The newly harvested grapes come into Don Sebastiano's courtyard in October—one of "waves of memories rolling in one upon the other in absurd disorder, as if the whole of existence had taken place in a single instant." The gates are flung wide "in austere expectancy" (a characteristic Satta phrase). The oxen lumber as if their great eyes were truly blind. Crushed by the rollers in the cavernous vat, the grapes pour their heady perfume into the nocturnal house:

> But in that many-colored mass there is a hidden god, for not many hours will pass before a liquid purple fringe will appear all around the edge, and then the mass will heave up as if taking a giant breath, and

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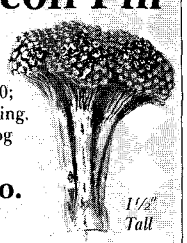

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> will lose its innocence, and a low gurgling sound will betray the fire that is devouring it. . . . Everything happens at night, because both life and death are daughters of night.

The allusion is an exact one: it points to preclassical Greek and Mediterranean cosmogony. The rites of Nuorese existence are at least as antique as Homer. But when Satta tells of how an artifice of self-declared poverty builds barriers against the natural opulence and generosity of the world, the intonation, the ironies are those of the Roman satirists and of the moderns.

Another bravura chapter tells of the coming to Nuoro of electric lighting, on one freezing October evening. The whole town has gathered, suspicious, vaguely resentful, even hoping for the worst:

> And all of a sudden, as in an aurora borealis, the candles did light up, and light flooded every street, all the way from San Pietro to Sèuna, a river of light between the houses, which remained immersed in darkness. An enormous shout rose all over the town, which in some mysterious way felt that it had entered history. Then, chilled through and with eyes weary from staring, people gradually drifted back to their houses or their hovels. The light stayed on to no purpose. The north wind had risen, and the bulbs hanging in their shade in the Corso began to sway sadly, light and shadow, shadow and light, making the nighttime nervous. This had not happened with the oil lamps.

An even more penetrating passage follows. The now unwanted but regretted oil lamps of Nuoro are sold to Oliena, a village across the valley. When the evening falls, the Nuorese turn out to see Oliena light up "one lamp after another, so that one could count them," Satta writes. "And who knows whether the children didn't run after the lamplighter there as well, picking up the spent matchsticks." Only in Joyce's "The Dead" is the tread of spent time as poignant.

The temptation to quote—from con-brio chapters on ecclesiastical imbroglios and reclusive, unforgiving deaths, from one on political oratory and elections in Nuoro, from analyses of the transformations brought on by those who returned from the fronts and cities of 1914-18—is difficult to resist. But the text should be savored as a whole, and no first reading comes near to plumbing its laughter or its desolation. More often than not, these two are inseparable. Dying, Father Porcu has strength for one last prayer in God's house. He can scarcely master the flagstoned slope of the Corso. Stares of curiosity follow his spectral sortie. Then his voice resounds in the stillness: "Lord, you see how old I am and ill. Take me to you. I can no longer say Mass to you, as I can't stay on my feet. Lord, take me to you. And for the good of the Church, take Canon Floris as well. Then all will be at peace." The counterpoint of the original is unrecapturable: "*Prendetevi anche l'arciprete. Così tutto sarà pace.*"

The best introduction to this masterpiece is Salvatore Satta's own:

> As in one of those absurd processions in Dante's *Paradiso*, but without either choruses or candelabra, the men of my people file by in an endless parade. They all appeal to me, they all want to place the burden of their lives in my hands, the story, which is no story, of their having been. Words of supplication or anger whisper with the wind through the thyme bushes. An iron wreath dangles from a broken cross. And maybe while I think of their lives, because I am writing their lives, they think of me as some ridiculous god, who has summoned them together for the day of judgment, to free them forever from their memory.

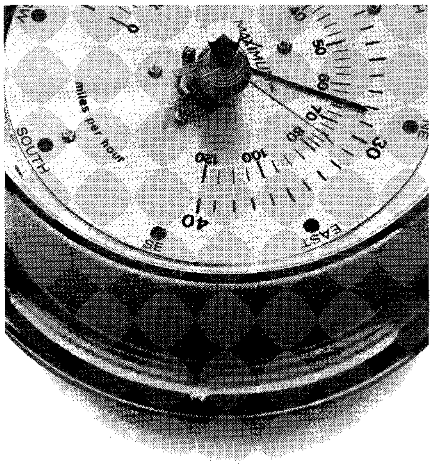
The reader will not find such liberation easy, nor will he wish for it.

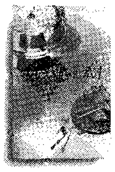
—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Waiting for Childhood, by Sumner Locke Elliott (Harper & Row; $16.95). This elegant novel opens in a photography studio in Melbourne, Australia, shortly before the First World War. A clergyman, his wife, and their son and six daughters pose solemnly before a Grecian backdrop, "immaculate, combed, laced, beribboned, transfixed by the single eye." But the parents die soon afterward, and the children, unmoored, drift away from one another into adulthood. Jess attaches herself to a wealthy cousin; Mary is blissful in the brutal routines of a farmer's wife. The others are claimed by evangelism, chorus lines, socialist crusades, hack writing, the post office. The shifting narrative follows their lives for twenty years, but the cumulative effect is in no way reminiscent of the sprawling Australian saga. The reader is left instead with sharp images of specific moments: Mig lying on the linoleum floor of Mary's farmhouse with wet towels to escape the stifling January heat, or clubfooted Adnia pausing at her gate, dreading the





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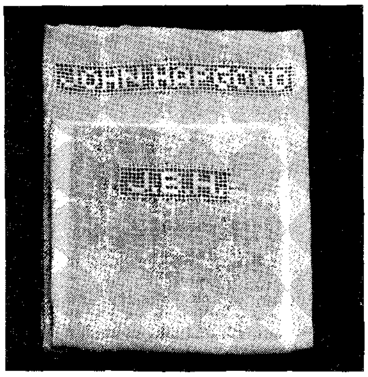

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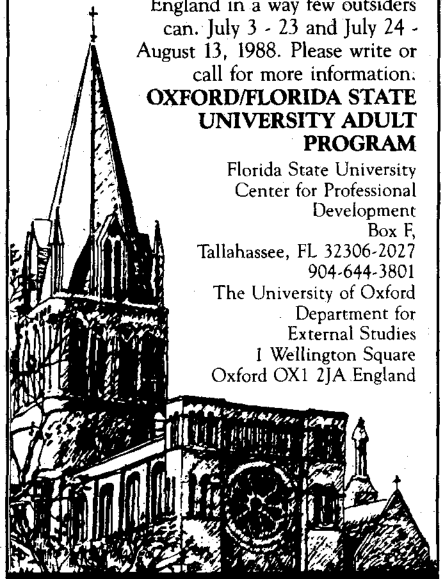

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appearance of her landlady's tormenting child. Mr. Elliott describes his characters' revelations about themselves and one another with economy and grace, and the result is a family portrait of unusual complexity. This is his ninth novel.

THE COLOR OF BLOOD, by Brian Moore (Dutton; $16.95). A suspenseful, spare novel that takes place in an unidentified Eastern European country. On a rainy summer night, Cardinal Stephen Bem is returning from a meeting when a black car pulls dangerously close to his and a man points a gun in his direction. The Cardinal escapes, but the incident precipitates a bizarre series of plot twists and turns, and eventually the Cardinal realizes that it is perhaps not the regime that is threatening his life but, rather, the extreme Catholic right, dissatisfied by his accommodation with the political leaders. Readers accustomed to the reflective passages of Mr. Moore's previous novels may wish for less action and more interior monologue on the part of the Cardinal until they realize that the protagonist is a man who accepts absolutely everything that happens as part of God's design: "From now on, I must draw the danger toward me. As always, I am Your servant. Do with me what You will."

THE BOYS OF WINTER, by Wilfrid Sheed (Knopf; $16.95). There has been for the past twenty-five years or more a floating summer softball game in and around East Hampton, with players drawn from resident or summering writers, artists, theatrical folk, and various hangers-on, and many of these frequent a certain local saloon. Softball—as a game and as a subject for hot-stove conversation—and the aforementioned saloon form the center of gravity of Mr. Sheed's new novel. He is certainly one of the funniest writers alive in the Hamptons, or anywhere. His humor is entirely a matter of style. He writes sentences that explode: "Billy stares at me with a glazed incomprehension that will turn to anger as soon as it dries." "The Boys of Winter" is narrated by one Jonathan Oglethorpe, an editor at a "quality" New York City publishing house, and its plot, or gentle momentum, has to do with Jonathan's struggles (amorous, pecuniary, literary) with his several writers and with beautifully composed creatures from Hollywood and

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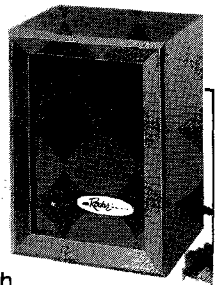

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the summer fund-raising circuit. Fortunately, we never get far from the literary art: Oh, cries the lovely wife of a novelist, " 'Why must writers always be so *envious*?' She suddenly looks as if she's going to cry, as well she might, having just stubbed her pretty toe against an iron law of nature."

GENERAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON: THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN SYMBOL, by Barry Schwartz (Free Press; $22.50). A sociologist strays into history to find out why our first President was venerated from the moment of his début on the national scene, in 1775; why public adulation increased throughout his career; and why his memory was garlanded with love and awe. Mr. Schwartz begins with what seems an exaggerated emphasis on negatives to make his point that Washington was not obviously exceptional, but as his account unfolds it becomes clear that Washington fitted, to an exceptional degree, Americans' ideal of leadership and their sense of who they were. The General embodied their will to resist the Crown's encroachments and to keep the Army under civilian control. Neither in war nor in peace did he seek power: he resigned his command of the Army, and he declined to seek a third term. In effect, this book suggests that Americans still respect (though we may rarely find) leaders of integrity, conviction, and modesty.

STRAIGHT ON TILL MORNING: THE BIOGRAPHY OF BERYL MARKHAM, by Mary S. Lovell (St. Martin's; $16.95). An admiring, not to say adoring, life. Beryl Markham was a beautiful and successful trainer of thoroughbred racehorses in Kenya who decided to enlarge her horizon by taking up flying. She became the first woman to fly solo across the Atlantic from east to west, then wrote a highly regarded autobiography, "West with the Night." Ms. Lovell was so entranced with Markham's story that she flew to Africa, and found Markham, then in her eighties, living in poverty on the grounds of a Nairobi racecourse. The story includes life in Kenya in the latter years of British rule, an extended sojourn in Hollywood, and romantic entanglements with such partners as Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, Leopold Stokowski, and

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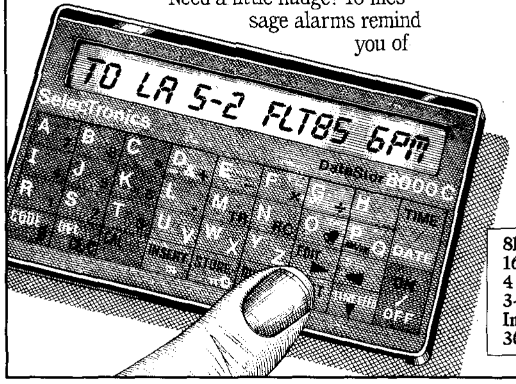

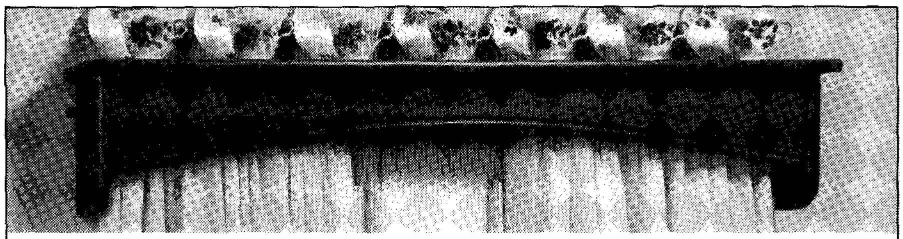

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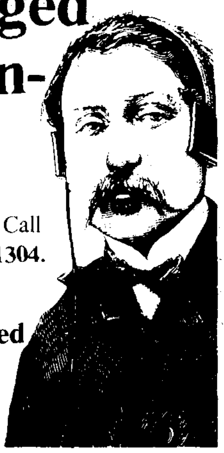

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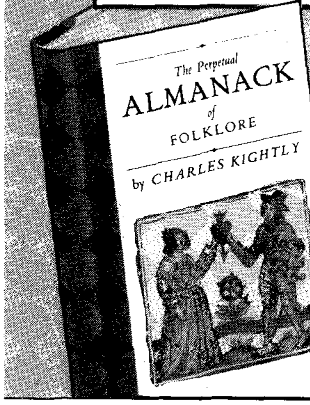
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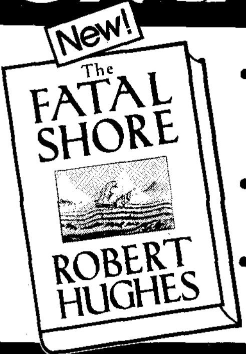

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Denys Finch Hatton. Ms. Lovell recognizes her heroine's shortcomings—she was unscrupulous, and sometimes outright dishonest—but defends her convincingly against the charge that she got her third husband to write her autobiography. Photographs.

GALILEO: HERETIC, by Pietro Redondi, translated from the Italian by Raymond Rosenthal (Princeton; $29.95). While it is true that the proximate cause of Galileo's trial was his belief in the Copernican system, that was, in a sense, the least of it, as we are shown here. The real issue, which was concealed, was Galileo's belief in atoms. The atomic hypothesis as professed by Galileo was in direct contradiction to the Council of Trent's dogma concerning the Eucharist, the miracle of transubstantiation. This book reads almost like a novel by Umberto Eco as Mr. Redondi traces the Byzantine and shadowy way in which Galileo's enemies closed in on him. In the end, even his friend the Pope could not protect him, although by stacking the ecclesiastical court he managed to give Galileo the softest landing possible under the circumstances. After the trial was safely concluded, the Pope also made sure that Galileo's accusers were dealt with. This wonderful book illuminates an important corner of intellectual history.

EMPIRE: WILLIAM S. PALEY AND THE MAKING OF CBS, by Lewis J. Paper (St. Martin's; $19.95). The author says that he intended to write the story of Bill Paley and only by the way the story of CBS. The two are, however, inextricable, and the book becomes in effect a dual biography. In sometimes almost too much detail he covers the history of the huge communications conglomerate from the day, in 1928, when the twenty-six-year-old son of a prosperous Chicago cigarmaker named Sam Paley bought a small radio network and called it the Columbia Broadcasting System to the present. This is a crowded narrative: it embraces the era of radio, the coming-of-age of television (technologically, at least), the worlds of show business and real business, national politics, and various strata of American society. Paley himself emerges as the dominant figure in the rise and development of CBS—a non-confrontational type, who sought to keep aloof from internecine fights for power but always ended up on top. Photographs.

NOTE: "Musical Events: A Chronicle, 1980-1983," a collection of pieces by Andrew Porter, has been published by Summit ($24.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH ON THE ROCKS, by Michael Allegretto (Scribners; $15.95). On the face of the evidence, Phillip Townsend, a Denver millionaire, drove his Jaguar off a mountain, either accidentally or on purpose. His death is six weeks stale when his widow calls in the private detective Jake Lomax to resolve her doubts. Lomax, a former cop, handles the case in the manner of a cop: lots of phone calls, lots of footwork—and lots of dead ends. He decides that there was too much going on behind the scenes in Townsend's life for his death to have been either accident or suicide. The police are skeptical, and some of Townsend's twilight associates, including a clique engaged in pornographic blackmail, feel that Lomax is in their way. Although the detective's solution involves modern technology, the story—Mr. Allegretto's début—is handled in traditional style.

GREENFINGER, by Julian Rathbone (Viking; $16.95). Some of the best travel writing—some of the best evocations of place and people—is to be found these days in novels lightly categorized as suspense stories, and Mr. Rathbone's new novel is a splendid example. The setting is Costa Rica—its capital city of San José, its lush hinterland, and the peasants struggling for a foothold there—and the story emerges from the setting. Most of it is told, with extraordinary verve, by a beautiful young black woman with a tiny baby, and it is about the life and violent death of her white husband, an English U.N. agricultural economist, in confrontation with the monstrous Associated Foods International.

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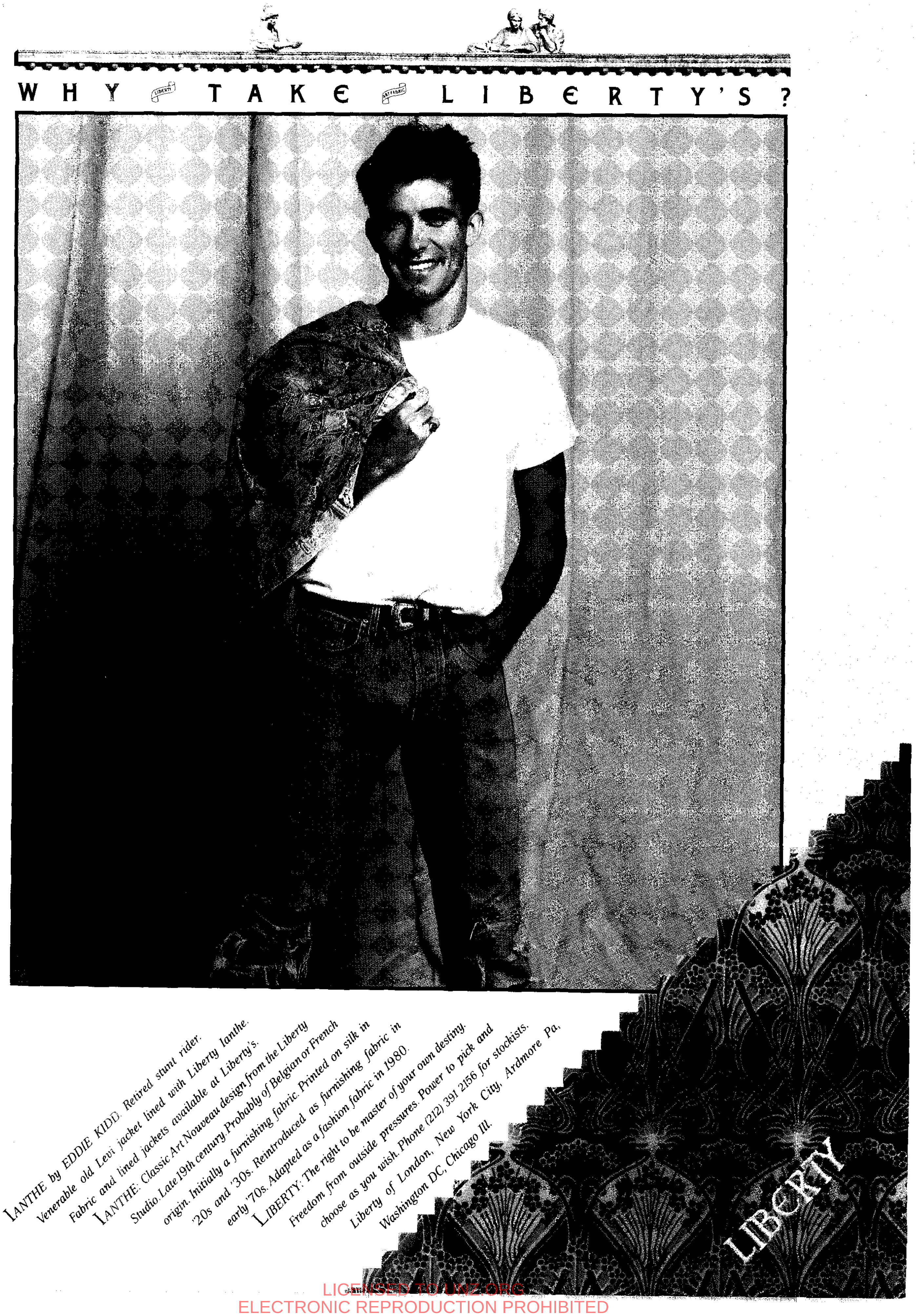
CULTURAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the New Orleans Times Picayune*]

St. Scholastica Academy's art, pleasure and social club recently celebrated Dutch artist Vincent Van Gogh's birthday. The group celebrated with Van Gogh trivia posters, displays of his work, an earring contest and a Pin the Ear on Van Gogh Contest.



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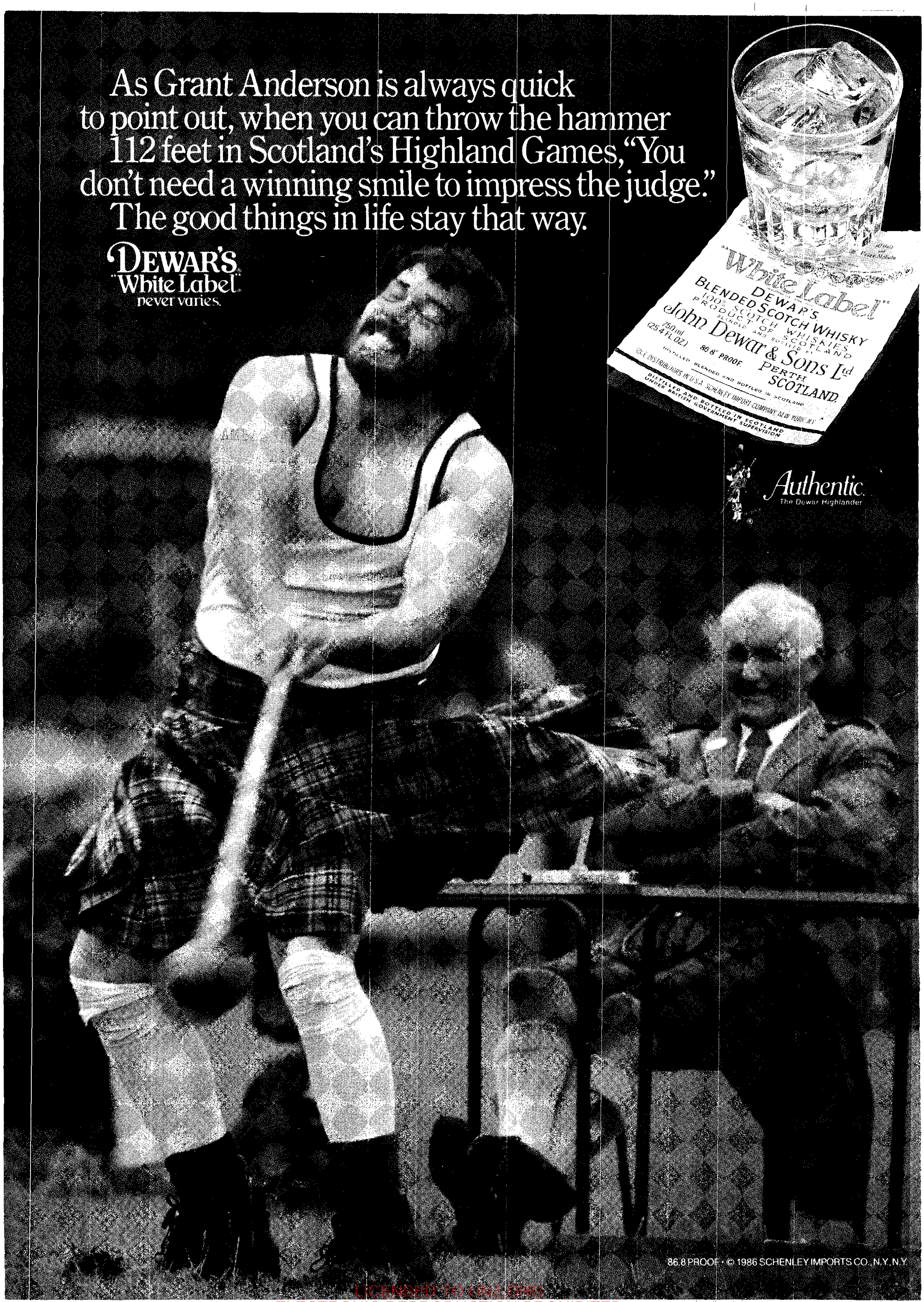

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